

DESTINY; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LOWELL OPERATIVE.

BY BURNER BROWNER.

CHAPTER I.

My mother was only a poor boarding-house keeper, in the manufacturing city of L—, and there were seven of us to be provided for. We were once well off and respected in the country, and it was a hard, bitter thing for my mother to be thrown upon the world with seven children to provide for. I was the oldest, and only twelve years of age, when we went to L—, and my mother took a house upon the W. Corporation, and soon had thirty men boarders. The very small sum—two dollars per week—which they paid for their board (the price was regulated by the Company) would not allow of her keeping any one to assist her; she desired to save every cent to spend upon us, and she economized in every possible way, that we might never miss the luxuries to which we had been accustomed. My mother was a very proud woman, and she was very anxious that her children (for we were all girls) should be well educated, should marry well, and be saved from the drudgery that was slowly sapping her life away.

The coarse, vulgar men that sat at her table we were never allowed to associate with; for she would be up before light to prepare their breakfast, and when they were gone she would rouse us, and some delicacies would be laid upon the snowy cloth which was always kept for us. The beautiful china which she had saved from the wreck, the nice silver, and fine napkins, were always laid upon our table, and our mother, in her fresh cap, would sit with us. She wished us never to forget our old ways, and to remember that we must all be ladies, and she judged rightly that we could not be, unless carefully trained.

We were elegantly dressed, and sent to the best schools, where we met children of wealthy parents, who, at first, looked upon us with scorn; but, when they found our manners were gentle, and that we were always in good standing in our classes, gradually came to treat us better, although, I think, they never forgot that we were only the daughters of a Corporation boarding-house keeper. I know that God makes no distinction, and that, after all, it does not matter so much *where* we live as *how*; and yet

I think never a moment of my life was I free from the feeling of disgrace I felt it to be to live upon the Corporation.

I was called very beautiful, and I know my mother's heart was bound up in me; and it is a consolation to me now that I was never unkind to my mother, but that my great affection for her was a comfort, many and many a time, when she was near sinking.

We were never allowed to assist in the drudgery of the house, and, up stairs, we had a parlor that was as handsome as any in the city. We had a piano, and harp, and plenty of books, and my mother encouraged us to sew upon delicate work, to embroider, to paint, and draw; and, after her work was done, at night, she would come up and listen to our songs, and talk about books with us, for she had a good education, and was fond of literature. She had no time to do anything but drudge, but she never complained, and I know she was happy in her children. Never but one of us gave her any pain, and that was the youngest, who was a very wild, careless child, and who seemed to be perfectly reckless, at times. She would run away, when sent to school, and spend whole hours playing with the dirty children in the street, and would, likely as not, return at night without shoes or stockings, and with her clothes in tatters. One night, at dark, we missed her, and, pitying my mother's distress, I went out myself to search for the wanderer.

Upon a large common, in the upper part of the city, a circus company was encamped, and, as I approached the place, the crowd, the shouts, and the music alarmed me so much that I wished myself back at home; but something within said: "You'll surely find Louise there;" so I pushed along to the door. My veil was tightly drawn over my face, but a rough arm pulled me back, and a harsh voice cried, "Unveil, miss!" I felt my bonnet rudely seized, and, as it fell to the ground, a coarse shout was raised, and a laugh rang in my ears. "Aha! that's the dainty daughter of the boarding-house keeper on the W. Corporation; the proud minx that lets her old mother drudge while she employs her dainty fingers upon finery!"

I was rudely jostled, vulgar jokes were bandied

about, and, in my distress, I burst into a fit of violent weeping. A gentleman, passing by and seeing my situation, rescued me. I told him *why* I was there, and he drew my arm within his own, and accompanied me within the tent. When I looked at him in the glare of the lights, I saw that my companion was the son of the agent of our Company, and I knew I was safe, for I had often heard of him as a gentleman, although a very proud and haughty one. But he showed none of that to me, not even when I told him who I was, but treated me deferentially as though I had been a princess born. I was seventeen then, and had never associated with gentlemen, and the charm of his handsome presence was very great to me. His dark eyes glowed as they met mine, and the fascinating polish of his manner I could not withstand.

By and by, I began to think of what brought me there, and, after a while, on the very front seat, close upon the stage, I saw my little sister, with her dress soiled, her bonnet in her hand, and her long, dark hair, half uncurled, hanging down upon her fair, uncovered shoulders. She was evidently absorbed in the performances, and as I pointed her out, and would fain have gone for her at once, my companion drew me back, saying: "It is a pity to disturb her; let her enjoy it until it is over, and I will take you home." So I forgot all about my mother's anxiety, and sat down by his side with a thrill of pleasure, and a trembling pulsation at my heart. Mr. Fergus paid no attention to the performances, but kept talking to me about his travels, and about books, and things with which I was familiar, but which I never before had heard talked of out of our family circle. I was pleased that he treated me with so much respect, but I noticed that many of those about us looked suspiciously at me. The company was composed of operatives; and very near us were several of my mother's boarders, who exchanged sly winks and nods with each other. I felt the hot blood rush to my cheeks, and wondered *why* Mr. Fergus's kindness should cause such actions, for I didn't know then that there was anything singular in a gentleman's kindness to a poor girl.

When the performances were over, Mr. Fergus very kindly brought my sister to me, helped me to arrange her dress, and, taking her by the hand, brought us safely to my mother's door. I asked him to come in, that my mother might thank him; but he declined, and said he would "do himself the pleasure of calling some other time." But I told him that my mother never

allowed a gentleman to call upon us without her permission, and only in her presence. He looked surprised, smiled, and bade me "Good-night."

Not a moment of content was mine after that night. The hard realities of life rose up before me, and I saw the gulf that seemed impassable between Mr. Fergus and myself. Beneath my calm, and rather cold, exterior was an undercurrent of fire, volcano-like, but smouldering; and, for the first time, I seemed to feel how far above my humble lot were my aspirations and my hopes. I found no peace, even in our little parlor.

My mother, although grateful to Mr. Fergus, for she had written to tell him so, had declined his offer of an acquaintance, and had told him plainly that she did not wish him to renew his intercourse with her daughter. She was prouder than I thought, that hard-worked mother of mine. Mr. Fergus had supposed she would be delighted at his condescension; but she knew his calls at our house would never be tolerated by his parents, who were proud and arrogant, although Mrs. Fergus's father was a laboring man in the very town where my grandparents had been wealthy farmers.

I became listless and unhappy, and had no pleasure in anything, and half the pleasure of our home was gone, for I had always been a sort of teacher for my younger sisters, and had endeavored to fill my mother's place when she was working below stairs; but now I had no pleasure in anything, and I think my mother was also greatly troubled, although she never said anything to me.

CHAPTER II.

Time passed on, and I never saw Mr. Fergus after that night, until my sister next me was married. I was then in my nineteenth year, but I had never had a lover. My sister Caroline was about to be married to a young merchant in the neighboring city of B—, and the next youngest, only sixteen, was engaged to a young clergyman; but, although others thought it strange that, with my great beauty, I should still remain single, I think my mother was well pleased, for she always, in her caressing way, called me a "queen," and I know she hoped I should make a splendid match.

I was my sister's bridesmaid, and accompanied her on her wedding tour to Saratoga, and so on to Niagara, and home through New York. I had never been out into the world,

and I knew nothing of gay society, only from books, but I had always yearned for an elegant life such as I read of, free from coarse sights and sounds, and at Saratoga the yearning became an unutterable longing. My sister had not much deep feeling, and never could understand half of what she called my "fancies." She thought her husband perfect, and enjoyed herself in the present, while I, who had made Mr. Fergus my *beau-ideal* of a gentleman, only looked upon my brother-in-law as a gay, generous, good-natured man, without much mind or intellect.

I watched carefully all whom I met, and I saw none superior to Mr. Fergus, but I longed to enter the gay world upon equal terms with those whom I saw. I knew that I was superior in beauty to many whom I met, and I saw that I attracted a great deal of attention, and I felt that Mr. Fergus even, if he saw me away from my coarse surroundings, might love me.

My sister chid me often for my reserve, for we were six weeks at Saratoga, and many gentlemen asked my brother-in-law for an introduction to his "superb sister," as they called me; but I was not born a flirt, and I could never chatter *nothings* by the hour together, so I was called scornful, haughty, and proud; and my sensitive nature was stung dreadfully, one night, by overhearing my *vis-à-vis* in the dance say to her partner, "She's only a factory boarding-house keeper's daughter, and see what airs she gives herself!"

After this, I felt *marked* at Saratoga, although my sister said, when I besought her to leave, that "we were better than half we met. There are the rich Misses C——, from New York—why, their grandmother actually sold vegetables in market for twenty years, and, notwithstanding, they are the leaders of fashion."

"Yes," I replied, "but they are *rich*, and so were their parents before them, while our mother is poor, and works to give us luxuries. Oh that we had never been educated above our station!"

I never went into the drawing-room again while we stayed, but a rich elderly gentleman made me an offer of his hand, and declared it would be the proudest day of his life, if he could ever call me wife. He was a man mighty upon 'Change, and well known in State Street; and my sister and her husband urged me to accept him, but I could not. He offered to settle a hundred thousand dollars upon me, and I knew that the factory boarding-house keeper's daughter could, if she pleased, become the *fashion* even at Saratoga; for who

refuses those stamped as golden coin? Do they not always pass current?

When we arrived at Niagara, I was enchanted. Many had told me that they were disappointed—that it was not half so grand as they imagined; but Nature unadorned, unaided by Art, here first spoke out to my soul, and I responded. The Grand Rapids awed me as much as the Fall itself; but my favorite place was upon Goat Island, where I would sit for hours, just upon the verge of the bank, as it slopes down to the rushing waters, as they pour the precipice and dash madly upon the rocks below. I used to sit there under the shade of the trees—which were turning to crimson and gold, for it was now the last of September—and listen to the mighty roar, the quivering, trembling shivers of the myriad waters, and long to sway myself over into the stream, and be swept out of time into eternity. While my sister and her husband, preceded by a guide, made the grand tour, I wandered about alone, but always, as each day closed, I sat a short time in my favorite place.

I had not been there a week before I felt that Mr. Fergus must be there. Laugh at me, call it superstition, whatever you like, I felt that I was within a singular influence; and one day, as I sat musing alone, and tossing dead leaves into the current, and watching the little eddying circles round which they swept, before being fatally engulfed, I knew instantly that he was approaching, and that he was waiting for me to look up; but I had no power to raise my head. I was afraid he would suspect that I cared for him—that he would see, by the flush that mounted even to my brow, that I knew of his approach, and had perhaps been waiting for him. "Miss Favor," at length he said, "I am happy to meet you again"—and he sat down upon the grass not far from me, and we talked and laughed as though we had known each other a lifetime, for I had great self-control, and after the first moment I crushed down all my tremulous feelings, and double-locked them in my heart. He did not speak or laugh loud, but with a gentle, murmuring sound that was in unison with my feelings, and seemed subdued in awe of the place and scene. I had never seen any one who so nearly approached my ideal of masculine perfection. In short, he seemed crowned with all manly graces, natural and acquired.

I never in my life had anything to touch my feelings so as his manner, full of deference and respect, and I saw in the admiring gaze which he cast upon me that I pleased even his prac-

tised eye and fastidious tastes. I think this feeling gave me ease and self-possession, and he drew out my powers so that I forgot—I never had before—that I was a factory boarding-house keeper's daughter.

For days, we were constantly together, and I tried at times, but faintly, to resist his captivating power, but I could not. It was a bright October morning; the dew-drops sparkled in a thousand gorgeous colors upon the brilliant foliage; and, standing in my favorite place, I heard his vows of love, and felt supremely blessed.

Carl Fergus accompanied us home, and, entering our house for the first time, asked my mother's consent to our engagement. I believe she would have had it otherwise, for she knew I could never be welcome in his family; but she had watched me closely, and had suspected all along that the change which had come over me was all through my meeting him the evening of my search for my little sister. And maybe, I have often thought so, that my mother, with her great partiality for me, might have thought it impossible any one could long resist my influence. However that may be, my mother gave her consent, and I soon saw that she was very much attached to him, and looked forward to the evenings which brought him to our house with a great deal of pleasure. He was always gentlemanly and polite to the rough men whom he often met in the passages, as he was coming up to our parlor; and many a time he would go down to search for my mother, and, taking her hand, now hard, bony, and seamed with the rough work she did, lead her up stairs, and place her in an easy-chair, while he read to her some of his favorite passages. Such gentleness and consideration quite won her heart, for, in the many long years that she had labored, he was the first one, out of her own family, who had ever treated her as other than a good-hearted drudge. Even my sister's husband had not thought it worth his while to pay her much attention, but had contented himself with making her a handsome present occasionally. How I gloried in the thought that my husband—how sweet were those words, "my husband!" how I toyed with them, and whispered them lingeringly, tenderly to myself!—knew how to appreciate my poor slave mother, for a slave she had been for many a long year. She was a handsome woman even then, although care and anxiety had left their footprints upon her countenance. She had never forgotten that she was once a lady, and for her children's sake she always,

even in her kitchen, was careful of her personal appearance.

Just about this time, my sister Eleanor, she who was engaged to the clergyman, was married, and went away, taking with her my youngest sister Louise, who still continued as wild and careless as ever. My sister in B— had taken one with her, so that now there were only three of us at home.

Weeks and months passed along; they seemed little more than a long summer day, for Carl Fergus was my constant companion. I believed that *apart* earth held no happiness for either of us. I thought how bright I would make Carl's home, how I would win even his parents to love me. I loved with all the silent, restless might of my reserved, proud nature. Carl never spoke of his parents, but I thought, indeed I felt, that they did not sanction our acquaintance.

One day, a carriage drove to our door, and a liveried footman handed in a card—"Mrs. Fergus, for Miss Rosa Favor." She was waiting in the passage below, just as the factory-bell was ringing, and the crowd of coarse men were pushing past her, in haste to get their noonday meal. Oh, what a throb of hatred I felt towards her, that she should choose *such* a time for her call—that she should, with apparently such systematic cruelty, make the distance between us greater, even, than it really was! When I received her, and saw her start of surprise, as she glanced at the room, then at myself, I think she was for a moment irresolute. I know she felt, for I saw it in her eyes, "This girl does justice to my son's taste." She had expected to meet a coarse, blowsy country beauty, rough and unpolished, and she hesitated to speak, for I saw that she had come upon no pleasant errand.

"My son," she said, at length, "has been the object of my life, the object to whom all my thoughts have been devoted. He has repaid my affection with neglect, my confidence with deception. His love for you can never be more than a *fancy*, for he can never so far demean himself as to marry a woman of your vulgar connections."

Such a concentration of scorn and contempt as darkened her face and flashed in her eyes I could not have thought possible. Her voice, though low, was vehement, and her passion made itself felt in her whole figure.

"You condemn us unheard, Mrs. Fergus. My connections are not vulgar. My family were once rich and respectable, in the very town where your father worked as a day-laborer,

ranking with the men whom you met going to my mother's table."

An angry flush overspread her features, and she said, in an intolerant manner: "You have forced my son into an acquaintance, your arts and beauty have dazzled him; but nothing is more certain than that your marriage can never take place. What is your love to mine? What can you have in common with him? Should you marry, after his weak passion is gratified, he will toss you off as carelessly as he would a broken toy; your charm will be gone. What to him can be a mere pretty face? Can you sympathize with his pursuits, cheer him by your conversation, or amuse his idle hours? I see," she said, glancing around, "that he is trying to polish you, to educate you for his sphere, but it will never do; you have lived too many years in this house, in contact with coarseness and vulgarity, ever to be lifted above it."

"Madam," I commenced, trembling with passion, for I felt how infinitely above her vulgar pretensions we were; but she waved her hand to silence me, and said—

"My son is to choose between you and his mother. He must annul his engagement, or never more look for his mother's love. This is my *right*—I will have it so." With a stately courtesy, she turned, and, lifting her rustling silken garments, descended the stairs; and I heard the clash of the door as it closed after her, and the grating of the carriage-wheels as she drove away.

Let no one be shocked by this, and think that Mrs. Fergus was a whit more hard-hearted than others of her class. People harden as they get old; the frost of time steals on and nips their sympathies, and they forget that they have ever loved.

My mother came up very soon, and found me on the floor, in a fit of weeping, and almost inconsolable.

"Rosa, my child, what is the matter?"

I hid my face, and pushed her from me. What was life, what was my mother's love to me now, in my great sorrow! I had no philosophy that made me equal to this emergency; my pride was angry and defiant, and I asked no pity even from my mother, and—God forgive me!—I almost cursed her, that she had not died rather than become a factory boarding-house keeper, but I did not tell her so. I told her of Mrs. Fergus's visit, and of all she said to me.

There had always been something very touching to me in my mother's quiet and self-contained life. She had never spoken regretfully

of the past—never for a moment forgot her daily duties, to dally with brighter, happier reminiscences; such as her fate had been, she had accepted it, and labored faithfully. She had always been reserved about the past, even to her children; and shut up in that quiet heart of hers, I know, there were many things that troubled the current of her life. Now, she took me in her arms, and called me her "baby;" she smoothed my hair and caressed my cheek, and, laying my head upon her shoulder, she told me of her life. She told me of my father, a stately man, who had been a judge, and who won her heart when she was only sixteen. There was no reproach coupled with his name, when she told me of his sinking deeper and deeper in his cups, until property, business, *all* went from him—until his reason, too, was gone, and he was laid in his grave. And there was a glorious look of self-abnegation about her, as she told me of her weary struggles, of the battle with the pride that lingered in her heart, of the long nights of anguish she passed, and of the sorrow she felt that her children should be wounded as she had been. She said I had been nearer and dearer to her than all the others, for she knew I had an underlying current of emotions so like her own, was so like her in my pride, that she feared I must suffer bitter sorrow. She saw that I had been wounded daily, that I lived as though under a ban. "But you seemed," she said, "to me so charming in beauty, in grace, and accomplishments, that I felt, when your worth was known, you would be appreciated, and that you could never be happy with the men your sisters had married. Mrs. Fergus is angry, for she wishes her son to augment his wealth and add to his position by a marriage with the wealthy Mrs. W—. But Carl Fergus is not dependent upon his parents; his profession is even now lucrative; and, if his heart is what I think it is, he loves you too well to disdain you because your mother is poor. If he does not, he is not worthy of you."

She understood me. She had never seemed to me so good as then; the tears stood in her eyes, and her voice was low and gentle.

"My mother," I said, with a reproach at my heart; "I am not worthy of you. I will strive to overcome and be like you; only be patient with me."

That evening, Carl came not; and the next evening, with a rising fear at my heart, I watched for him. My pride was humbled, and alone I wrestled with a great and o'ermastering agony.

On the third day, Carl came to us. There was a shadow upon his brow, but otherwise he was the same as ever. I believe, in my great love for him, I had allowed him to see more of my heart than most women show previous to marriage. I was not ashamed of my feelings, and it was the one only delight of my life. He was my god, and he knew it. The reverent humility with which I approached him was wonderful, even to myself.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. W—— was the daughter of a lawyer, and very wealthy. She was very handsome, with an extreme softness of manner, and a gentle pliancy of touch and expression, that always reminded me of a cat. She had been a schoolmate of mine, but we had never been intimate; and her father's position in town raised her so much above myself that I had only a slight speaking acquaintance with her. She was married very young, and in three weeks was left a widow and mistress of two hundred thousand dollars. She enjoyed her freedom and independence, and was a proficient in the art of flirtation.

Not until long afterwards did I know that Mrs. Fergus paid her a visit the same day that she called on me. With a woman's intuitive perception, she had discovered that Mrs. W—— would not object to change her name to that of Mrs. Carl Fergus, and she at once launched upon the subject of love and marriage. She spoke of my family as a vulgar set, and said that, as her son had once been of some service to the eldest daughter, she had so far presumed upon this as to commence an acquaintance which he found it difficult to break; indeed, she said, I "gave myself the airs of a queen."

Not the least hint did she give Mrs. W—— of our engagement, which Carl had confided to his mother; but, with her great knowledge of social tactics, and with that touch of the old serpent which most managing women have, she contrived to influence Mrs. W——'s curiosity, and, by contrasting her *style* with my pretensions, to excite a spirit of rivalry in her breast, which might at last operate in her son's favor. She knew that the charming simplicity and unconsciousness of a young girl, apparently so defenceless and trusting, were no match for the scientific strategy of a widow—the skilful hyplay, the advance, the retreat, the lures, surprises, feints, and evasions with which they

play with their victims, and which so securely fasten them in their toils forever.

I said nothing to Carl of his mother's visit, and he did not know it, or he might have been prepared for the siege which was planned for taking the outworks, and, by a grand *coup de main*, gaining possession of his heart. I was too proud to complain, or to set a mother against the son of her love; and, indeed, I did not wish to gain him by any power but that of the free, full, and voluntary love which I believed to be mine. But daily, with the most exquisite tact, the most refined and complete *finesse*, my vulgar surroundings were contrasted with Mrs. W——'s elegant belongings, until, in my defiant pride, I longed to strike down all that was choice, beautiful, or rich, and on the ruins lie down and die.

When Mrs. Fergus drove with her son, she would pass our door, and invariably she would pull the check-rein to give an order, just as the narrow street was filled with the begrimed operatives rushing in scrambling haste to my mother's door. I knew Carl's proud heart, and how it must have been cut for me. Although he was always a gentleman, yet he had as much pride as ever fell to the lot of man, and he must have chafed sorely under these inflictions.

People who regard money as the end and aim of life seldom fail, and Mrs. Fergus knew that gold could carry in its retinue a wider homage than any other power. Whatever of love or tenderness there was in her nature was garnered in her child, her only son; his aggrandizement was the darling object of her existence. Shrewd, politic, and observant, this crafty woman knew too much directly to oppose her son's engagement, or to attack us openly; but where she could shock his refined sensibility, or touch his fastidiousness, by a contrast of my position with his own, she would do it; she left no means untried.

One wet morning, Carl came to us in our little parlor. My mother was occupied with some piece of homely needle-work, and my sisters were in their rooms. I was busy watching the misty rain as it formed little pools here and there on the rough pavement, which threw back, in bubbles, the perpetual plash. The scene out of doors was dismal enough. The trees on the street looked shivering in the damp air, and the wind that souged through the branches had a watery sound. I was in a sad reverie, for my intercourse with Carl was not what it had been; much that I have related here I knew not of until long afterwards; but I could guess what influences were operat-

ing against me. There are occasions in human life when people feel, although they cannot tell why, a strange sensation, as though some evil hung suspended over them; so I felt this morning; and when Carl told us he was about to accompany his mother and Mrs. W—— upon a journey which would last at least two months, I could not summon up resolution to say anything, for a rising in my throat choked me. It seemed as though the *ghost* only of departed happiness would be left with me. Who could tell what changes might be wrought in his feelings in this short time? I could guess *why* the journey was planned, and, had I dared, I would have let the great sigh in my heart escape, and have told Carl all I feared.

Carl was more like his old self than he had been for months, and he lingered as though loth to leave and afraid something might prevent our constant intercourse by letter. He made me promise to write very often, and said he should always be sure to give me notice of his changing address. If anything could reconcile me to his departure, it was the tenderness with which he treated me, and the hope he expressed that he should soon call me his own.

He left me, and I was indeed alone. The second day, I received a letter full of love and passionate petitions for me to keep my faith with him, although he knew I never went into society except when visiting at my sisters' houses. "Only believe," he said, "that I loved you for yourself alone, and that no mean thought ever sullied my devotion, and I am happy." He spoke often of Mrs. W——, and of her high appreciation of myself, although, as she told him, "my pride had always come between us, and prevented her from showing her true feelings towards me."

This went on for some weeks, and then Carl's letters; although quite as frequent, became shorter, and Mrs. W——'s name was never mentioned.

I put my trust in my own truth, and kept the balance of my conflicting anxieties steady and to myself as long as I could; but my mother, who constantly watched me, without any apparent reason, proposed my visiting my sister Caroline, in B——. I was strongly opposed to it, as my sister was residing at the West End, and lived a gay life, receiving much company; but my mother would not be denied, and, as I found my refusal gave her pain, I prepared to go, exacting a promise that my letters should be forwarded to me immediately.

As it was my sister's wish, while in B——, I accompanied her into society, and there I

met frequently the same gentleman who, at Saratoga, three years previously, had asked me to be his wife. He was still unmarried, and resumed his attentions to me, as a friend, in a quiet, gentlemanly way that could give me no offence.

It is the easiest of all things to break the link by which two human hearts are united. Its fragility is in proportion to its delicacy; and after several weeks of silence, in which I heard nothing from Carl, and received no replies to my letters, my mother wrote to me that he and Mrs. W—— were soon to be married. I wonder I did not go mad; but I did not; I looked my grief in the face, and lived through the struggle without betraying my anguish. I believe a pride and consciousness of power supported me. The heartlessness and obduracy of Carl's silence, while it racked me with bitter pangs, still, also, helped me to forget him. *Whatever* had happened, I felt that he ought to have apprised me of it; but, instead, he had treated me with a careless indifference that ruffled my pride, and then made me doubt his love.

I subsided into a tranquil state, perfectly calm upon the surface, but O how troubled beneath! As I accustomed myself to contemplate Carl's character in a new and despicable aspect, my grief imperceptibly softened, and something like scorn and resentment came to my relief. I even tried to persuade myself that, were he to return and sue again, I would reject him. Wrestling with this total blight of my hopes, I sank into a condition of utter apathy; there was nothing that pleased or disturbed me; and I went through the gay routine of life at my sister's with perfect indifference.

I was not without my conquests, and I was woman enough to feel elated at the idea that, although slighted and wronged where I loved, and looked down upon by Mrs. Fergus, yet there were others quite as wealthy, quite as aristocratic, who welcomed me as an equal.

My sister constantly urged me to accept Mr. S——, who again offered himself to me. I had loved Carl Fergus too well to replace his image in my heart by another; but I probed my soul to its utmost depths, and, desolate as I was, I resolved to hesitate no longer. Whichever way I turned, all was blank and lonely; there was nothing left to cling to. My marriage with Mr. S—— would at least bring happiness to others, for he scorned me not that I was poor and humble. He wished my mother and sisters to reside with him, and I believe never, for

had a great and noble heart, made them feel their dependence.

On the morning of my marriage to Mr. S—, I was conscious of something like a slight thrill of revenge. This was the vindication of my slighted feelings, the assertion of my outraged pride; and, if Mrs. Fergus could read the notice of my marriage, and feel that in depriving me of her son's love she had not driven me back to vulgar obscurity, but had only been an involuntary means of raising us *all* to a social position superior even to her own, I should be content. As for love in my heart, there was none; but I felt the utmost respect for my husband, and was proud of him. My mother gave up her hard life, and, with my two unmarried sisters, came to reside with me.

I hated the conventional pride that looked down with contempt upon obscure birth, its position, and its struggles, and it became a passion with me to raise myself to the utmost height of social position, and of course to place my mother and sisters there also. I made my house magnificent; but so exquisitely nice was my perception of the fitness of things, that no one was ever offended with its costliness or rare ornament. I gloried in scattering money about, and felt a sort of wonder when I saw to what a pinnacle of power and influence I was elevated, and I made the most of my advantages. I emerged from my pride, and condescended to try my powers of fascination upon the great world, until I felt I had conquered it. I was known at Saratoga and at Newport. I set the fashions, and saw myself courted and flattered by people who I knew would have spurned me with their foot when I was poor. I married my sisters in the great world, but happily, to men of their choice; and when my beautiful favorite, Mary, a perfect angel, robed in lace that was priceless, stood at the altar, and gave her hand, where her heart had long been given, to a foreign minister, I saw the dark face of Mrs. Fergus curiously gazing upon the scene, and I fixed her eye with my look of scornful, withering contempt.

My husband was proud of me, and denied me nothing. I was upon the topmost wave of popularity when I heard of Carl Fergus's marriage. Many and many a chance hour had my heart lived over its old memories, and I had often, with a shuddering doubt, thought of his estrangement and the sudden eclipse of his love, and felt that I ought to have cleared it up before I raised a barrier between us forever.

A year passed, and I heard nothing of Carl Fergus, for he had gone abroad with his bride;

and, as I lived in B—, all things appertaining to our life in L—, if not forgotten, were never mentioned.

My mother never went out into the great world, but she took the greatest delight in my success, and, I know, felt something of my own exultation at my position. I delighted to assemble at my house those who had, by their own talents and genius, worked their own way to success, and they always were my most honored guests.

After we had been married five years, Mr. S— was called away to France upon business, and, as I declined leaving my mother, who was now growing very feeble, he went alone. He was a most devoted husband, and I know he must oftentimes have thought me cold-hearted, for I could never bring myself to return his caresses, although always performing all my duties faithfully.

It was not many months after his departure, when, one night, I was roused from sleep by a distinct rap upon the wall near my bed. At first, I thought I must have been dreaming, and I raised myself upon my arm to listen. It was twice repeated, and I felt a subtle influence pervading the room, and heard the softest, most lingering strains of music, seemingly in the atmosphere, playing about me. A little startled, I sprang up, and passed to the adjoining room, occupied by my mother. She was awake, but, when I questioned her, had heard nothing. I thought of Carl Fergus, and the very same feelings came over me that I had felt before at Niagara. I knew there was something occurring in his life at that moment that brought him nearer to me. I returned to my bed without communicating my feelings to my mother, but the music continued until daylight, and was repeated several nights in succession.

My husband and Carl Fergus were upon their return from Europe, in the same steamer. On the night that I first heard the music, she took fire, and only twenty, out of a hundred and fifty, passengers were saved. My husband and Carl Fergus's wife both perished. I was stunned by the suddenness of the blow, and there was an undefined terror at my heart. I gathered up recollections of my marriage, and self-accusation came upon me. I had never half appreciated my husband's character, I thought, and when his will was discovered, in which he had left his immense property to me without reserve, I felt that I had slighted a noble heart. The shock was very great to my mother, and she only survived it a few weeks; thus I was left entirely to myself, and it was a long and

gloomy night that settled upon me, haunted by the ghosts of many hopes, many errors, and unavailing regrets. I truly mourned for him whose noble soul had found rest in the stormy sea, and for the mother whose martyr life had at length been crowned ; from the accumulated sadness into which I fell I had no hope of ever issuing again.

I left the city, and went to reside in the country, for I felt that nature soothed me, and I used to lay down my weary head upon the grass, and weep until a great relief came upon me in the shedding of those very tears. One evening, just before sunset, I came down into a little valley where often in my walks I had stopped to rest. One bright evening cloud floated midway along the horizon in the opening of the hills, and a sound of music seemed to come from it—it was the same I had heard before, and I *knew* Carl Fergus spoke to me. The quiet evening cloud grew dim, the colors faded from the sky, the shadows upon the hills became a part of the pale night sky ; yet I felt the shadows were clearing from my mind, and I knew that Carl and I were one in soul.

Weeks passed, when one day I was summoned below stairs, to meet a gentleman. It was Carl Fergus, and he sank on his knees before me, and, gathering me in his arms, held me tightly pressed to his heart. He had always loved, had never resigned me until my

letters ceased, and, after numerous epistles he had written had been returned unopened, weeks of suspense passed to him, when he heard of my brilliant career in B—— and my marriage. After that, to please his mother, and because he thought Mrs. W—— really attached to him, he had married her ; but, even as the husband of another, he had never ceased to love me, and had loved me unutterably.

In a week, we were married, and if there is a blessed union of souls on this earth, such is ours. I kneel down and say my prayer of thanks every night for the great blessings vouchsafed to me—a happy, luxurious home, kind friends, and two loving children. I have no longer any ambition to be the leader of fashion, but in all that is good and noble I strive to excel, and work side by side with my husband.

Mrs. Fergus intercepted our letters, through the aid of the servant who accompanied her, and Mrs. W—— was privy to it all. Carl's father, I believe, truly loves me, and is a real friend. His mother is proud of me, and for Carl's sake I receive her kindly, though I can never forget the misery she caused me. She is rejoiced at her son's second marriage, as his fortune and mine united have made her the mother of the richest man in the state—a poor ambition, but such an one only as she is capable of feeling.

MARY PAYSON'S TRIALS.

BY CARRIE CARROL.

CHAPTER I.

I DO not believe I shall go to church to-day," said Mary Payson to her cousin Clara Grey, as the two passed through the hall after leaving the breakfast table. "My new bonnet did not come home in spite of that woman's promises, and besides, I feel all out of sorts."

"O! you must," said Clara. "Never mind the bonnet. I want to tell you what I heard Laura Lane say yesterday afternoon. I could not enjoy my evening with Julia, because I wanted to get home and tell you, but when I came you were asleep, and mamma would not let me wake you, because, she said, you had had the headache."

The cousins proceeded to their own room—which had been put in order by the chamber-maid while they were eating—and drawing their luxurious chairs before the glowing grate, sat down, while Clara went on very energetically. "I would n't have you stay away for any thing. She would say that I had heard her and persuaded you not to go, and Somers would suppose we really did think her of some importance."

"But what did she say?" said Mary, impatiently.

"Why, it was at Morton's. I was looking at some silks, when she came in with George Somers—she asks him to go some place with her every time she meets him, I know she does, and she ought to be ashamed to be so bold—and as soon as she saw me she came and stood near and pretended to be looking at some velvet. She just nodded to me, and then went to talking to him in a sort of an under-tone; but she knew I could hear it, so she did, and she meant I should. 'O!' said she, 'my cousin Dora is coming in the evening train, and I shall bring her with me to church to-morrow. She will remain six months, and will be such an addition to our choir—that is, if Mary Payson will change her seat, for when I wrote to her that she must help us sing in church when she came, she said she would if she might be permitted to sit by me. You know she will be a stranger to every one else, so it is a

very natural feeling.' Somers said something, I could n't tell what, and then turned to speak to me, but she would not let him off. 'I hope not,' she said, 'but ever since we joined the choir she has been jealous of my having the first place and she only the second. So I shall not dare to mention it to her. I'll just tell Mr. Stanley how it is, and let him arrange it.'"

"You jealous of Laura Lane! Only think of that, Mary; and then think of her artfulness, too. She knows Stanley pays attention to you, and if he does not do as she wants him to, she will tell every person that that is the reason."

Mary's lip curled, but her heart throbbed. Would Stanley—who was leader of the choir—ask her to give way to Laura Lane? Not if he cared for her, she was certain of that; but Mary, though painfully conscious that Charles Stanley was dearer to her than all the rest of the world, felt very uncertain whether his feeling for her was stronger than a passing fancy. She had often heard him speak scornfully of those meek spirits who were, he said, too indolent to assert their rights, declaring he had no fancy for those milk-and-water ladies who languidly submitted to be imposed upon; and now if he should ask her to yield to Laura Lane it would be unendurable.

She particularly disliked Laura, who had joined the fashionable choir of the fashionable Universalist Church, which Mr. Grey's family attended at the same time that she did; and though Mary, whose voice might have made her fortune of the stage, was immediately selected by her associates to stand by the instrument—a place of honor—and lead one part of the music, yet the dashing Laura talked so much of the manner in which she had taken the lead in a vocal class, that the dignified Mary, to avoid a controversy, took the second place. Since she heard Stanley tell what he admired in woman, she had regretted having done so, and now Laura was about to attempt to make her take the third place. What should she do? She rose up, and walking to the window stood for some time leaning her forehead against the glass and looking into the street.

She heard the clear tones of the Sabbath school bells, cheerily calling happy children to the house of God, and saw the gladsome little ones with their books in their hands hastening to obey the welcome summons, but was not conscious of what she heard and saw. Charles Stanley and Laura Lane were before her mental vision and absorbed her thoughts. Her strong desire was to stay at home, and her pride said it would be better far than to condescend to a quarrel with Laura. But then this would only put off the trouble and make it harder another Sabbath. So

with a heavy heart she prepared for church, not now caring for the new bonnet.

As the cousins walked to church there was no thought worthy of the holy day in either mind. They talked incessantly of how they should circumvent Laura, whom Clara disliked not only on Mary's account, but because she looked upon her as her own rival in the affections of George Somers.

"I did not tell you," said she, "half that she said. She talked all the time so as to provoke me, and at the same time keep Somers from speaking to me. She did not succeed in that, though. She said if she was to be resolute about it, the rest of the choir would insist on your giving way, for they did not think they could get along without her. So if you will keep your place, he will see that she overrates herself, and that they do not think as much of her as she imagines; and Clara's face glowed with pleasure at the thought."

Clara's health was so delicate, and her lungs were so easily injured that her physician had forbidden her joining the choir, which was a great deprivation to her, though not so much of a one as it would have been if Somers had been a member. "Now, remember," said she, as Mary started up the flight of stairs which led to the gallery, and then she walked into the church and took her seat in her father's pew, wishing heartily that she had eyes in the back of her head so that she could see the singers without gratifying Miss Laura by looking around.

During the voluntary she listened for Mary's clear, ringing tones in vain; not a note could she distinguish, and she waited with feverish impatience till the first hymn was given out and the congregation all looked up at the gallery, for then she felt willing to look too: but when she did so Mary was not there, and her place was occupied by a stranger. Laura frequently glanced from her book toward Clara, who tried in vain to keep the hot blood from deluging her face.

While Clara sits apparently listening to the sermon—we leave our readers to judge how much of it she heard—let us follow Mary, who felt very much relieved when she first entered the gallery, to see that Laura was not there. She took her seat, and soon after there was a bustle behind her, as of a number entering at once; then she heard Laura's voice and could distinguish the words, "She is a stranger, you know, and it would be unpleasant for her to sit any place else," and Stanley's voice answered, "It must be just as Miss Payson says, I shall not presume to interfere."

Still she did not look around till Laura spoke to her, bade her good-morning, introduced her

cousin, and asked her if she would not take the next chair, so that Dora could sit by her. She pressed her lips together for a moment, then replied coldly that that was Miss Mason's seat, and she could not, of course, take it.

"O! but she is so obliging," said Laura, "she will take the next one and not care."

"I can not do it," was the answer; "if she takes the next one, she puts Miss Lanning out of her place."

"Well then, Dora," said Laura, "I don't see what we can do unless you take half of my chair." And the two crowded themselves between Mary and the instrument, trying with suppressed giggles to seat themselves in one chair. For a moment Mary sat still, then she rose up and left the gallery, intending to join her aunt and Clara in the church, but at the foot of the stairs she paused.

She knew that Clara would whisper to her; that her uncle would put on his spectacles and turn quickly around and survey the choir; that all her friends who sat near would look and wonder. So she turned and walked into the street.

Mary was an orphan. When she was ten years old her father and mother died, within a few weeks of each other, leaving her to the guardianship of her father's only brother, Mr. John Payson. He, though he felt very tenderly toward his little niece, and made the most judicious investments of her property, was glad to give her to the care of her mother's brother, Mr. Grey; for, as he said, the charge of a little girl was not in his line of business. From Mrs. Grey Mary received the same treatment that Clara did; that is, they were both dressed with the most perfect taste, had a French governess for four years, were then sent to a fashionable boarding-school for three more, and after that were allowed to control their own actions entirely.

The girls were of about the same age, and were, at the time we have introduced them to the reader, about twenty-two. Mary was a noble-looking girl, with a clear, healthful complexion, a wealth of dark, curling hair and a pair of large, brown eyes, so full of expression and so truthful withal, that when she had a feeling which she did not wish to betray, she dared not let them be seen. Clara was a delicate little creature, with the most changeful color, the bluest eyes, the sunniest curls, the most dimpled cheeks, and the smallest hands and feet that you would often see.

She was rather shy in company, not at all gifted in conversation, but knew the power of her beauty, gloried in the admiration she won, and cordially detested Laura Lane, whose sparkling, black eyes, rich masses of black hair—always arranged in tasteful bands—ready replies, and

easy, sometimes impertinent manners, formed so perfect a contrast to herself.

When Mary was a little more than twenty-one, her uncle John, still a bachelor, told her he had invested all her money in buildings, which brought good rents, and as he was going to Europe for a while, he thought she could be her own agent till he came back. The tenants all wished to remain, so she would have nothing to do but receive the rents, minus what they would tell her had been spent in repairs, and he would warrant her that would be no small sum. Her income would be a large one, so if she wanted to lay away money to buy a nice little country house, when she was married, she could, but he charged her not to sell any property, or indorse or sign any notes, without first consulting him. No matter if it does seem as though it will take a long time to hear from me, don't you do it.

"But, uncle," said Mary, "no one will want me to sign their notes; what a funny idea!"

"You don't know any thing about it," said bluff uncle John. "There are plenty of men in this city who would, if the cat had money, stick her paw in the ink and write C-a-t, on their paper."

"You need not laugh," he added, "it is true, and I shall not feel satisfied if you do not promise me what I told you."

"Well, I promise," said Mary.

"Solemnly?" said uncle John.

"Yes, solemnly," she said, and with this understanding they parted.

CHAPTER II.

We left our heroine in the street, walking toward home. She wished she could have seen Stanley's face as she left the house; she wished she could ask him what he thought, without letting him know how much she prized his opinion; she wished she had some one to advise her; but her fashionable aunt, her preoccupied uncle, and her dear but incautious Clara did not any of them seem to her to be very good advisers. "O! if uncle John were here; but then he would laugh and think it a mere trifle." O! if her mother had lived, she was sure that nothing which affected her happiness would have seemed trifling to her.

Just as her thoughts reached this point, she came before a church, and the voice of the preacher so arrested her attention, that she turned and went in. The sexton conducted her to a seat, and the gay worldling soon found herself listening as she had never before listened to a sermon.

The text had already been announced, but the subject was God's abundant mercy and our great

unthankfulness. He told how grateful we were to those earthly friends who conferred favors upon us; how we loved, revered, and trusted them; but to Him who gave us life and all its blessings no note of praise was addressed.

If we were in trouble, he said, how gladly would we ask the advice of those friends who would, we were assured, give it honestly; yet how rarely did we ask instruction from Him who could not err!

"Yes," thought Mary, "I would be glad to ask Stanley's advice, if I knew he would tell me just what he thought; but would I dare in a prayer to mention such a thing as a choir sent?"

Almost as if he had read her thoughts the speaker continued: "If we were in great peril, if Death were in view, if his skeleton arms were striving to draw us to his cold embrace, then we would not hesitate to call upon the Lord Jehovah. But in our trifling troubles we disdain to seek his aid, and he is often obliged to bring judgment upon us ere we will remember our Creator. When he would fain speak to us with the whisperings of love, we force him to call to us in the thunder-tones of wrath."

Mary had heard many beautiful descriptions of God's unfailing love to the beings he has created, but the accusation of ingratitude was new to her, and when the minister closed with a thrilling appeal to his hearers to remember their Creator ere the evil days drew nigh, her tears fell in spite of her efforts to preserve the calmness which she thought necessary in a public assembly. When the services were over she hurried home, and, finding to her joy that the family had not yet returned, resolved to say nothing of having gone to another church. She went to her room, and, laying aside her bonnet and the rich furs which seemed to be suffocating her, threw herself on the bed and gave way to the gush of feeling which overpowered her.

Was she the heedless, thoughtless being she had heard described? Was she ungrateful—she who had always striven to give back kindness for kindness, whose quick, involuntary smile was, she had often been told, the most eloquent of thanks? Her self-love declared it could not be so; but then in frightful array arose before her the blessings which she had heard recounted, which she acknowledged herself to have received, and for which she knew no murmur of thankfulness had ever ascended to the throne of the Most High.

While she lay sobbing on the bed, Clara came in. She was indignant at Mary for leaving her place, but was, it must be confessed, pleased to find that she was taking trouble in her usual way, that is, crying over it, for Mary rarely cried,

and Clara was often recommended to be more like her instead of being so babyish. At dinner Mr. Grey asked the cause of her leaving church and of her present red eyes. Mary did not reply, but Clara told with many exclamations as to Laura's rudeness. She was sorry Mary did not keep her place, she said, but as she did not, was glad she left; she would not have had her take the next chair for any thing.

Mr. Grey agreed with his daughter, and advised his niece either to keep her own seat or else sit with the family, ending, as he always did any piece of advice, with, "however, suit yourself." The evening was stormy, and, as Clara was never allowed by the physician to leave the house when that was the case, Mary gladly obeyed her aunt's advice, not to show that swollen face in church, and staid with her.

She thought often of what she had heard about asking instruction from Him who could not err, but could not bring herself to do it either by prayer or by searching his word; for though she had never been a very attentive listener to the chapters which the minister read from the pulpit—they being all of the Bible which she knew any thing about—she yet remembered there was something about meekness and about turning the other cheek when smitten upon one, and she had no desire to be meek.

The word ingratitude seemed ringing in her ears, and it was with difficulty that she kept her thoughts sufficiently collected to answer Clara, who talked incessantly of how they should treat Laura at Mrs. Gay's party, which was to take place the next Tuesday evening, and of their dresses for that important occasion.

"If Miss Fitter makes my dress as tight as my last one," said she, "she shall alter it. I would n't suffer again as I did at Mrs. Pain's for any thing"—any thing was Clara's invariable comparison—"and I do hope she won't tell Laura that I am to wear blue silk with white lace flounces, for she will be sure to have pink with black ones. She always gets a dress as near the style of mine as she can, and she need not pretend it is accidental. There is one good thing though, she can't wear blue, she is too dark."

CHAPTER III.

"A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They heed not morning there."

Tuesday evening came, and Clara, with her white neck and arms unshaded save by the graceful *berthe*, which matched the costly flounces of her blue silk, and the glistening pearls which harmonized so well with her delicate beauty,

looked the image of loveliness, while Mary in her rich, white satin, with the light flashing from her diamonds, and her earnest but at times gleeful spirit shining in her beautiful brown eyes, looked, as she indeed was, a being who could be a queen or a child as her feelings prompted. Mrs. Grey looked at them with proud admiration, and told them she did not think there were many ladies in the world who had such a daughter and such a niece to take with them to parties. When they entered Mrs. Gay's brilliant rooms Clara discovered to her great indignation that Laura was dressed as she had predicted she would be, and was dancing with Somers. She seemed gayer and in even higher spirits than usual, though both the cousins passed her several times in the course of the evening without speaking.

Somers divided his attentions between the two, who were so perfect a contrast to each other. He took Clara to supper, however, and seemed displeased when she waltzed with Harry Wild, so she felt almost satisfied. But Mary—Mary was happy. She danced with Stanley, and then they strolled into the conservatory, where they soon found themselves talking of her choir troubles. He cordially approved of her resolution to keep her seat, and begged her neither to give up her place nor leave the choir.

He advised her to place her chair the next Sabbath so close to Laura's that no more than one could possibly be between her and the instrument. Then he told her how he had watched the contest, and his tones grew deeper and lower as he spoke of how he gloried in her when she swept so haughtily out of the gallery, and Mary trembled and forgot her pride as, with downcast eyes, she listened for the avowal which she felt he was about to make.

But others came into the conservatory just then, and there was no more chance for private conversation. When she left he led her to the carriage, whispering that he should come the next evening to tell her a story, to which he hoped she would listen patiently; and Mary went home happier than she had ever been before. She had had many admirers, but never before had her heart been touched. After she had retired she lay for a long time too happy to sleep.

The window curtains were drawn aside, and the cold winter moonlight streaming upon the earth, made the snow-clad street look so much colder; but into Mary's luxurious chamber the brightness alone found entrance,

"So," thought she, "my life will be. Into the warm atmosphere of our home the brightness and glitter, but none of the heartlessness of fashionable life shall come. To-morrow evening

he will come, and then I shall be his promised wife."

The next afternoon, however, brought a note from him, telling her that one of his debtors had absconded, and he must follow by the next train. He might, he said, be gone one or two weeks; but his heart refused to go with him, and he was afraid it would fulfill its threat and stay behind. If she saw it any place, would she take care of it till he came back?

She read it many times, feeling disappointed that he could not come as soon as he had promised, but still very happy.

CHAPTER IV.

*"How shall I leave my tomb,
With triumph or regret;
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?"*

It was the evening of the day after Mrs. Gay's party. Clara and Mary were sitting in the parlor, but as it was yet too early for any of their gentlemen friends to call at the house of the fashionable Mrs. Grey, they paid no attention to the ringing of the door bell, and only looked up when Mr. Somers was ushered into the room.

He had come, he said, to see if they would, if not too much fatigued, go to — church and hear Mr. W. preach. He understood there was a protracted meeting there, and thought perhaps they would like to go. Mr. W. was the minister to whom Mary had listened the Sabbath before.

Clara was eager to go, and her cousin soberly consented, so they were soon on the way.

"You must expect to hear that you are dreadful sinners," laughed Somers, as they entered the church.

They listened quietly to the opening services, and when the minister announced his text to be, "Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," Mary breathed more freely. She had feared something like what she had heard before, something which would apply to her, but she felt that with sins which were as scarlet she had nothing to do, and she could bear with a great deal of fortitude to hear those very wicked people reproved. As the discourse went on, however, her views were changed.

The law of God was placed before her, and shown to be holy, just, and pure; then transgression after transgression was proved against her, till she cowered in her seat, and longed to be where no human eye could look upon her; then the punishment and the justice of that punishment was placed before her. Mary had heard the subject of everlasting punishment made the theme of so many scoffs that she

had supposed that no one could convince her of its possibility, but in that dreadful hour she was convinced. Her reason was convinced, her conscience was convinced, her affrighted soul acknowledged its justice, the bottomless pit seemed yawning before her. Ay! she believed and trembled.

The perspiration stood in drops on her forehead, and she could feel that Somers, who sat by her, was trembling, though he tried to appear unconcerned. Then the minister's voice changed. "Come," said he, "let us reason together. Will you not come to Him who will lift this great weight from off you, who will wash these deep, dark stains away and present you to his Father white as snow?" The plan of redemption was unfolded before her. The story of the cross was told in brief but touching words, and she was told how more than kind, how transcendently beneficent was the permission to bathe in the fountain thus opened for guilt and uncleanness. She was told to exercise her reason and say if she would slight the opportunity thus offered.

We say "she was told," for Mary felt, as she tried to still what seemed to her the audible beatings of her heart, that it was all addressed to her, and her choking sobs startled her ears as they fell upon them, but would not be checked. After the sermon an invitation was given to those whose reasons were convinced to come to the altar and kneel, while the children of God prayed for them, and she watched with streaming eyes while one after another walked with trembling or with hurried steps down the aisle. O, if she only dared go! but then came before her with startling distinctness her aunt's indignant astonishment, her uncle's contempt, the scoffs of her friends, the pleasures she must give up, and—Stanley—Stanley. He would forsake her, she felt that he would. The words which had once trembled on his lips, those words which it was to be such happiness to hear, would never be spoken, or if spoken, would be poured into other ears. Then, though her face tingled to think she was so weak, the thought would come that if she became a Christian she must be meek, and let that odious Laura trample on her. No, she would sit still, but if she could go without letting any one know it, without running the risk of losing Stanley or yielding to Laura, how gladly would she do so! She wiped her eyes, and, closing her lips firmly, looked steadily forward. The last words of the hymn died on the air, and Mr. W. stood for a moment looking at the kneeling forms of those who had presented themselves for prayer, then he raised his eyes and looked upon the congregation, who remained standing.

There was a brief silence, to Mary a terrible one. She felt her breath coming thickly and painfully. She hoped he would say no more, for she felt tried almost beyond her powers of endurance, but looking, as she thought, directly at her, he said solemnly, "Time and eternity—compare them, weigh them, try them in the balances. If the toys, the pleasures of earth are as valuable as you suppose, yet, O! let us reason together. What are you bartering in exchange for them? If the scoff of the worldling is too hard to bear, how shall you endure the wrath of God and the contempt of the innumerable multitude who shall sit at his right hand?"

Much more he said, but Mary did not hear him, for, feeling that her trembling limbs would no longer support her, she took her seat, and, leaning her head on the back of the one before her, tried to compose her thoughts and reason calmly. The thought was impressed upon her that she was now deciding her destiny.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]
NELL'S RETURN FROM THE BALL.
BY MRS. J. G. AUSTIN.

MARIAN, Kate and I, whose name is Ellinor, commonly contracted to Nelly, were invited this summer to spend a month with our friend and schoolmate, Susy Brandon. Sue lives with her uncle upon an island, an island all his own, too—a little emerald gem dropped beside the main land, just like a “kiss” beside the seal on an old-fashioned letter. Nor is the proprietor less unique than the island. “Uncle George,” as we all called him, is a bachelor and lives alone like Robinson Crusoe, except for a female Friday or two, and the company of his niece and her friends in vacation. His life has been (so far) spent in choice society—Chaucer and Spencer, Shakespeare and Herbert, varied with the Angel in the House, and Tennyson's Princess, having been his constant companions, until his whole nature has become saturated with their tender chivalry and graceful love of woman.

He can't see us now (if he ever did) the least bit as we really are—we are all fairies and goddesses, Florence Nightingales and Joana d'Arc to him. It is a trying thing for a conscientious female (myself, for instance), who is thoroughly aware of her own follies, frailties and imperfections, to be watched, attended and admired, as if she were a condensation of Minerva, Diana and Venus, come down to walk the earth a little, and give poor ignorant mankind a glimpse of Olympian perfection. Nevertheless, to this painful estimate is every woman (especially should she be young and fair) who approaches Uncle George Braddon, obliged to submit. Now he could address us four girls, however, and all with equal admiration, is what I cannot understand, for surely never were four more diverse specimens of—perfection brought under one roof.

First, there's Sue, his own niece, adopted and educated by him from her childhood. Well, she's the dearest girl, and I love her, O, ever so much, but I can't help believing that she's a little, just a little commonplace. Some people say she's stupid, heavy, and I don't know what beside, but I only say she's commonplace, and love her just as much as if I didn't. Then, there's Kate—Kate, the beauty and the wit, the queen and the terror of us all—Kate, whose black eyes flash so when she is angry (about once a day), that it makes you wince and catch your breath to meet them—proud Kate, passionate Kate, glorious, glowing Kate, whom I love with all my strength, and with whom I quarrel incessantly. Next, is Marian, delicate, fair-haired, sentimental little Marian, always murmuring poetry to herself, and taking care not to wet her feet—Marian, whom we all love, and scold, and coddle from morning till night, as it were rainy a day, you see, Marian, who is quite capable, when the hour shall come, of those heroic achievements with which women of her fragile and nervous temperament have so often put to shame, not only their strong-willed sisters, but mighty man himself.

As for myself, or rather for Nelly (I intend, with the reader's gracious permission, to retire into the third person), she is a person of whom I could tell so much, that I will say nothing, and so on with my story.

Our island—which by the way, we call Avilion, after the mystic isle where King Arthur and Queen Genevieve, with all their train of beauty and of chivalry, are waiting, waiting ever, for the hour that shall call them back to reign in Britain—our island lies in the harbor of an old seaside town, called—O dear, my treacherous memory! To think that I should forget the name of that dear old town! Well, call it Seaton, that will do well enough.

The people of Seaton understand the art of living—while they are young, they dance, sing, ride, walk, boat and go to picnics, in the most unremitting fashion. Grow older, they read, Carleise, Ruskin, Hugh Miller, and study German and talk transcendentalism, just as unremittingly—there is always something going on in the way of amusement. We girls were naturally included in the younger set, and invitations to this or that merry-making poured in as fast as we could accept them, for we seldom made up our minds to refuse, and there were marvellously few fine days on which the Seagull, with Uncle George at the helm, did not carry a merry freight to Seaton.

It is, however, an original and startling theory of my own, that too much of any luxury becomes tiresome, a mournful proof of which theory exists in the fact that we four girls, not one of us over twenty, began to talk contemptuously of amusements, to affect *blanc* and fastidious views of life, to comment with severity upon our dancing partners, and to look with scorn upon our new female acquaintances. We delighted Uncle George by discovering that the heroines of poetry

were seldom represented as excelling in the scholastic, or as attending picnic parties—we declined an invitation to a private concert, and commenced reading the Faery Queen aloud, in the arbor beneath the beech-trees.

In fact, we were fast becoming too ethereal for this world, when on the afternoon of the Spenserian season, an unexpected stumbling-block was thrown in our upward path, in the shape of a grand military and fancy ball, to be given on occasion of a visit from the True Blue Invincibles of Boston, to the Cherrycoat Corps of Seaton. Invitations to this festivity arrived in the form of four little notes politely delivered by an outward-bound fishing-party, and were—alas, for human consistency—immediately accepted, as thus:

Kate—“A fancy ball! I'll be a sultana!”

Marian—“There's room for so many romantic characters!”

Suey—“I've got a dress all ready, too!”

Nelly—“Fiddly the Cherrycoat corps in their regimentals!”

The matter thus tacitly decided, all four rushed into the house, leaving the Faery Queen alone in the arbor (where she got terribly soaked that night), to tell Uncle George of the ball, and ask his opinion of our dresses and characters. Upon this ensued a long consultation, the result of which was, that all Uncle George's suggestions were dismissed as poetical and appropriate, but impracticable, and we decided upon the commonplace but easily “got up” characters of a sultana for Kate, Lucy Ashton for Marian, a flower-girl for Sue, and a gipsy fortune-teller for Nelly. The next step was to prepare the costumes, materials for which were amply furnished forth in sundry chests and boxes, which had stood undisturbed for many a long year in the garret of the old house.

The evening arrived, and suitably muffled in water-proof burnous and great shawls, with airy handkerchiefs tied over heads which scouted the possibility of catching a cold, we embarked in the Seagull, and after a pleasant but uneventful voyage, we stepped upon the pier at Seaton, in the gloaming of a summer evening.

“Now, girls,” said Uncle George, who chose to return to the island, instead of attending the ball—“now, girls, enjoy yourselves more than ever you did before, and be ready for me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock—it won't do to trust the tide any later than that.”

“Yes, uncle,” said four voices, as the sultana, the flower-girl, the gipsy and Lucy Ashton, each held out a hand, and received upon it such a kiss as Bayard might have pressed upon the hand of Anne de Bretagne.

A few minutes later, the four arrived at the house of Susy's Aunt Wilson, where the important mystery of dressing was to take place, the “handboxes” having been despatched thither in the morning. The solemn rites having been performed, and every one having sufficiently admired herself and her companions, the party set out, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and her son, for the scene of the festivities.

Of the ball it is unnecessary to say more, than that it was like most other such occasions—very delightful to the young and pretty, who had plenty of partners and admiration, very tedious to those *side-lights* who were forced to sit the whole evening languidly contemplating the dances in which they were no longer urged to join. It was three o'clock, A. M., when four dusty-looking ghosts, in various stages of exhaustion and drowsiness, stepped from the door of Assembly Hall into the pale light of a waning moon.

“Nelly,” whispered Kate, “it would be much pleasanter to sleep at Avilion to-night, than in Mrs. Wilson's spare chamber.”

“Decidedly, *ma belle*. Let us go.”

“But how are we to get there?” asked the sultana, a little fretfully.

“We'll manage it, Marian dear. How romantic the harbor would look in this wondrous moonlight!”

“O charming! Can't we go down to-night?” asked the little one, snapping at the bait.

“And be home to breakfast with Uncle George, Sue,” added Nelly, suggestively.

“Yes, he would be very much pleased—I wish we could—but how can we go?” asked Sue, looking at her cousin John.

“If you really wished for a sail,” began the young man, his mind evidently between the duties of hospitality, and the duty of making himself agreeable.

“We really do,” exclaimed Kate and Nelly, decidedly.

“I could easily find a boat—”

“Nonsense, John,” interposed his mother, “it is folly to talk of such a thing. The young ladies need a sound sleep and a warm blanket, more than they do moonshine and romance.”

“I really think, Aunt Wilson,” said Sue, quietly, “that we had better go, if Cousin John will take us down. I had much rather do so if the girls feel able, for I know how much Uncle George depends on a cheerful breakfast-table, and we are going back to school next week.”

“And the moonlight on those great black rocks off Light-house Point,” murmured Marian.

“I, for one, have no sort of desire to go to sleep,” remarked Kate.

“And we are ‘wilful maids’ that ‘maun hae our way,’ so please, Mrs. Wilson, say we may go,” concluded Nelly. And the good lady, withdrawing her opposition, the party only returned to the house for their wraps, and then were escorted by Mr. Wilson to the boat which he had engaged while they were trying their bonnets.

“The tide's a'most out—dunno but we shall get grounded on some o' them flats ‘twixt here and the isling,” growled our boatman, as he pushed off and took to his oars, for there was hardly the ghost of a breeze.

“You know the channel well, eh, Thomson?” asked Mr. Wilson, a little anxiously.

“Poity well—but you see I most allus goes out with my brother, an' he sails the craft, whilst I hauls the pots.”

“Haul the pots?” half-asked Marian.

“Yis'in, the lobster-pots. Jim and I are lobsterers.”

“O!” replied the young lady, vacantly, and the conversation dropped into silence.

The little boat, meantime, urged on with sail

and oars, made her way steadily along, scraping now and then the crest of some submerged rock, or tangling in the long seaweed of the flats, until more than half the distance was overpast, and most of the party, lulled by the monotonous dip of the oars, had lapsed into silence, meditation, and sleep. All at once, the keel grated more viciously and decidedly than ever upon some obstacle, paused a moment, as if in consideration, and finally settled calmly down, evidently decided to remain where it was, for some hours at least. In vain Ben Thomson, rising to his feet, and fixing the blade of his oar in the sand, tried to push off—in vain, springing into the water, and placing his sturdy shoulder to the bows, did he essay to shove off. The boat was fast, and the tide rapidly deserting her.

“Taint no use—taint nary bit o' use,” growled the lobsterer, at last, hoisting himself into the boat, and throwing himself down on the bottom, in a wet, surly heap. “We're here, and here we've got to stay, till the tide floats us off,” he added, by way of consolation.

“And when will that be?” asked Mr. Wilson, testily.

“Bout four o'clock now, aint it? Well, I reckon we'll get off by nine,” replied the man, coolly.

“Five hours! Too bad, by Jupiter! And what in the world did you get on here for?” asked Mr. Wilson, now quite angry.

“Waal, capting,” retorted Ben, growing all the cooler and more deliberate, as the other became hot and vivacious. “I dunno as I had any pertikler objec' in comin' here, an' I dunno as it's any pertikler advantage to me to be here—more'n all that, I'm a goin' to get off just as soon's ever I ken, an' till I ken, I'm goin' asleep.”

With which declaration of independence, Ben Thomson coiled himself up on a pile of bags, rope, etc., in the bows of the boat, and in a very few minutes was actually fast asleep. The rest of the party, after a few pettish exclamations, subsided into weary silence, and finally into slumber, with the exception of Marian, who, poor child, was too thoroughly uncomfortable to sleep, and Nelly, who was revolving a somewhat daring project.

“O dear, how chilly I feel,” murmured little Marian, looking white and ghostly in the dim light of early dawn.

“Take my shawl, pet,” whispered Nelly, drawing it off, and wrapping it around the drooping form beside her.

“But you need it as much as I—good gracious, what are you going to do?” exclaimed she, with unwonted animation, for Nelly, now standing up, was, with the aid of sundry puns, “killing her costs” in a rapid and decided manner.

“Marry, will you lend me your rubber boots? I am going to walk ashore,” said she, quietly.

“Going to—what! Are you crazy?”

“Not a bit, love, but I'm tired to death of this business. You see that we are stranded on the point of a long spit of sand, which I make no doubt joins the island at the other end—at any rate, I'm going to see whether it's so or not. The tide is not quite ~~up~~ yet, so I have plenty of time before it rises. Don't look so frightened, little one, but give me a kiss and the boots.”

“You can't—yon shan't go. I'll wake Mr. Wilson and the boatman to stop you—”

“Marian, if you do, I'll be very angry indeed with you,” said Nelly, as sternly as she knew how. And Marian said no more but pulled off her boots with a little submissive sob that went straight to Nelly's heart.

“Marry, you're a little darling—give me two kisses directly. There, now take the shawl—my sack and the exercise will keep me warm. Good-by—take a good nap, and don't worry about me. I shall get ashore safe, and will have some hot coffee ready for you at ten o'clock.”

Then, without waiting for further opposition, this obstinate young woman stepped over the low gunwale of the boat, and walked briskly away. A dense fog which had been for some time rolling in from seaward, soon shut out the boat, as it had long concealed the island, and Nelly looking about her at the dreary scene, felt as if she were the “last man” left alive at the end of all things else, and traversing in his desolation the uncovered ocean bed, bared by the terror-stricken waters, as they curled away in dread from that last great conflagration. The path proved more difficult than she had expected; the firm, white sand upon which she had started, giving place after a little, to grassy mud, interspersed with black rocks, to which clung the snaky seaweed, as if it had drowned there, and never relaxed its death-grip. Slimy objects slipped from under her feet, and crawled with awkward motion toward the water, as if unwilling to display their ugliness to mortal eyes. Sticks and branches of dead trees, lying black and water-soaked upon the sand, looked like great serpents waiting to twine about and devour her. Out of the fog loomed unearthly shapes of sea-monsters, and nameless horrors.

Nelly stopped and looked about her. The scene was not cheerful or encouraging, more especially as since she had lost sight of boat and shore, the flat had become so wide and irregular in shape that she grew uncertain whether she was traversing it lengthway or breadthway. Finally, however, deciding on her course, she essayed to go on, but to her astonishment, found that during the brief pause, her feet had become so firmly imbedded in the sand that she could not withdraw them. She tried again and again. Horror! She not only failed to extricate herself, but was perceptibly sinking deeper. Suddenly it flashed across Nelly's mind that she had heard Uncle George speak of a dangerous quicksand in the vicinity of the island, and that this was it.

“I shall die here,” she murmured, and then, with a hysterical laugh, added—“It ought to have been Marian, in her dress of Lucy Ashton. It would remind her of Ravenswood, and the Kelpie's Flow.”

Deeper and deeper sank her feet—the sand closed about her ankles, and Nelly, after struggling till she was exhausted, sank upon the oozy bank and tried to resign herself to death—death at nineteen—death in a horrible, torturing form, which would not yield her poor body to the last

tender offices of those who loved her! She thought of her far-off home, of brothers and sisters waiting for her there—the thought of her mother, and the strong anguish that would smite her down, when she should hear of the terrible and mysterious fate of her eldest born. With a low cry of anguish, a wild, wordless appeal to Heaven for help, she raised herself and glanced eagerly around, ready to catch at any, the feeblest hope of rescue.

A few feet behind her, as she had already noticed, rose the sharp, black point of a submerged rock, which, rooted far below the grasping quicksand, defied its engulfing power. The rock itself, so sharp and slimy, could afford at the best but a moment's foothold, and Nelly had merely glanced at it, without hope of finding it useful in her extremity. Now, however, she noticed that crossing its crest, and upheld by it, was a small object, black like the rock, which she at first took for a snake, then for a stick, and finally recognized as a rope. A rope! How came it there? To what were its ends affixed? Could it help her in the moral struggle for life, which with the slightest aid, she felt herself able to undertake? These questions flashed through Nelly's mind in the first dizzy instant of awakened hope—and the revulsion of feeling turned her so sick and faint that she dreaded lest becoming insensible, her hope should be stolen from her, without her having power even to struggle for its fulfilment. But Nelly was strong—strong in will and strong in frame, and in another moment her heart recovered its pulsations, her eyes their sight, and her muscles their power—throwing herself forward on the sand, she found that the rope (much longer than she at first thought) was just within her grasp, and seizing it firmly, she commenced pulling it steadily toward her. It was not, as she had feared might be the case, sunk deeply into the sand—the pinnacle of rock supporting it at one point, and some as yet unknown power at another, the tension had been too great to allow of this, and with a thrill of joy, Nelly found, after gathering it toward her for a few moments, that she was opposed by a strength greater than her own, and that the cable remained taut.

“Now, then, for the fight,” muttered Nelly, as twisting the rope about her arms, and grasping it firmly as far out as she could reach, she began to pull, slowly and steadily at first, then strongly and eagerly, finally fiercely, passionately, despairingly. Not till then could she perceive any effect, but at the last moment, just as with a sob of anguish, she was about to sink back and give over the struggle, she felt that her feet were moving—moving slowly! With new strength she redoubled her efforts—yes, she was succeeding—she was saved—she should tread God's earth and kiss her mother's lips once more!

Struggling on and up, unheeding of muscles strained and wrenched as on the rack, unheeding torn and bleeding hands, she persevered, and overcame, until she stood, chamois-like, upon the pointed rock, gasping for breath, and peering eagerly through the fog in the direction where the cable disappeared, and tried to intimate lay her safest path. In the remotest of the world, Nelly found that she must be content to hold the clue to her future course without hoping to see its termination, and after a moment's hesitation, she dropped the cable, and springing forward with long, light steps, barely touching the sand with the points of her stockinged feet (for Marian's boots had been retained as black mail by the Kelpie under the Flow), she flew on without pausing even to breathe, until looming through the mist, she suddenly perceived the bows of a large schooner, which lay placidly in the channel, unconscious that she had dropped her anchor in a quicksand, and that the arms of her jolly mariners would need to put forth their utmost vigor, before they should have it up again.

Beyond this, the sand was firm, except for the sponginess caused by the now flowing tide, which rose so fast, that as Nelly stepped upon the shore of welcome Avilion and looked back upon her path, she saw that her last footsteps were each a little well of brine.

Dragging herself up to the house, the exhausted adventurer stole round to the back door, intending to gain her own bedroom unperceived, but in turning the corner of the house, she encountered Uncle George, who stood looking at the rising sun, which was driving the fog before him in many a gorgeous wave of light.

“Look, child!” said he, without turning, and forgetting in his enthusiasm that his “pets,” as he called them, were or should have been far away.

“God made himself an awful rose, of dawn.”

“See it! Don't you see how like the petals of a rose those edges of the mist show, where they are shivered by the light?”

“Yes, sir—very like a whale,” murmured Nelly, faintly, and gliding quietly toward the door.

“Very like a—” commenced Uncle George, wheeling round indignantly; but the drooping, bedraggled figure before him moved a deeper spring of that great heart, than nature's beauty or poet's art.

“St. George Germain! Why, Nelly! Little Nell! Where under the sun did you come from? and all wet and tired out, too! Speak, child—there, there, darling, don't cry! God bless my soul, don't cry, little one! You'll break my heart, if you cry so!”

Moved by the real dismay of the kind voice, Nelly presently consented to forego the feminine relief of tears, and breaking into a laugh which answered almost as well, she sat down on the doorstep and briefly narrated her adventures, while Uncle George strode impatiently up and down before her, pulling his beard, and muttering at intervals:

“O, good gracious! St. George Germain! Just hear her—only just hear her! Poor little lamb,” etc.

Long before the conclusion, he suddenly swooped upon the startled Nelly, carried her into the house, laid her upon a sofa, buried her in shawls and blankets, forced her to drink two great glasses of wine, and then pressing a paternal kiss upon her forehead, said hurriedly:

“I'm going off in a dory, to paddle the other girls ashore—they mustn't stay there till ten o'clock—and after I come back, little Nell, I'm going to ask you—to ask you to marry me—to marry the old man who never knew how bad he could feel till this morning.”

“To—marry—you! Uncle George—” began Nelly, springing off the sofa; but he was gone, and ten minutes after, she could see his stately figure standing upright in the tiny boat, which he was propelling with swift, steady motion up the long, winding channel.

An hour later, he returned with three shivering girls as freight, rather an overload for his cockle-shell of a boat, but as he characteristically observed, “he'd rather walk and push the boat before him, than leave one behind.”

Before they reached the house, Nelly was safe in her own chamber, in bed, and—asleep.

Before night, Uncle George had deliberately fulfilled his hasty threat; but whether Nelly replied, and whether she said yes or no—well, really—I forget.

NOT A FANCY SKETCH.

BY MABEL.

"I have known her all the days of her life; she will be very kind to you. Be a good girl, and you will always have home and friends. Write to us often—don't forget. Good-bye. God bless you, Edna!" For a moment the aged pastor's hand rested, as in benediction, upon the bowed head of the young girl. Tears filled her eyes, but the contraction of her brows, and rigid compression of her lips, showed that whatever her heart-struggle might be, she was resolved to exert all her strength in a mighty effort to appear calm.

As the train swept out from the terminus she could not help turning to cast a last glance at the dear river upon whose banks had been spent all the Spring days of her life, and upon whose bosom she had dreamed away so many happy, happy hours. And the shrieking locomotive dashed on and on, till river and town, and quiet church-yard lay far behind; but still the young girl stood gazing back, as if through mists of tears and falling rain, and shrouded distance, she could yet see the dearly loved scenes of childhood. For awhile her thoughts rested on the bright river, then came thronging memories of the pleasant town, and then—No, no, poor Edna was not a heroine—she shrank back from the window and shuddering, wept aloud. Many pitying eyes were turned upon her, but grief is sacred and words of sympathy at such a moment are intrusive, and although kindness was in every heart, no one approached the weeping stranger. Poor child! much had she borne, much she could bear, but the kisses of the dying are not soon forgotten, and orphanhood was very new and very terrible to little Edna.

Until within the past year, her young life had been unclouded. Her father was one of those unenvied people, "too honest to grow rich," but being the happy husband of an unambitious wife, and having only one child, he found it not hard, while health lasted, to keep

cheerful plenty in his humble home, and although year after year found him still toiling at the desk of a hard employer, few men could be lighter-hearted, or better satisfied with fortune's allotment than was Wilson Raymond. But sickness came, and then death. Yellow fever raged throughout the land, and among the first dug graves of that terrible season were those of Wilson Raymond and his wife. Upon Edna, too, the scourge fell, but Providence decreed that yet more years should be added to the days of her life, and although so terribly bereft, she was not left friendless. Mr. Campbell, the good minister who had been the last, best earthly friend of her parents, now took charge of the young orphan and resolved to do all in his power to promote both her spiritual and temporal welfare. Having a large family, and possessing but a small portion of the world's wealth, he could not offer her a permanent home under his own roof, but he did what seemed better, he sent her to live with one who was able and willing to befriend her. Mrs. Stuart was his favourite niece, and in consigning his young ward to her care, he felt satisfied that he was doing well, and, indeed, he was not mistaken.

It was nearly midnight when Edna reached the strange city wherein was to be her future home. Dr. Stuart's carriage awaited her at the station, and in a few minutes she stood within the house of her new patroness, who gave her most kind welcome. Can we wonder that the timid orphan shed many tears that night? But, even while her heart ached with sorrowful remembrance of the beloved dead, and the unreturning past, she was not so wrapped in the selfishness of grief as to be insensible to the duties of her present situation, and she resolved, if possible, to prove herself worthy of the kindness which had been bestowed upon her.

Mrs. Stuart had many children; it was not her intention to adopt the orphan, but merely to give her a good home and

suitable employment, and this was all that Edna expected or desired; but Fate ordained that she should soon occupy a different and more elevated position. Although scarcely fifteen, she had already received a good, solid education, and, moreover, possessed fine literary talents, but her extreme diffidence was a serious disadvantage. In the presence of strangers she was usually so shy and, if addressed, so embarrassed, that it was really painful to notice her at all. Mrs. Stuart, however, was a woman of rare discrimination, and soon discovered the mental wealth of her modest little seamstress. Being one of those few by whom the Golden Rule is regarded as *practicable* as well as beautiful, she at once resolved to sacrifice interest—for Edna was very useful—in her endeavors to benefit the young girl. An excellent opportunity soon occurred. An intimate friend, residing in the country, wrote to her, asking advice on educational matters. "We cannot, this year, afford to employ a governess"—so ran the letter—"and housekeeping duties so engross my time that I am forced to neglect the pleasant task of teaching my little ones. They are actually running wild, and I am almost in despair. Do suggest, if you can, some plan of relief." Mrs. Stuart, in reply, recommended Edna. "A very small salary will satisfy her," she wrote, "and she is all that you need, just now. If she does not suit, you can easily send her back, but I am sure you will find her *invaluable*. Were I living in the country, at a distance from schools, she is exactly the person I would choose as governess. To be sure she is very young, but time will remedy that deficiency. I must acknowledge, that in recommending her, I have her interest, as much as yours, at heart; for her gentle disposition would win friends anywhere; and I really love her. In parting with her I shall do no small violence to my own feelings; the children are sincerely attached to her, and I am certain they will not give her up without great difficulty; but with you, and employed as teacher, she will enjoy many advantages which are here denied

her, and I am anxious to see her prosper as she deserves." In answer to this, Mrs. Barton wrote, "I am well pleased with your proposed plan, and have consulted Mr. Barton, who tells me to act as I like in the matter. It is not necessary that I should see the young lady before engaging her; your recommendation is quite sufficient to satisfy me. Mr. Barton will be in town some day next week, and Miss Raymond can arrange terms with him. We can offer so little that I am afraid she will not accept; however, let her be prepared to come home with him, and assure her that I will do all in my power to make her contented with Pinewild and its people."

Edna could not possibly regret this change of prospects. True, the Stuarts were, one and all, most kind to her, but never, not even for a moment, could she lose sight of the *degradation* of her position in the household. She was able and willing to work, but to be classed with menials, and compelled to bear the coarse familiarity of her *social equals*, seemed too much for endurance, and her poor little heart was kept in such a continual struggle that her health was already seriously declining when her difficulties were thus suddenly shifted by this most unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel. Mrs. Stuart said to her, "Pinewild is pretty much what its name implies, a wild and not very attractive place; few persons, of your age, would be willing to live there, but to one of your peculiar temperament, no more suitable home could be offered. You will have much time and fine opportunity for self-improvement; Mrs. Barton will direct and assist you. I know her well and can safely promise *that*. I find it hard to give you up, Edna, but knowing the disadvantages of your position here, I cannot conscientiously permit you to remain. The future must decide whether my present course is right or not, but I do not now feel a single doubt on the subject."

We will not linger to detail further preliminaries. Mr. Barton, when he came, found Edna prepared and willing

to go with him, and such being the case, there was no difficulty in arranging terms; though to tell the truth, he was not favourably impressed by either her appearance or manners; for her naturally pale complexion made her seem much more delicate than she really was and, as I have already remarked, she was so excessively diffident, that notwithstanding her mental powers she was not apt, in the presence of strangers, to display any quality but awkwardness.

If her patron hoped to derive any pleasure from her company during the long homeward drive, he soon discovered his mistake. To his questions she gave very polite but very brief replies, and after one or two vain attempts to draw her into conversation, he sagely concluded that she was "a sulky, ugly little thing, not worth bothering with." He was a sociable man and loved sociable company; to him, therefore, Edna seemed quite disagreeable, and he more than half regretted the haste with which he had concluded the engagement. However, not being disposed to waste time in vain regret, he took a newspaper from his pocket and so contrived to solace himself, that his companion was left in undisturbed enjoyment of her own thoughts during the remainder of the journey.

Their course lay through a pleasant country. Edna was an enthusiastic lover of Nature; to her this quiet drive, through the autumn woods, was indeed delightful; her own fancies were companionship enough, and, not knowing Mr. Barton's opinion of her, she did not at all suspect the cause of his seeming abstraction, and therefore his silence was much more agreeable to her than could have been his conversation.

Towards evening they reached Pine-wild, and as the buggy drove up to the gate a troop of merry children came, running and shouting, to greet their father. Edna's presence, however, suddenly checked their hilarity, and they cast many a doubting glance upon the young governess as she walked with them towards the dwelling. Mrs. Barton stood at the cottage door and welcomed the

stranger with a cordiality which at once set her at ease.

The evening passed pleasantly, and when Edna retired to her room her first act was to kneel in grateful prayer to the Divine Being who had thus blessed her with a congenial home. Even while she knelt Mr. Barton was saying to his wife, "I am afraid, Anna, you will be greatly disappointed in that girl; she seems, to me, shockingly stupid; I am surprised at Mrs. Stuart's lack of judgment in recommending such a person."

"I hope you are mistaken," replied the wife. "She is certainly very bashful, but strong intellect and weak nerves are often united in the same individual. I like her face; her eyes particularly are fine and very expressive."

"So they may be," laughed the gentleman, "but as they have not, as yet, favoured me with more than half a glance I am hardly prepared to give an opinion concerning them. To tell the truth, I am not inclined to like her, but I hope she'll suit you—that's all."

Edna's duties in the school-room were commenced next morning; Mrs. Barton remained an hour or two with her, giving directions as to the course she wished her to pursue with the children and assisting her in the arrangement of that day's tasks. Contrary to Mr. Barton's anticipations his wife soon discovered that the young teacher was exactly what Mrs. Stuart had led them to expect, and he began to regard her more favourably. Once when Mrs. Barton was praising her, he said, "Well, well, I believe you are right; she is not so disagreeable as I at first thought, and as for her eyes, I never saw a lovelier blue pair in my life—that's a fact. But I do wish she would cultivate her conversational talents, if she has any; I cannot bear taciturn people."

The Winter and Spring passed pleasantly. Edna continued to be zealous in the performance of her duties as teacher, and as she possessed, in an eminent degree, the happy art of imparting knowledge without rendering it distasteful, her pupils were very fond of her. A portion

of each day she devoted to self-improvement, and Mrs. Barton found real pleasure in assisting her. But Edna's constitution was delicate, and this constant mental drudgery could not, with impunity, be long-continued, and, perceiving this, her kind patroness managed to dissuade her from study during the Spring months. And now came a season of rare delights. Loving Nature as she did, it required little persuasion to draw the pale young governess away from her books and induce her often to join her pupils in their long rambles amid the pine hills. Ah! those were happy, happy days. Sometimes Mrs. Barton accompanied the merry party; her favourite walk was along the winding lane—so quiet and shady, with its waving lines of evergreen on either side—leading down to Silver Creek. And while the lady rested where she might best view the sparkling stream, hither and thither ran the children—with Edna in their midst, gleeful as any—now searching for the prettiest pebbles, and anon pausing to admire and compare their treasures. And sometimes, returning home, flushed with exercise and crowned with wild flowers, they were met by Mr. Barton, who, on such occasions, was wont to whisper, laughingly, to his wife, that "it was a lucky thing Edna was not aware of her own attractions, for she might, when she pleased, be deucedly fascinating."

The limits of my story will not permit me to enter into the details of the next two years, nor is it at all important that I should; for within that period, nothing occurred to disturb the pleasant monotony of our heroine's life.

On her seventeenth birth day she received a letter, announcing the death of her old friend, Mr. Campbell; and shortly afterwards the Stuarths left their native land with the intention of spending several years on the European Continent. The young governess, as was natural, now regarded the Bartons as her only earthly friends, and they evidently felt a sincere affection for her; in truth, she was so kindly treated that a stranger, looking in upon the little household, would have supposed Edna to be the el-

dest and most favoured daughter in that happy circle of pleasant faces. But, in the meantime, Mr. Barton's affairs were not prospering. His plantation was small and badly managed, (for, having commenced planting late in life, he did not understand the business,) and each year found him more and more involved in debt; in fact, he had already begun to look upon ruin as inevitable, when a ray of fortune suddenly illuminated his prospects. A lucrative office in the city was offered him; and not finding it difficult to dispose of his land and negroes, he at once removed to town. Mrs. Barton was pleased with this change, for she felt that her children needed advantages which were not to be found amid the pine hills. Edna, however, would have been content to pass the remainder of her life at Pinewild, and she could not, without sincere and deep regret, prepare to leave a place where she had spent so many days of usefulness and peace. Mr. Barton noticing her sadness, said, "Ah, Miss Edna, you know nothing of town life and its pleasures,—just wait awhile; in less than six months from now you will wonder how you could have ever been satisfied in the dull country. Of course you will still remain with us; we could not get along without you. You have become as a member of the family, and I want you to remember that our house is *always* your home."

On their removal to the city Mr. Barton immediately placed his elder sons at an academy, but the younger children still remained under Edna's tuition. Her salary was not increased, for Mr. Barton's debts obliged him to practice strict economy.

Twelve months hurried by. The young governess was becoming dissatisfied, yet, even to herself, she could not explain the cause of this. In vain were her efforts to control the discontent; each day served to increase it; still it appeared quite unexplainable. The whole household seemed changed. But how? Edna did not know; something was wrong; she felt very uncomfortable, and that was all she knew about it.

One day, towards the close of the year,

Mrs. Barton said to her husband: "Edna does not like city life; she does not seem happy; and indeed I think we are doing her injustice; she should have a much larger salary, and as we cannot give it to her, I think it is our duty to find a better situation for her. Mrs. Smalley wishes to employ a teacher; Edna would just suit. Don't you think we'd do well to recommend her?"

"Do as you please," said the husband, gruffly. "You never did and never would allow any one, that I liked, to stay about the house; I do believe you are the most abominably jealous woman that ever lived." And with these words he strode out of the apartment, banging the door as he went. Mrs. Barton was not an excitable woman, but she had a quiet way of acting with decision. Believing that all parties concerned would be benefited by the movement, she at once resolved to see Mrs. Smalley and endeavour to make a favourable engagement for Edna. Her plan succeeded, and soon the young teacher was welcomed to a new home. Mr. Smalley's plantation being only a few miles from the city, Edna could not feel as if she were really separated from her old friends, but, although cordially invited by both Mr. and Mrs. Barton to "come in very, very often," her womanly instincts prevented her from availing herself of these oft repeated invitations, and her visits to the city were "few and far between."

Seven months passed away, during which nothing very important occurred. The Smalleys were pleased with their governess, who, in return, showed that she was well satisfied with her situation. But a change came; Mrs. Smalley grew suddenly cold, and her husband evinced something very much like *contempt* towards Edna; she was quite bewildered. But the mystery was soon explained. Mrs. Barton came out one Saturday morning and claimed Edna for the day. "This is little Annie's birth day," she said, "and our celebration would be incomplete without your presence; besides, you have been away so long the children are nearly crazy to see you, and—but it is unnecessary to say any-

thing about myself. Run, put on your bonnet and come along." To such an invitation there could be no refusal; in fact, the poor, troubled girl felt more than glad to accept it. The joyous, clamorous greeting of happy children, which welcomed her in the Barton household, was as balm to her wounded spirit, and for a time, all care, all perplexity was forgotten. Mr. Barton's business duties being arduous and imperative, he was not able to join the home circle until late in the afternoon. He came in much excited and angry—"I am very glad you are here, Edna," he said as she rose to meet him, "if you had not been, I would have gone after you, myself, this very evening. That contemptible puppy, Smalley, has been going on at a desperate rate, because we recommended you to him. He says he has discovered that you were once a *servant* in Dr. Stuart's family, and he has more than hinted that Anna and I only wanted to be rid of you, and did not scruple to use deception in the forwarding of our own interests!" Mrs. Barton's face flushed. "You shall never go back there, Edna," she said quietly, laying her hand on the young girl's arm. "Your home is here until we can find you a better. Do not be troubled child. Every one has trials; you must expect your share."

Almost immediately after dinner Mr. Barton returned to his office; and, although both felt sore at heart, neither Mrs. Barton nor Edna again alluded to Mr. Smalley's insulting remarks. Next morning Edna's trunk was sent for, and thus the matter ended; yet nothing was said about finding a new situation for the young teacher. Mrs. Barton evidently wished her to remain with them as long as possible, and the cares of business so engrossed Mr. Barton that he had scarcely time to give a thought to other affairs.

It was now midsummer, and much sickness prevailed in the city. The Barton family was not exempted. First one child fell ill, then another, and then another, until, at last, worn out with anxiety and watching, the mother herself was laid upon a bed of pain. And now came a bitter experience to poor Edna.

She found herself *forced* to *despise* one whom she most wished to respect and love. Mr. Barton did not attempt to disguise the indifference with which he witnessed his wife's sufferings—indeed it soon became glaringly evident that he would be *glad* if they were terminated by *Death*. At the same time his demeanor towards Edna was, to say the least, offensive. She, however, feeling it to be her duty still remained with her sick friend, and as Mr. Barton's visits to his wife's chamber were few and brief, the young girl found it not *impossible* to avoid him. Thus several weeks passed. Mrs. Barton was gradually recovering, and Edna had already advertised for a new situation, but as yet there had been no response.

One morning while Mrs. Barton slept, or rather, seemed to sleep, her husband came into the room. Edna, with the baby in her arms, sat in a low rocking-chair by the bed, singing softly. The little one's arms were clasped about her neck, and its blue eyes, heavy with sleep, but yet not willing to close, rested lovingly upon the pale, sweet face of the faithful girl. In truth, it was a pretty picture; and, to a sober man, would have seemed sacred. But Mr. Barton's step was unsteady, and in his brain was the fire of intoxication. He approached the bed, and for a moment gazed upon his wife; then turning he laid his hand upon the baby's head. "That's right, little one!" he said, "he knows you are to be his step-mother, Edna, that's the reason he loves you!"

As if stung by an adder the wretched wife sprang from the bed and snatched her baby to her breast. Confronting Edna, with flashing eyes, "Go, miserable girl!" she fiercely gasped, "Go! go! You have wrought your work! I am undeceived! May God forgive you more readily than I can!"

The scorn of a wronged woman is terrible. Edna, faint with fright, arose and staggered from the room. The idea of making any defence did not once occur to her. Having reached her own apartment she locked the door. For a few moments she leaned against the bed, pale

and shuddering; then came blinding tears, and she sank upon her knees. When again she arose her face was still pale, but the white, compressed lips, and firm step indicated stern resolve. Standing before the mirror she smoothed back the damp hair from her brow, and, tying on her bonnet and veil, hurried from the apartment. There was no lingering, no looking back. The dead past was left to bury its dead. And the young girl went forth into the streets of the great city. Youth is ever hopeful; its innocence is its strength, and poor little Edna having made her decision, felt almost cheerful as her steps hastened on towards the mercifully shrouded future.

It was now the hottest hour of the day. Few people were in the streets, and men stared as the delicate looking girl flitted past them as if life depended on her speed. But she thought not of the burning sun above, nor heeded the glowing pavement beneath. On, still on, without pause, she hurried until her destination was reached. It was one of the most obscure lanes of the city. The dark, coarse looking woman, standing at the door where Edna stopped, uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise. An odd mingling of curiosity and politeness displayed itself in her manner as she invited her visiter to enter, and bustlingly placed a chair for her. A sickly looking little child, seated on the floor in the midst of a most incongruous collection of toys, languidly lifted his pale eyes as Edna entered; but a smile of recognition almost instantly illuminated his features, and stretching out his weak arm towards her, he uttered a cry of joy. Edna stooped to caress him. The delighted mother, for the moment, lost sight of her curiosity. "That child never can forget you, Miss Edna!" she said. "Let me see!—it's been near nine months now since the last time he seen you, and he knows you jest as well as if twan't but yesterday. He's a curious child anyways; but 'tain't no wonder he remembers you. You were mighty kind to him, and I'll think of it myself as long as I live."

"I am glad 'twas in my power to be of service to him during his sickness," Edna

said; then, after a minute's embarrassed pause, added, "I have come to see you on business to-day, Mrs. Carson. Have you much sewing on hand now?"

"More than I can do; more than I can do," replied the woman, "but if you want anything done I'll undertake it. I'd take your work if I had to refuse every body's else's. Mrs. Barton aint sent me no sewing lately, and I've been wondering the reason why—not that I'm in want of it, but you know she used to send me so much; and I'm afraid I've done something, may be, to make her mad. I'd a gone to seen her about it, but its such a long ways, and I don't have hardly a minute's time to turn round in these days."

"Your work always pleased Mrs. Barton," responded Edna, "but she owns a seamstress now, and does not send any of her sewing from home. But my object in visiting you to-day is, not to increase but rather to decrease your work. I would like to know if you need an assistant. I am a tolerably good seamstress, and if you can give me employment, I will gladly accept it."

The good woman was perfectly thunder-struck. At length she said, "It seems strange, Miss Edna;—but if the world's gone wrong with you, and you're willing to come and help me, you're heartily welcome. I don't think you'll be able to stand it long, though—picking up your living with a needle aint much fun, I can tell you."

"I am stronger than you think," said Edna, smiling, "and"—

"Well, well, I'm mighty glad you're willing to come and stay with me, anyhow," interrupted Mrs. Carson; "I've been wanting a good girl this long time; and I tell you, they're scarce as hen's teeth. How much do you want me to pay you?"

"Anything."

"Well, then, I'll give you eight dollars a month and your board, and your washing as long as you like to stay. Will that suit?"

"Perfectly."

And thus was the bargain closed.

Mrs. Carson was not a cruel woman, but her own bread was hard earned, and Edna, in toiling late and early, did no more than her employer had a right to expect. Poor girl! hard, hard were her endeavours to lower to the level of her present fortunes. But *nature* cannot be conquered, and the habits of a life-time are not easily laid aside. In the midst of coarse associates, poor Edna's natural refinement could only be a *torture* to her, and the intellectual culture, of which she had once been so proud, now seemed an absolute curse. Still, day after day, and night after night, she sat in the same spot with apparently the same pile of work before her. She could not help thinking of Sisyphus, and his toil so like her own. Thus months passed. At length this sort of life seemed no longer endurable. One autumn evening the weary seamstress arose from her work, and wrapping a shawl about her emaciated form, went forth with a new hope in her heart. Her steps were bent towards the stately mansion of a lady celebrated for her extensive charities. But *charity* was not exactly what Edna was going to seek. She thought that, perhaps, the great "Lady Bountiful" would be so kind as to assist her in finding congenial employment. The poor child felt that the waves of life were fast closing above her, and—she grasped at a straw!

The grand house was reached, and the poor girl, trembling with trepidation and weariness, slowly ascended the broad marble steps. Her gentle knock was scarcely heard by the sable porter who sat in the hall. In reply to her timid request for admission to his mistress, he smiled patronizingly, and at once ushered her into a small but lofty apartment adjoining the library. In about half an hour Mrs. Dehart made her appearance. Her manner was gracious, and Edna feeling encouraged, briefly, but with much confusion, stated the object of her visit. The lady listened, blandly. "It seems to me I have met you before, Miss Raymond," she said slowly, and as if endeavouring to recall some memory. "O, yes, now I remember; it was at Mrs. Barton's. You were teaching there, were

you not? Why did you leave that situation?"

The question was politely uttered, but so very sudden that Edna was totally unprepared for it. The scrutinizing glance of the lady completed her embarrassment. She blushed and stammered, but found it impossible to articulate a word. Mrs. Dehart broke the painful silence. "You are a member of the Church, I suppose, Miss Raymond?"

"No, madam," was the almost inaudible reply. The lady arose from her seat. Virtuous indignation shone in her eyes. Her words fell like ice upon the listener's heart. "I regret that it is not in my power to serve you. My time is precious. Good evening, Miss."

Was it only a horrible dream? Surely, so it seemed to the agonized girl. Like one groping in the dark, she passed out into the great hall. The ponderous door swung open, and rustling brocade brushed against the orphan's thin garments as she descended the steps. Unconsciously shrinking from the contact, she glided by, knowing not nor caring which way she went. And when night came down, and the pitiless autumn rain filled the dim streets with its clamorous triumph, still

poor Edna wandered, for her brain was crazed with agony, and she could not find the way to her humble home. By-and-by the storm abated, and the moon smiling through rifted clouds, for a moment illuminated the spot where lay all that was mortal of poor Edna Raymond!

At dawn of day the inanimate form was lifted from its stony bed. Eyes, long unused to weeping, shed tears as they gazed upon the worn, innocent features of the dead stranger. Toil-hardened hands, with tender touches, put back the wet hair from the fair young face. There were no marks of violence on the body. "Died of Exhaustion," was the verdict of those who examined it. The corpse remained unrecognized. And ere sunset Edna slept in a pauper's grave.

No stone marks the spot. No flowers, planted by friendship's hand, beautify the sod beneath which the *forgotten* is laid at rest. But a day is coming when earth's secrets shall all be revealed, and in that day, Angel hands, putting aside the weeds which cover many a grave like little Edna's, will make visible to us the now hidden inscription—"MURDERED."

Nextonia, Miss., 1860.

NOVELS OF THE DAY THEIR WRITERS AND READERS. Concluded.

We have said a good deal of the defects of novels of the present day, we may now proceed to the more gracious task of examining into their merits, one of which is the discarding of far-fetch'd events and melodramatic villains; and another, the less conventional character of the heroines. There is still great room for improvement in the latter respect, but they are not quite such lay figures as of yore. The active, energetic heroes of the present day require a heroine who will co-operate with them, and not one merely to listen to them. But it is in drawing women of the higher class that our authors are so apt to fail; perhaps it is scarcely too much to say that only Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Charles Kingsley can draw "ladies." Several authors tell us that their heroines are high born, and describe them as high bred, beautiful, distinguished, endowed with every feminine virtue, yet fail to produce the complete picture of a lady. Lady Kew had very few feminine virtues, but we meet her prototype in the best society, and there only. Ethel Newcome and the charming Valentin St. Just were imperfect, but they are fair specimens of their own caste, and of no other. Both these authors have a deep knowledge of feminine character in the abstract—Mr. Thackeray apparently from close observation, Mr. Kingsley from intuition; but so have many others, who yet fail in their delineation of women in good society. Their characters may be very lady like, but they are not ladies—they miss the *je ne sais quoi*.

The practical tendency of our day has in great measure disposed of the "villains" of older times; the course of our true love is not troubled by the machinations of mysterious ruffians dogging the steps of our heroes and heroines; have we not "detectives" at hand? But it is ruffled by the more prosaic obstacles of want of money, or the interference of well-meaning friends, or by a singular want of perception on the part of the principals, who usually proceed upon the plan of the sanguinary stage ruffian in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and create an immense sensation by "poking the sword in through the arras in every direction save where the legs of the concealed victim are plainly visible."

Our novels altogether are improved in likelihood, and are far more earnest and thoughtful in tone, than those of fifty years ago; and if we sometimes find ourselves deep in a political pamphlet, or controversial or scientific discussion, when we fondly imagined we were going to read a story, we must hope somebody profits by it, and try to suppress the irrelevant thought that the folk who prefer their politics and religion in the form of a novel, are of the same class as the frequenters of charitable bazaars; their intentions are excellent, but they are a little apt to forget the poor in their appreciation of the piousness.

There is yet another point upon which a few words must be said. There is nothing so subtle or varied as style; no two authors can write alike; but no author can hope that his works will live if he does not write good English, not merely grammatical English, but the English that puts the right word in the right place. A brilliantly expressed falacy will, in the estimation of the multitude, outweigh a badly expressed truth. The truth we know will prevail in "the long run," but consider how little time we have to wait for the long run in these steam-engine days, therefore give truth at least a fair start.

The general run of novelists of the day are absurdly careless as to clearness of expression; authors save more to answer for in this respect than authors. What shall we say to the following description of a heroine:—"Helen took after her father, who was a tall and handsome man, with very fine features, and a profusion of dark whiskers still untouched with grey, although his head had been entirely bald for years." Well may the author (?) add further on, "Helen was rather a peculiar girl," he also informs us that she "went out an immense deal."

No one, however uneducated, who can read at all, is insensible to the charm of good English. A well written book will be preferred to an ill written one, even by those who can give no reason for their preference. Good writing does not consist in long words and flowing sentences, but in stating the matter in hand as to set it before the reader as vividly and concisely as is compatible with the style of the composition. Digressions and illustrations may be permitted in a novel or an essay, which would be out of place in a scientific or logical treatise. But such digressions should never be allowed to carry the author out of sight of his original goal. The universally acknowledged beauty of Sir Walter Scott's style is mainly owing to its perfect simplicity and directness; his illustrations arise naturally out of the subject before him, and he condenses into a few sentences, descriptions of scenes and events which in the hands of our novelists would occupy many pages. Such a scene, for example, as Queen Elizabeth's appearance before Leicester and the courtiers, dragging with her the terrified Amy, would in these days be weakened by an analysis of the Queen's feelings, and Leicester's feelings, and Amy's feelings, and a description of the changes of hues, clenched hands, set teeth, and other signs by which these feelings were expressed. And to what end? Are we not men and women ourselves? "If you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" Is not the most stupid among us competent to fill up for himself the outline which Sir Walter draws for us in these telling words, "the Queen, with her passions excited to the utmost, shot suddenly into the circle?" We should not realize the scene as vividly were we indulged with several pages somewhat in the following style. "Alas! poor Queen! the discovery of her misplaced love roused all her blindest passions. Injured pride, anger, jealousy, contempt, contended for dominion, while love yet struggled for the mastery. Something of this was apparent in the crimson flush which mounted to her brow, in the convulsive movement of her disengaged hand; in the flashing eye, and the set lip, as the clove asunder 'what into' would be too trivial an expression for the circle which surrounded her favourite?"

Each of Sir Walter Scott's novels contains sufficient incident to furnish half a dozen romances of the ordinary stamp; and had he described each incident after the mod-rn fashion, his stories would have rivalled in length *Sir Charles Grandison*. But the writer of an historical novel avoids one rock upon which many of his fellow workers in fiction split: he is not obliged to be an adept in the art of writing the dialect of his own day. Our modern heroes are doubtless as brave as Cœur de Lion and as loyal as Montrose, but while we are familiar with the armour of the lion hearted and the doublet of the cavalier, we are less accurately acquainted with their "common parlance;" and therefore speeches which sound to us quite natural when put into their mouths, strike us as utterly absurd

when attributed to a guard-man of the present day. Some of our greatest authors are as unskilled as the smaller fry in the art or knack of writing natural dialogue. Indeed, the more imagination and information a writer possesses, the less able he appears to be to descend to the level of ordinary conversation. In *What will he do with it?* for instance, none of the characters are made to speak the language which would have been used by their prototypes in real life. Women write dialogue better than men do; they catch and reproduce more easily the tone of those about them, but they are not good writers of historical novels, because they can describe, or rather transcribe, with success only those scenes and characters which come under their own observation. Men have more imagination, and can generalize character better than women, but they often fail in detail. In an historical novel, where the accessories of the story are more or less found for them, they can give full play to their descriptive talents and deeper habits of thought, without the incongruous effect which is produced by a story of every-day life, in which the heroes and heroines "talk like a printed book."

The author of *Editha*, after describing an eastern funeral, remarks, "I did not say 'Alas!' Nobody ever does, that I know of, though the word is so frequently written;" and our novels would be livelier reading if their authors would keep the difference between written and spoken language more clearly before their eyes. Narrative is one thing and dialogue another. An author is at liberty to use any style he pleases when he relates events in his own person, but if these events are to be made known to the reader through the medium of a conversation, the author is bound to reproduce as nearly as possible the language and mode of thought which would be used by the prototypes of his fictitious characters. "Sister mine, can I woo you to a walk?" is perhaps a beautiful and poetic mode of putting the question, but we fear that in these days "Are you good for a walk?" is the way in which it would be rendered by most brothers. We do not presume to determine between the respective merits of the phrases, but we think that in a novel professing to describe life in these days the less elegant would be the more true, and there is truth even in fiction. The fault of many novels of the day is lack of incident and over-abundance of dialogue; and when the incident is on crutches and the dialogue on stilts, the *pas de deux* is not harmonious.

It is the perfect harmony of the dialogue with both actors and incidents which makes the great charm of *reality*. Unless the characters in a fiction speak as we expect them to speak, and feel in our own minds that they would speak, we cannot get up a hearty sympathy for them; we read about them as we read about the sufferers by a fire at New York or by an earthquake in Lima. We are aware that they are sufferers, but beyond an abstract sense of pity we feel no interest in the catastrophe; while an accident trifling in comparison, but happening at our own door, will call up all our sympathies in a moment. The close fidelity to natural expression is one great cause of the popularity of *Adam Bede*—the story "is an old tale and often told," but never before told with such minute knowledge of the modes of thought and language of the actors in the drama. And there is no danger of lowering any subject by discussing it in every day parlance. The sermon of "Dinah Morris" touches upon the highest of all topics, and loses none of its sublimity because it is couched in the words of an uneducated though most earnest woman. It is the spirit of the writer, not his language, which can elevate or degrade his subject. The mere fact of touching upon moral or religious subjects in a novel does not necessarily imply that they are improperly handled; but when such questions are discussed or even glanced at in an irrelevant or superficial tone, mischief is done to an extent probably never contemplated by the writer. "The devil tempts most men, but an idle man tempts the devil," and as idle men, and women too, form the mass of novel readers, it would be as well if novel writers would remember their own responsibility.

We all admit in theory that drunkenness is a sin; all who hear their Bible read may know how it is looked upon by God. All who are capable of the most superficial observations may see its effect upon man; yet how seldom is this so treated in fiction (never on the stage) otherwise than as a subject for mirth; and the same is true of even worse crimes. Selfishness is the creed of the day. "If your neighbour's foot be in your way, tread on it—do you suppose he will not remove it?" We pride ourselves as a nation upon our honour—we plague ourselves upon being "true hearted Englishmen"—yet our daily lives are full of falsehood, from the time when our boys get their task done for them at school, till they represent their country through the trickeries of a contested election. When some long career of fraud ends in the downfall of its architect and the ruin of thousands, we are startled from our apathy, and wonder how such things can be; but while we shirk from a Paul or a Redpath, we dine complacently with the M.P. for our borough, though we well know the cost of money and morals at which his right to those precious initials has been obtained. These are things which "ought not so to be," and any writer whose word tend to popularize a higher standard deserves well of his generation.

There is a curious mixture of levity and earnestness in the society of our day. The flippancy tone which is so prevalent is partly the result of the general diffusion of scraps of knowledge upon which we have remarked already. When every one knows a little of everything, nothing is likely to be discussed with much depth; but much of the cynical levity which has become a sort of fashion is merely assumed, and we hear men talk as if there existed nothing great, good, or noble in the world, at the very time when they are themselves dedicating time, health, money, and intellect to the mental and bodily improvement of their less fortunate brethren. They combine the theory of Mr. Thackeray with the practice of Mr. Kingsley, and in time the theory will die out, for bad as is the world, and self as we undoubtedly are, not one of us can happily set to work to benefit others, in however small a degree, without discovering sooner or later that there is a good *sedes* to every nature, and that it is "God that made us, and not we ourselves."

But with all its faults, society in our time has the merit of being on the whole less artificial than of yore. Its affections are chiefly intellectual. Our young men no longer consider it womanish to go to church, or blush to be detected playing with small children. Our women no longer shrink at a spider, or consider it vulgar to eat more than a sparrow, or to drink beer. Men and women meet upon more equal terms; rich and poor are less suspicious of each other. Many of those now at the top of the social ladder began at its lowest round, and remembering instead of ignoring their origin, are devoting their hardly earned wealth and dearly bought experience to smooth the path of those who are still struggling in the ascent.

Every one who has an opinion now has a right to utter it, and if it be worth attending to he may make sure of a hearing, be he peer or peasant. A letter to the *Times* from an anonymous writer has often more influence than would have been possessed by the most elaborate pamphlet in former days. Every day cuts more ground from under the feet of the formidable. Those who cannot work with their hands will ere long have to depend on their brains, and, failing to find rest for the sole of their foot on English soil, must migrate to more distant colonies, where physical force still ranks higher than mental cultivation. But we cannot, with the best intentions, be always improving our minds with the study of history and the abstract sciences, and in our intervals of relaxation a novel which sets us thinking without parading on every page that it is written for our instruction is a very valuable but unfortunately rare production.

A great amount of current fiction is written expressly for the young. Books of this class are novels to all intents and purposes, though they usually appear modestly in one volume and call themselves "Tales." In our own younger days *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Sandford and Merton*, and Miss Edgeworth's *Tales*, with the delightful *Fabulous Histories* of Mrs. Trimmer, comprised almost our whole library. They were read over and over till every line in their quaint woodcuts was familiar to us. We read fairy tales too and believed them, though we scarce dare make confession of such benighted ignorance to the boys and girls of this favoured age. But though we felt familiar with gent, and gentle capable, had we the opportunity, of constructing parables of palm-leaves, and superintending the education of a "Friday," we were curiously ignorant of the ways of the world we lived in, except so far as our own observation extended. We should have taught our man Friday his prayers, but it would not have occurred to us to consider whether he were to be instructed in High Church or Low Church doctrines. "Cases of conscience" never troubled us. We had very little pocket money and very few cares. But such meagre intellectual fare as ours would never satisfy the youth of the present day, accustomed to the class of works in which the childish heroes and heroines are the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," the benefactors of immense sums, and the guides and directors of their parents and guardians, though sometimes indulging in a line of conduct which in less exalted characters would be sheer donkey. This curious combination of high aspirations and the most cowardly want of straightforwardness is a characteristic of most of these books, and in our eyes very objectionable.

Dare to be true; no thing can need a lie,
The fault that needs one must grow two thereby.

eyes old George Herbert. It cannot be too deeply impressed upon young minds, that between truth and falsehood there should be no compromise, and that if an object cannot be gained in an open and straightforward manner, it must be abandoned, at whatever cost. In a recent tale the hero, after practising for his own advantage a successful deceit, saves the life of the only witness against himself, and so reduces him to silence, thus running up a sort of debtor and creditor account with his own conscience, in which the balance is rather in his favour than otherwise.

There cannot be a greater contrast between two works on the same subject than exists between two lately published books for boys, each of which is very popular. Both detail the life of a schoolboy, his temptations and his trials, and both are truthful in their way; but while *Tom Brown's Schooldays* remind one of a shower bath, *Eric* has the effect of a vapour-bath. The one invigorates, the other enervates. The system of our schools may, and does, want much revision, but such as it is it is an ordeal through which the present generation of boys at least are destined to pass, and of which they must make the best they can. Surely therefore it is better to set before them for imitation the virtues of truth, endurance, forbearance, and honesty, by the practice of which they may, by God's help, face their trials manfully, than to write as if their moral ruin were an inevitable consequence of their position, from which nothing short of a miracle could save them. That such a miracle is required is true; but it is the daily recurring marvel of the grace of God, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, and not a special interposition of Providence. Boys are more the creatures of impulse, and more easily acted upon by indirect influence even than women. They are hero-worshippers in the simplest form of that faith, idolizers of personal strength, fortitude, generosity, full of a wild spirit of adventure, utterly destitute of forethought, and almost as incapable of reflection. In dealing with them, the mood of the moment is the only one which you can touch; and in writing for them, a consistent tone of reverence and a constant implied reference to a standard higher than mere human opinion, will have more weight than any ostensibly religious instruction. With great apparent openness, nothing is more reserved than a boy. His higher aspirations and deeper feelings remain unspoken, save perhaps to some one intimate friend, or to his mother; but it does not follow that he possesses no such feelings, or that an appeal to them would be needless.

Dr. Arnold, twenty years ago, attributed the desultory habits of thought and the inattention which prevailed among the boys under his care to the number of exciting works of fiction which they read out of school, and which gave them a distaste for the routine of education. In these days the number of story books is much increased, and the mode of instruction is drier than ever. The consequence is, that not only boys, but men, are only to be enticed into reading for pleasure by a novel, and writers are as it were forced to become novelists, using the story merely as a peg whereon to hang their pet moral, social, or political theories. Mr. Dierckx tells us fairly, in his preface to *Coningsby*, that he had "not originally intended to adopt the form of fiction, but that upon reflection he resolved to avail himself of a method which in the temper of the times offered the best chance of influencing opinion." This is attributing to novels an influence which they ought not to possess. They should be simply read as a relaxation to minds wearied with more important studies, not looked upon as substitutes for such. But as long as the ordinary routine of education remains so uninviting, we scarcely see how we are to hope for improvement. In these examination days, a familiarity with certain branches of knowledge is required of every boy in whatever profession he may intend to embrace, and this necessity has led to a system of cramming which is not only injurious but defeats its own object. As long as history is made to consist of a series of dates, geography of an enumeration of names, and the study of languages is a mere question of moods and tenses, those acquirements will be considered as necessary evils by the rising generation. Of course a boy who has been for seven or eight years at school ought to be able to go up at once and pass the required ordeal without the intervention of a "crammer;" but practically this is not the case; whether from the superhuman difficulty of the examination or the utter ignorance of the candidates, is a vexed question, parents inclining to the one view, examiners to the other. Let our schoolmasters look to it.

It is now July, and if we are to have any summer this year (which is still very doubtful) it must come soon; when it does, we shall be grateful for some pleasant storybook to be our companion as we lie on the grass or saunter on the sands. We trust that some one has beguiled the dreary months that have passed in writing such an one, and we promise to read it gratefully when we meet with it; but it must be written in good English, contain no impossible characters, impossible incidents, or impossible dialogues. It must not depend for its interest upon a fall from a horse or a brain fever, and none of the characters may on any pretence keep a diary. If these provisos are complied with, and if the author will kindly abstain from writing instructively, we shall owe him or her our thanks, and will generously leave the profession of the hero and the complexion of the heroine to his or her discretion.

"PLOTING AND PLANNING."

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE, there, mother Elsie, just look at these two precious documents, and see what a set of young scapegraces we've got on our hands to attend to! This comes of having a good disposition, and promising to play guardian to all my old friends' orphans. Faith, there'll be war in the camp, sure enough, now! What with wild Madge, her pranks and her mischief, and young Master Richard and his college chums—and the two children hating each other so—we shall have a time of it! Pity that we set our hearts on this match so, Elsie; we might have known how young folks are—if they got wind of it, they'd go heart and hand against it—for Madge is shy as a hawk, and Richard's got all the blood of the Hardings in him. But do read the letters, mother!" and uncle Ben Hobart settled back in his arm-chair with a genuine expression of distress on his round, genial face.

Mrs. Hobart, or "Mother Elsie," as uncle Ben persisted in styling his better half, smoothed down the folds of her black silk apron, perched her spectacles anew on her nose; and, by dint of long application, unraveled the following epistles—the first written in a delicate, boarding-school hand, and the other in bold, dashing, almost unintelligible chirography, as if penned in great haste. Let us overlook the good lady's shoulder as she reads:

"DEAR GUARDIANS—As exhibition is a week from to-day, I thought I would write, stating that I shall be at home by sunset the next day. My dear friend, Amanda Peabody, is dying for me to pass a month with her; but as you write me that Dick Harding is coming home, I have taken the liberty to invite Amanda to accompany me—for I can't endure the idea of playing the agreeable to 'Sir Richard,' whom, you know, I always hated from childhood, and Amanda will take him off my hands. I suppose his lordship has changed much since I saw him—but no doubt for the worse. Of course he will bring home a wiser head than he carried to Harvard; yet that seems incredible, for there was always enough conceit in him for a score. Please, dear uncle Ben, I hope you won't tease me in the way you used to about 'marrying Dick some day;'

for if you do, I shall go straight home with Amanda, and not come back to Ashland till his visit is over. I am willing to tolerate him, but I give you fair warning that I shall not bear him any love, and I don't care if he knows it in the beginning. Now don't scold me for this naughty, willful letter, for I love you all—uncle Ben, aunty, and old nurse Eaton—as much as ever—everybody but Dick—and, lest you scold me, I sign myself, Yours in a pet,
MADGE."

The other letter, which aunt Elsie now opened, was from Richard Harding, and ran thus:

"DEAR UNCLE BEN—Have been off into the country, rustivating, with my chum, since my graduation, which happened about three weeks ago. Was quite overwhelmed by the weight of my laurels. Couldn't think of going up to old Ashland staggering under 'em, so slipped off into parts unknown to recuperate. Feel somewhat recovered now; guess I'll slide down home. Shall bring my chum, Hal Winstead, with me, to pass a couple of weeks or so, in troutng, gunning, etc. Reckon on 'a good time generally.' Somebody told me—else I dreamed it—that it's about time for Madge Brandon to graduate. Hope she won't happen home till Hal and I get away again. Can't you pack her off somewhere on a visit, if it should happen so? for neither chum nor I want to do the agreeable to a bread and butter school girl. We don't fancy the girls—that is, Hal don't; and you know that Miss Madge and I always quarreled through our childhood, and I can't believe that 'years of discretion' have brought either of us more amiable dispositions. Jove! wasn't she a little vixen then!—how her black eyes used to flash fire! But I suppose I did use to tease her slightly, though—for I have a faint recollection of playing 'the torment,' as my part in the *role* daily enacted at Ashland; yet, having no desire to renew it, I hope Madge won't happen at home while Hal and I are with you. We only run down for a short time, then we're off for Europe. Kiss aunt Elsie for me, and tell her to make her best drop-cakes, and get out the 'pink china' for our benefit. In haste,
Dick."

"Well, now, here's a pretty to do!" sighed uncle Ben, as "Mother Elsie" took off her glasses and refolded the letters. "What's to be done? they'll quarrel all the time, as they used to! But I can't see how we're to prevent it, either—for, faith! I believe Madge's half right when she says the boy's got conceit enough for a score. We shall have to give up the match, mother; they're too headstrong to pull together!"

"There, now, Benjamin, don't make a baby of yourself!" said aunt Elsie. "Scar'd to death by a couple of children! Give it up, indeed? The children'll do well enough if you'll let 'em alone. I don't believe in plotting and planning—at least, so't folks can see what you're aiming at. They'll make their own match fast enough if they think nobody else is planning for 'em; but you jest keep hectoring 'em, and see how you'll come out! Don't you know that it's the only sure way, to let young folks manage their own love affairs? What if they *do* spat and flout?—they're only little love quarrels, and they like each other all the better for it afterward. And now, Benjamin, I hope you won't appear to notice everything that happens; but jest let 'em have their own head, and everything will come out right in the end. But, I declare, if I'd a known company was comin' so soon, I'd a made the raspberry jam! I guess I'll see if Betty and I can't do it to-morrow; and then there's the jellies to see to—and the tea cake to set to rise, and the Washington pies to get up, and the blanc mange—Dick does like my 'goodies' so, as he calls 'em, dear boy! And Margaret, too!—the children are glad enough to be at home again, I'm a thinking! Richard 'goin' off to Europe' and foreign parts, indeed, when I'd been a thinkin'——" but ah, aunt Elsie, what visions were those that mixed in with your "hospitable thoughts intent?" Who was "plotting and planning" then?

CHAPTER II.

Two young men sat in the parlor of a village hotel. Alton was one of the prettiest and quietest country towns in Connecticut, romantically situated on the banks of a blue river. Wooded heights sloped down to the water's edge; a white church spire rose amid the trees; neat, white houses lined the principal street leading through the village; a large brick edifice stood on a pleasant eminence, and several boarding houses in close proximity proclaimed this structure the boast of the town, as it was the pride of the county—"Alton Seminary."

A little way up the street, the "Mansion

House" reared its somewhat imposing front; and in a parlor of this hotel, one pleasant summer evening, sat our two young men in conversation.

"Hal," said the taller of the two, tossing his cigar from the open window, and running his fingers through his brown curls, "we must be off to-morrow, and early, too! Let's take a stroll down to the river, and sly round to the seminary grounds and bring the girls out. What say you?"

"Agreed!" exclaimed his companion, starting up; but, as he lightly set his hat on his black locks, he turned a penetrating look on his friend. "Dick, where's all this to end? Jupiter! it makes a fellow feel small to steal a girl's heart under false colors, then sneak cowardly away. If you're half as dead in love with that little black-eyed Miss Greyson as I am with Amanda Peabody, you would not turn your face homeward till you'd laid your 'heart, hand, and fortune' at her feet. Fact is, I believe you're unimpressible—a *bona fide* flirt; but I'll not take another moonlight walk with my dulcinea without committing myself! Come along, Dick, I'm desperate! I shall own up all!"

"Oh! stop now! What's the use of getting nervous, Hal? Now it's all very fine to while away a month or so in one of your humdrum country towns, by a little flirtation with one of these pretty boarding-school girls; but the idea of anything serious, pshaw! This sprightly little Greyson is pretty and witching, I acknowledge; but the idea of asking her to marry me—it's absurd! Richard Harding carries his heart in a securer place than to have it made captive so easily. Madge Greyson is pretty, and rather winning, but too tame. Jove! give me a girl of spirit! I know—or did know—another Madge, uncle Ben's ward—she and I were brought up together; and, Hal, there's fire enough in her composition, you'd better believe, to keep you on the look-out for the term of a natural lifetime. We always quarreled 'like everything,' as children say, when we were children together; but, somehow, old uncle Ben got it into his head that we were to marry each other when we 'got growed,' *a la* Topsy, and that, of course, set us against each other. And so we quarreled up to the very day when I left Ashland for college—and, shortly after, Miss Madge was sent off to some boarding-school or other, I'm sure I never asked where—and now I suppose if we ever meet again we shall quarrel as of old, from sheer force of habit. Indeed, I don't know but I've begun it already—for she may be at Ashland now, for aught I know, and

in my last letter to uncle Ben I said I hoped Madge wouldn't be there to annoy us—you and I, Hal. But come, now for a parting walk, chum!"

"Dick, you'll marry this Madge Brandon some day, I prophesy!" said Harry Winstead, as they went out together.

"Nonsense!" laughed Dick. "I admire a woman of spirit, as I told you; but Madge is a perfect vixen, and I've no particular desire to 'tame a shrew,' or 'catch a Tartar!' I'd go down on my knees to demure little Madge Greyson rather. But come!"

CHAPTER III.

THE large boarding-house connected with Alton Seminary was very quiet. "At nine o'clock," so ran the seminary regulations, "the lights in each room shall be extinguished, and the young ladies shall retire;" but very certain it was, that, on the night in question, at many a window, partially concealed by blinds and curtains, sat groups of young girls conversing softly in the moonlight, or slyly slipping through the galleries and down the staircases, they glided into the outer air, where, joined by some favored cousin, (?) they walked under that same summer moonlight, quite oblivious to the fact that tomorrow's recitations might suffer, or that the annual "Exhibition" stared them in the face in a few forthcoming days.

Singular, but true—isn't it, reader mine?—that Cupid's arrows always find easier entrance to girlhood hearts, than Euclid's theorems to girlhood brains. Alas! for willful woman.

"Madge," said one of a twain of young girls, who stood outside a little rustic gate at the extremity of the boarding-house grounds, "Madge, I can't help thinking that we are doing wrong in coming out here to meet them. How do we know but they think us merely silly, romantic boarding-school girls, and are trifling with us? We are doing wrong, Madge. To be sure, I was very grateful when Mr. Emmons rescued me from the river that day of the pic-nic; they all agreed I should certainly have been drowned before aid could have come; and even Madame Dormer herself went down into the parlor with me when he called next day to inquire after my health, and complimented him a great deal on his bravery; but, for all that, Madge, I can't help thinking these secret meetings are not quite right. If Mr. Emmons, or his friend, feel that interest in us they profess, why don't they visit us on levee night? They never come then."

"But madame is so strict. Of course her Argus eyes would be upon them, and she'd put down her foot for the proprieties; and so they'd rather met us here. I'm sure I can't see anything wrong in it, Amanda."

"Well, I don't see as we are 'wrong' exactly," replied Amanda; "but we are foolish, certain. I shan't come here any more. Let's go in now."

"If you want to, child, certainly!" said Madge. "But I see how it is: you're afraid you'll fall in love with this Harry Emmons. He is handsome, but rather too quiet for my fancy. Now Ned Hilton, it's genuine fun to flirt with him; no danger of breaking his heart, or getting mine broken in return. Wasn't that a capital idea of my new *sobriquet*, 'Miss Greyson?' I'm very certain the gentleman can't leave Alton now, and boast of his 'flirtation with Madge Brandon.' By the way, I wonder if he knew Dick Harding, at Harvard? I'll ask him. Amanda, don't hurry so! Where are you going? not in the house, child? But, hush! they are coming! there, up the path from the river! Now, don't play Miss Prim, but laugh and chat a little; and if Mr. Emmons talks sentiment, why you just sentimentalize in return, only make sure to keep your own heart untouched. That's the way I do—ah! good evening, gentlemen. My friend here was just about running away. Will you not thank me for detaining her, Mr. Emmons?" rang out in Madge Brandon's silvery, mischievous tones."

And "Harry Emmons," *alias* Harry Winstead, drew a fair white hand within his arm, and asked, earnestly, as the two walked apart, "Miss Peabody, why would you shun me?"

And coquettish little Madge Brandon turned saucily to the young gentleman who stood near, and said, demurely,

"And shall I run into the house and report myself to madame as delinquent; or will Mr. Hilton lend me an arm for a short walk until reason shall have again resumed her sway over yonder moonstruck couple?"

"With pleasure, Miss Greyson!" was the quick reply.

As they emerged into the bright moonlight, he scanned long and earnestly the arch, merry face, whose eyelids at length drooped under his gaze. But evidently the perusal of those features brought no solution to the expression of puzzled mystery that deepened on his own face.

"Where can I have seen her before?" he unconsciously muttered, as he withdrew his gaze.

"Did you speak, Mr. Hilton?" asked Madge, demurely lifting her eyes.

"It is a habit of soliloquizing that I have

foolishly fallen into, Miss Greyson," he replied, rallying, with a smile.

"I should venture to infer that said soliloquies are not of the Hamlet order," rejoined Madge, archly, "since his were on *grave* subjects, while yours seem to be on *living* ones, Mr. Hilton."

Her companion bit his lips, and remained silent.

That night, when the two girls sought their room, blushing little Amanda Peabody buried her face on Madge's shoulder, and said, softly, with tear-filled eyes,

"Oh! Madge, he loves me! He said so to-night, and his name isn't 'Emmons;' but there! I promised not to tell. You will know all by-and-by. It was a freak of his. He is coming to our house in a week or two, and I can only spend a few days with you at Ashland. Oh! Madge, if you knew how happy—only kiss me, Madge!"

Madge Brandon bent down and imprinted a warm kiss on the white forehead, on her shoulder, and whispered,

"Amanda, I am glad it is so!" then abruptly turned away. An hour after, while her companion slept the gentle sleep of youth and innocence, Madge sat at the window, with pale, thoughtful face, while a few tears trickled through her fingers.

"We have parted," she murmured. "He told me that he left Alton to-morrow; and not a word of regret, nor wish that we might meet again! And I had so ridiculed the name of love, that he thought me light and fickle, and his heart is untouched!"

Long did the girl sit in the white moonlight, till the holy hush of night brought her calmness.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHAT, uncle Ben! Madge Brandon expected home to-morrow? Well, now, of course I have due respect for the young lady, and, on any ordinary occasion, would be happy to be her most devoted cavalier; but, really, just now you must excuse me. Hal and I go trouting up Mossdale river to-morrow; think we shall camp out a night or two. Perhaps you will call me rather ungallant, uncle; but I fancy that Madge, remembering our old-time animosity, will be quite willing to dispense with my company. 'A class-mate coming to spend a short time with her,' did you say? Well, Hal, there'll be a lady for you; you have a *penchant* for boarding-school misses, I believe," and Dick threw a meaning look into his friend's face.

It was the morning of a sultry, "muggy" day in August, and the two young men stood on the piazza of Ashland Mansion, attired in loose linen blouses, straw hats, and their fishing-rods in their hands. Uncle Ben leaned against a pillar, wiping the beaded sweat from his forehead. It had cost him something of an effort to impart the news of Madge's expected advent, for the inevitable hostile meeting of his two wards troubled the good old gentleman exceedingly; but, the ice once broken, a look of relief overspread his genial face. "Hey! mother Elsie—hey! wife!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands in infinite glee, as, after watching the two young men disappear down the cool, shady highway, he turned into the long kitchen, where the dame was busying herself with superintending old Mrs. Eaton's "goodies," and smoothing the icing on a loaf of cake for the oven. "I've got rid of those youngsters for a couple of days; told Dick Madge was coming home, and, if she happens along to-night, I want you to take her in hand, and charge her to keep her unruly tongue. Else she'll surely begin on Dick. Faith! she may consider herself lucky if ever she gets so good a husband as the boy'll make. There's the right stuff for a nobleman in him; and I've no doubt but we'll bring about the match yet, if you only give Madge her lesson."

"Deary me, Benjamin, why can't you stop worryin', and plottin', and plannin', and let the young folks alone? Let the children be, father, and don't provoke 'em! Madge's headstrong, but she's got a good, affectionate heart; and she can't help takin' to Richard, for the lad's handsome as a pouter, and good as he's handsome. That's a proper youth Richard's brought home with him—young Harry Winstead. I hope they'll all enjoy themselves; for, Benjamin, you know Margaret is goin' to bring home 'Mandy Peabody, and, if they'd only all be pleasant and social like, how cheerful it'll seem! It does me good, father, to have young folks in the house. But, la! the oven'll get too hot, and scorch the cake!"

CHAPTER V.

AT sunset, on the following day, the old-fashioned stage coach came down the long country road, and drew up at the gate of the Ashland Mansion. Uncle Ben went down the graveled avenue as fast as his rotundity would allow, and fairly lifted Madge from the coach with a hearty hug and smack which rang loudly on the air; while pretty little Amanda Peabody was welcomed with a demonstration scarcely

less hearty. And aunt Elsie stood on the broad piazza in her best cap and kerchief; while old Mrs. Eaton and Betty, the maid of all work, were greatly rejoiced at the arrival. And a merry evening was it that followed, after the two new-comers were duly regaled with aunt Elsie's golden sponge-cake and delicious jellies; nor was it until a late hour, that the duets sung by two clear, girlish voices ceased, and the tones of the piano died out from the old-fashioned parlor.

At twilight on the following day, uncle Ben went down the lane leading to the fields in the rear of the mansion, to meet the two young men returning from the fishing excursion. Richard Harding's brown curls, moistened by perspiration, hung in masses over his white forehead; his companion bore a fine string of trout upon his arm; both looked fatigued and exhausted.

"Well, boys, a pretty hard tramp you've had of it, I reckon! It don't pay, does it? But ah, yes! fine lot of trout, I see! Betty'll dish some of 'em up for supper. Let me relieve you, my young friend!" and the old gentleman walked on hurriedly. "But oh! I forgot, Dick, the girls are here. Madge is grown a real beauty, roguish as ever, too, I'll wager—and her little friend has taken my old heart by storm. You youngsters had better fix up a little, for Madge has got to be a young lady now—eh, Richard!"

"Botheration!" was Richard Harding's rather unclassical exclamation at this piece of information, after imparting which uncle Ben had hurried away with the string of trout on his arm. "A pretty muss, Hal, for fellows coming home tired to death, expected to come down to tea 'fixed up' in stiff dickys and dress coats, and all to entertain a couple of bread and butter school girls. Jupiter! why, if they must needs come at all, couldn't they have kept away till to-morrow! I've half a good mind to go back to our camp again!"

"Miss Margaret, do put on your blue dress, and the white roses in your hair, for young Mister Richard's got home, and brought the handsomest young gentleman with him!" exclaimed old Mrs. Eaton, putting her head inside the door of Madge's room.

"Isn't it shameful, Amanda, to be obliged to dress for tea this hot summer night? I shan't do it, I'm confident! If a hundred 'Sir Richards' were here, I shouldn't trouble myself to 'dress up' for them. Let's go down in these cool wrappers! It's nobody but Dick; and as for his friend, of course neither you nor I care anything about him!"

When the tea-bell rang, aunt Elsie, uncle Ben, Richard and his friend, were soon in the cool dining-room; but the two girls lingered up stairs.

"Deary me! why don't the girls come down? Betty! Betty! here, call Margaret and Mandy," said aunt Elsie.

"Sit down, boys; sit down! we'll wait for 'em. Most likely Madge's rigging on her extra finery!" added uncle Ben, good-humoredly.

Just then the door opened—and, in plain, loose wrappers, hair combed plainly behind their ears—and, as aunt Elsie afterward said, "Looking terrible shiftless-like," entered Miss Madge Brandon and Amanda Peabody.

"Richard, boy, you haven't forgotten Madge? and this is Miss Peabody," began uncle Ben.

But the ceremony of introduction was quite set at naught by both the young gentlemen, who, very awkwardly, in rising, as if to acknowledge said ceremony, upset both teacups and contents, each one looking the personification of amazement the while; and, very singularly also, Miss Madge and her companion, blushing scarlet, sunk into their seats with similar confusion on their faces.

A few hours later, while the whole group sat in the starlight on the piazza, uncle Ben was checked in his teasing of the young people by aunt Elsie, who slyly beckoned him away.

"La, don't be a-teasing the children with your questions, father!" she exclaimed, as she inveigled the old gentleman into the keeping room. "Young folks will be young folks—and they like frolics, and capers, and sich like. You see it's nothing more nor less than this, father: Richard and this young friend of his were over to Alton, boarding for a few weeks, and Henry Winstead saved 'Mandy from drownin' when she got overset in the river—and, jest for the frolic of it, they all went by made-up names. And now it's kind o' awkward for 'em to find it out, 'specially for Richard and Margaret, who've known each other all their lives. Declare, father, who'd a thought they'd a changed so in jest these four years? Guess you and I, father, hadn't best plot nor plan any more for 'em! They'll do their own fallin' in love, I'm thinkin', if we leave 'em to themselves!"

"Well, well, s'pose you're right, mother—women always are!" said uncle Ben, good-humoredly; "but they've burnt their own fingers this time, I reckon. I begin to see through it all. Sly witch—Madge is! Plotting and planning—plotting and planning—I'll give it up. Come, let's go in, mother!"

REDMAN'S RUN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, In the year 1860, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

I was sitting in the library, crouched in the recess of the oriel window, that my book might have all the advantage possible of the waning light.

I was a great reader of romances in those days, as every solitary boy is sure to be, and I was so deeply engrossed in the escape of Mary Stuart from Lochleven, that I did not notice the rapid approach of evening. I hurried over the pages until I found that the poor queen was safe, for a time at least, and laid the volume down quite breathless with excitement.

I should have been glad to have sat there an hour longer, dreaming aimlessly, perhaps, but very pleasantly, of the scenes and characters which had taken so strong a hold of my imagination, but I was not allowed farther quiet. There was a slamming of doors, a sound of voices, for every noise echoed with tenfold force through that old house; then I heard Prudence Winship call me loudly from the hall,

"Paul, Paul Chenery!"

There was such an appeal for assistance in the tone, that I could not find it in my heart to remain silent, particularly as I knew that Mrs. Prudence would never rest until she had discovered my hiding-place, and dragged me out of it by dint of remonstrance or persuasion.

I rose unwillingly enough and went out into the hall where the old lady stood, with the air of a woman who had so many things on her hands, that she remained idle from sheer inability to decide which had better be done first.

"Oh! there you are," she exclaimed, quite fretful from agitation, "I've been hunting for you all over the house! Do, for mercy's sake, help me a little; it's a'most time for your uncle to be here, and things ain't half ready."

"What can I do for you?" I asked, not at all surprised at the request, for Prudence had lectured and governed me so often as a child, that neither she nor I remembered it ought to be different now.

"If you'll just get the wine out and set it to cool: I ain't going to give the man the keys, there's no trusting nobody! I've got to run back into the kitchen, or that dreadful woman

'll burn the meat or upset the soup—oh! them Irish! And do just see that somebody lights the hall and parlor, and if you'll only take up the flowers you picked for the young lady's room, and——"

"That will do for the present, Prudence!"

"Yes, I know: it's a born shame to trouble you, but a body hain't got but one pair of hands. And oh! do step into Mr. Maurice's chamber, and make sure that I haven't forgot anything, or he'll make such a disturbance!"

"All right, aunty; run off to your work."

"I'm going! Oh! sakes alive, I do wish Mr. Redman would ever let a body know in time when he's invited company! I declare I hain't set down since daylight, and my feet ache to that degree——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the distance, for Prudence had pattered away through the hall; and I soon heard confused murmurs from the kitchen, which proved that something had gone wrong during her absence.

I smiled a little at the good woman's excitement, and went away to fulfill her requests, wondering somewhat about the guests whom my uncle was to bring home with him.

Of course I found the vases of flowers upon the upper hall table, where I had left them two hours before, and so took them myself into the chamber which the young lady was to occupy.

It was a pleasant room overlooking the garden, one window completely covered with a rose vine still red with blossoms, through which the new moon was stealing in, while a soft wind stirred the flowers, until it seemed as if the light had half awakened them. I marveled what manner of girl she would prove to be, if she would be gratified by the care I had taken, and if she would sit by her moonlit casement late into the night, as I did by mine, weaving all sorts of strange fancies, more engrossing from their very impossibility.

Then I stole softly out, feeling as if I was wrong to intrude where she would so soon sit alone with her fancies, and went down the passages to my cousin's chambers, among the most comfortable in the house, for Maurice was accustomed to claim the best of everything. Aunt Prudence had shown her usual care; I could

see nothing for him to find fault about, and I idled away a few moments there likewise, thinking of my cousin, and wondering if he would saub and worry me after his old fashion.

We had not met for over a year. Maurice had been in Europe—he had always done whatever best pleased him, for our uncle seemed to find his chief pleasure in gratifying the young man's fancies. I made up my mind that he would find me greatly changed; I was grown up too now, and would endure even less patiently than of old, his overbearing manners.

My somewhat unamiable train of thought was disturbed by hearing the rapid gallop of a horse up to the house; and I concluded that Maurice, with his usual impetuosity, had ridden on in advance of the rest of the party.

I went very slowly down the stairs, rather dreading the interview, for my cousin had never loved me, and I felt confident that, even after our lengthened separation, his first words would hide a sneer.

I heard him giving orders to the servant who was leading away his horse; then he entered the hall, returning Prudence's greeting with his customary indifference.

"Of course you are glad to see me back, old lady! Upon my word, you look as blooming as a December rose. But where is that pet of yours, my hopeful young cousin, I am astonished that he isn't here to do the honors in his usual lordly style?"

"Here I am, Maurice," I called out; "and I am very glad to see you."

"No doubt of that, young one! Come along, and let me see if you are at all presentable."

The salutation was not pleasant; but I went toward him as he stood in the parlor door way, determined that all should go on amicably, for that night at least.

He did not stir—never extended his hand until I held out mine.

"Why, I almost think you've grown, youngster," he said, laughingly, yet with something in his tone that stung my pride. "Aunt Prudence can't measure you any longer with her apron string, can she?"

"He's not so very much shorter than his uncle," put in Prudence. "Because you happen to be a six footer, you think everybody else ought to be."

"Oh! no, no! Let the body be in keeping with the mind—hey, my boy?"

A bitter retort rose to my lips, but I checked it; and Prudence began to question him with great volubility.

"How long before your uncle'll get here?"

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"Not more than half an hour—you'd better stir yourselves. They were ready to start just as I rode off; the boat was late to-night, or we should all have been here some time ago."

At that moment there was a sound without which made each one start—a mournful sort of cry, scarcely human, yet with a world of human pain in its unearthliness.

"The Lord have mercy on us!" ejaculated Prudence. "What can that be?"

"That old crazy woman!" said Maurice. "Tell somebody to drive her off, Paul."

"Who?" I asked.

"As if I knew! Are you a lunatic yourself? She started up in the road before me about a mile from here, and frightened my horse half to death. I gave her a cut with my whip, and she ran off with a howl, but I could hear her following me every little while."

"Poor thing!" I said, "she must be taken care of!"

"Really; do you own this house?" asked Maurice, sneeringly. "My uncle may not take it very kindly if you turn the place into a bed-lam."

I made no reply, but went out on to the terrace, followed by Prudence, whose fears had vanished when she found that nothing supernatural was near.

I saw through the night a woman toiling up the avenue, her hair streaming wildly over her shoulders, her arms extended as if imploring protection from some invisible danger. I watched her with a feeling of awe, which Prudence evidently shared, for she stood perfectly silent by my side.

The woman tottered on with violent efforts, like a person struggling against a heavy wind. I could hear her breath distinctly, gasping and short, hissing through her clenched teeth as she beat the air with her long hands, and pressed forward like some terrible spectre approaching through the gloom.

Before I could collect my scattered faculties she had reached the verandah, there was another startling moan, and she fell like a lifeless mass upon the steps, her head hidden amid her long hair.

"Merciful goodness!" exclaimed Prudence, flinging up her hands in surprise and fright.

I ran down the steps and raised the poor creature. She had not fainted, for her eyes were open, and she muttered feebly, but she was so exhausted by physical weariness, that she lay passive in my arms. I could lift her without difficulty, for want or disease had worn her almost to a skeleton, and I carried her into

the hall, followed by Prudence, who seemed quite to have lost her usual presence of mind.

Maurice came out of the parlor, muttering a curse when he saw that I had brought the woman in to the house.

"Take that creature away!" he exclaimed, angrily. "You little fool, what do you think my uncle will say?"

I made no answer, nor in any way heeded the torrent of invective which he poured forth.

"Won't you let her be put in your room for a little, Prudence?" I said; "she will die if she goes out again."

"Of course," she replied, all her womanly feelings roused at once. "I'll help you take her up; for, if the servants knew there was a crazy woman in the house, they'd go mad themselves."

"Throw her out in the barn," said Maurice.

"Shame on you!" exclaimed Prudence, with a burst of honest indignation. "Think if it was yourself; nobody knows what they may come to in this world."

Maurice stamped his foot with passion, the old, fierce temper rising at the least opposition.

"I've three minds to have you all thrown out together," he muttered.

"There's two words to that, Mr. Maurice," retorted Prudence; "I'll just see what Mr. Redman says to such talk."

All this time, the woman lay moaning in the chair where I had placed her.

"Get a glass of wine out of the dining-room, Prudence," I said; "she looks as if she was dying."

The old lady ran off in great haste, while Maurice stood muttering and reproaching me.

"I would like to murder you," he said.

"I have no doubt," I replied, "but you may as well let me alone, for I shall not see this poor thing die before my eyes."

"If my uncle happens to come——"

"That is my affair! He is not inhuman enough to blame me."

"If you don't get her away in three minutes, I'll fling you out-doors after her."

"No, you won't," returned Prudence, coming back with the wine, which I proceeded to administer; "no, you won't, Mr. Maurice! Boy and man I've known you for bad, but there's some things you can't do."

Prudence was the only one in the house who ever resisted Maurice; and he knew that there was no appeal, for our uncle would never speak harshly to her even where his favorite was in question.

The woman swallowed the wine with difficulty

at first, then drank eagerly. Suddenly she let the glass fall and started to her feet, brushing away her hair so that the light fell full on her face.

"Gracious powers!" muttered Prudence, staggering back.

"Oh! you've had enough of it, have you?" sneered Maurice; "she is a beauty!"

Prudence turned upon him with a stern look.

"Take care what you do, young man," she said—"take care!"

Maurice shrunk back, and for a few moments Prudence stood gazing at the woman with a horror far deeper than my own. It was a strange sight—that tall, slight form worn to a shadow—long masses of auburn hair, which had once been soft and beautiful, falling about the attenuated face; eyes gleaming with insanity staring around; and all the while upon the bloodless lips a patient, serene smile, which fairly beautified the whole countenance.

"It's gone," she muttered—"it's gone!"

Suddenly she caught Prudence's hand, and stared wildly in her face.

"Do you know?" she whispered. "Did you see which way they took it?"

Prudence shrank back, weeping aloud, her firm nerves seemed completely unsettled by the shock.

The woman dropped her hand, turned and saw me standing there. She clutched my arm, pushed my hair back with her icy fingers, muttering wildly. Then the look of eager expectation died out of her face, and she turned away with a heavy moan.

"I can't tell—I don't know! Oh! which way?—which way?"

She took a step or two forward, and her eyes fell on Maurice, who was awed to silence. She cried out again, not loudly, but with that same wailing tone, and darted back between Prudence and myself.

"They are after me," she cried; "save me, do save me! I got away—they starved me, whipped me—don't let them have me again."

"Come with me," I said, taking her hand gently; "I will hide you safely. Come."

"Yes," she answered; "you look kind! Is it the face?—is it?"

She peered fixedly at me for an instant, then shook her head, repeating many times,

"I can't tell—I can't tell! It's so confused—so strange." Then she glanced at Maurice, and the same shiver of terror shook her frame. "Don't let him come—he'll tell them, I know he will! Take me away—do take me away."

I led her up the back staircase which led out

of a side passage, and went on to the house-keeper's room, the woman pleading piteously the while, and Prudence following with many tears. Once in the room, and the door locked, the poor creature seemed to feel that she was in safety. She released her hold of my arm and fell into a chair.

"I'm hungry," she muttered, "hungry."

Some remnants of food set on the table, I gave them to her, and she began to eat greedily, tearing the meat with her teeth like a wild animal.

"Oh! it's dreadful, dreadful!" cried Prudence.

"Who can she be?" I questioned. "Where can she have come from?"

"How do I know!" returned Prudence, with much excitement. "What makes you ask me, boy? You see she's crazy, don't you?"

I looked at her in astonishment. She was very pale, and shaking from head to foot.

"She can't hurt you," I said, "she is too weak even to stand."

"I'm not afraid," said Prudence, trembling more violently; "not a bit afraid."

"What are we to do with her?" I asked; "we can't leave her alone."

"I won't stay with her," gasped Prudence; "I won't, I won't! And there's the carriage! Mercy on me, I had forgotten all about dinner. I don't know what to do—oh! dear, oh! dear!"

She wrung her hands, and appeared so much distressed that I could make nothing of it. The insane woman had devoured the meat, and was gazing curiously at her.

"Hush!" she said, in a frightened whisper. "They'll whip you if they hear you. Don't—don't!"

"I declare I shall go crazy myself," groaned Prudence; "I shall indeed."

"Crazy!" repeated the lunatic, "crazy! Oh! that's all over with long ago. Hark! he's stopped crying now—he lies very still. Hush, little one, hush!"

She rocked her body to and fro as if quieting a child, motioned us to be silent, and began droning a sort of tune singularly touching.

"I can't stand it," sobbed Prudence; "Paul, I can't!"

"Go down stairs then; I am not at all afraid."

There was a distant sound of voices, confused murmurs rising from below, which attracted the stranger's attention. She sprang up at once, raving more loudly than ever.

"They are coming," she shrieked, "they are after me! Don't let me scream, don't!"

With an instinct almost like reason, she clasped her hands against her mouth to keep

back her cries, biting deeply into the flesh, and running aimlessly about the apartment. But she was too much exhausted even for insanity to give her more than momentary strength; she fell upon the floor, coiling herself up, and hiding her head as she done down stairs.

"She will not stir again for some time," I whispered. "Go down stairs and tell my uncle, he will know what ought to be done."

"Will he?" asked Prudence. "Oh! I'll tell him, I'll tell him. But you mustn't stay here; perhaps I had better, and let you call him. No, I can't—if it was to save my soul I couldn't."

"I think you are mad yourself! Go down quietly and do as I tell you. Why, I thought you were a woman of more sense."

"I'm getting old, you see," she replied, struggling hard to regain her composure; "things trouble me more than they used to. Well, I'll go down. Don't speak—let her alone—it's only raving, you know, and no use to make her, the visitors might hear. I'll go, Paul, I'll go."

But I had fairly to push her out of the room, for she seemed quite frantic between her dread of staying alone with the mad woman, or of leaving me.

I must have remained there for twenty minutes. The time appeared very long, not that I was afraid, but I had scarcely ever seen a crazy person before, and it was like being shut in with an evil spirit, to stay alone and watch her insanity.

She lay quite still for a time, and I never dared to turn my eyes away. At last, she raised her head and looked around, smiled strangely when she saw me, whispering,

"You have sent them off! I am tired, tired! These thin slippers, ball-room slippers."

She put out her foot, her shoe was old and torn, but had once been thick and strong.

"Ball-room slippers, you know," she went on; "there was no time to change. Is the baby waking? Hush, little one, hush!"

Then she hummed the mournful lullaby again, and grew quiet in her efforts to soothe the child that was not there.

"Is it far yet?" she asked, suddenly. "Why doesn't he come? I am so tired, oh! so tired. Don't let them steal the baby; he's very quiet, they can't find us now. Hush, little one, hush!"

"The baby is asleep," I said, softly. "Where did you come from?"

"A long, long way! They beat me, they starved me, but I got out—oh! I was so wakeful and quick! I haven't slept for ages, waiting for an opportunity."

"Where were you? Can you tell?"

She began babbling impotently, growing so excited in her efforts to speak intelligibly, that I did not dare question her farther.

I heard a step in the hall, which I knew to be my uncle's; then there was a low tap on the door, but the mad woman's quick ear caught the sound. She darted toward me, a fury so terrible blazing in her eyes, that for the first time I felt alarmed. I opened the door quickly, and my uncle entered.

When the woman saw him she uttered another cry, sprang forward and tried to rush out of the apartment. My uncle caught her, and held her fast in spite of her struggles; while all the while her shrieks rang through the house.

"Help me, Paul!" he exclaimed. "Tie her hands—quick!"

I took my handkerchief and bound her arms as well as I could, while she raved and resisted with all her force.

"Liar! murderer!" she cried. "I know—it is the face, the arch-demon!"

"Stop!" said my uncle, sternly; "do you see that whip on the table?"

She tore herself away from him, and cowered to the farthest end of the room, hiding her face in the shawl, and moaning with fear.

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"How should I?" he said, angrily.

"Yes, yes!" gibbered the woman, "I knew—it is the arch demon! And the child—it is gone! Help! help! they have stolen the child!"

"Go away, Paul," said my uncle. "I know better than you how to deal with her."

"But you may want help——"

"Do as I bid you!" he exclaimed, stamping his foot with passion. "Leave the room, sir!"

I obeyed at once, and hurried through the passages to escape the echo of those fearful cries. I do not think the newly arrived guests heard them, for Prudence's room was in a distant wing, separated by wide halls and rows of chambers, from the apartments which had been arranged for them to occupy.

I went to my room, arranged my dress as well as my trembling hands would allow, and hurried down stairs to find Prudence, eager to confer with her concerning the strange mad woman.

CHAPTER II.

In my haste I ran directly against some person coming through the hall, when I saw a pale girl, with long curls and white garments. I was ready to think that I had met a ghost, so completely unstrung were my nerves by the events of the past hour.

Of course an instant's reflection assured me that I had met the young lady whom my uncle had brought with him, so I stammered out what apologies I might, and went on.

A strange feeling passed over me; my agitation was succeeded by a singular calm, as if the single glance of those girlish eyes had possessed a magic power. I had no time to meditate upon it, for in the dining-room I found Prudence giving the last touches to the dinner-table, but pale and troubled, and going about with a hesitation very different from the self-possession with which she usually performed her duties.

"My uncle is up stairs," I said, "and he sent me down."

Prudence made no answer, walking around the table, changing the position of the dishes, then restoring them to their former place, evidently quite unconscious of what she was about.

"Did you ever see her before, Prudence?" I asked.

"The boy's a fool!" she returned. "I never want to see her again," she added, sitting down in the nearest chair; "she frightened me 'most out of my wits."

"It is very strange that she should have come here."

"It just happened so," said Prudence; "she's got out of a 'sylum some where, and wandered off here."

"That must be it. What do you think my uncle will do?"

"Send her back, I suppose. For mercy's sake don't never say another word about her, unless you want to scare me to death."

Before I could answer, my uncle entered the room, but he gave me no time to pour out the flood of questions that rose to my lips.

"How do you do, Paul?" he said, shaking my hand with as much cordiality as he ever showed me. "Have you been well?"

"Very well, sir. But the crazy woman?"

"Is quiet, and I have set Waters to watch over her. You look wilder than she did."

"But who can she be?"

"I am really unable to say; she has evidently escaped from a lunatic asylum—probably the one just out of town, and has walked the thirty miles."

He went up to Prudence, and I heard her question him eagerly, although I could not catch the words; but I heard a portion of his reply.

"All a mistake—we never saw her before."

"But she was so like——"

"Don't be a fool, my good Prudence. Just think no more about it. Well, Paul," he added,

aloud, "you look dreadfully mysterious, but I am afraid you cannot make a romance out of this."

"He has tried hard," said Maurice, entering as my uncle spoke. "I think you must be extremely obliged to him for turning the house into a lunatic asylum."

"He did quite right," replied my uncle, more sharply than I had ever heard him address my cousin; "I should have been ashamed of him if he had been inhuman enough to drive her away."

"Oh! if you choose to take in crazy women I've nothing to say," replied Maurice, flippantly. "You had better send her down to amuse Miss Morgan."

"I am quite capable of managing my own affairs, sir," replied my uncle. I could scarcely believe it was Maurice he was addressing in that angry tone.

"But who is she? how came she here?" questioned Maurice, in a more respectful way.

"That I cannot tell; I think she has escaped from the private lunatic asylum, just this side of town, and I am going to send Waters back with her. You will please say nothing about it, for I don't wish my visitors frightened out of their senses before they have been in the house an hour."

"I should think Mrs. Prudence meant to starve them," returned Maurice. "Do you know if we are to have dinner to-night?"

"Surely; it must be late," said my uncle. "Please hurry it up, Mrs. Winship."

"It will be on the table in five minutes," said Prudence, gruffly; "a body can't do more than forty things at once, no matter what Mr. Maurice may think."

She grumbled herself out toward the kitchen, and my cousin said,

"That's a very respectful old woman, she ought to be packed out of the house!"

"You are leaving Miss Morgan alone," said my uncle; "it is scarcely civil, my boy."

Maurice went away, and my uncle turned to me.

"Come and be introduced to our visitors. I want every attention shown them, Paul, for I am anxious to see Maurice married to the young lady."

"Are they engaged?"

"Not positively, but she likes him, evidently, and her parents are well pleased. He met them in Europe, and traveled with them for some time; the daughter is very wealthy in her own right."

I pitied the girl if she felt any interest in

Maurice. He had been a bad, dangerous boy, and I knew well that time had only strengthened his evil passions, however carefully they might have been concealed beneath his pleasant and winning manner, he could at will assume.

I followed my uncle into the parlor, and was duly presented to the strangers. I was not timid, but there was a feeling at my heart for which I could render no account, and which left me trembling like a frightened child.

Mrs. Morgan was a subdued, crushed-looking woman, with a sweet smile and pleasant voice; there were the remnants of former beauty in her face, but years of pain and endurance had worn away its freshness, until she appeared like a shadow of what her youth had been.

When I looked at her husband I understood it all. Such pomposity and insufferable egotism I never saw in any man's face and manner; he touched my hand in a patronizing way, and addressed me as he would have done some poor dependent on his bounty.

I think my face must have shown how deeply I was hurt and offended; for, when I glanced toward Maurice, he was watching me with an undisguised sneer, so I restrained my feelings at once.

By my cousin's side was seated the young girl whom I had encountered in the hall. My uncle presented me to her politely enough, though as he might have introduced a mere boy; but she bowed with graceful courtesy, and her smile sent the same wild shiver through my heart.

"So you don't dine in the nursery any more?" Maurice half whispered.

I made no reply, and my cousin bent over the young lady and talked to her in a low, confidential tone, so there was nothing left for me but to walk away, though I saw by the apologetic glance of her eyes that she was no willing sharer in his rudeness.

No one talked to me at dinner, except when Mrs. Morgan addressed me in her frightened way; but her husband was sure to check her unpleasantly, so, after a time, I sat quite disregarded.

I watched Maurice with a feeling of bitter resentment stronger than I had ever before experienced; yet, with it all, there came a consciousness, based upon what grounds I could not have told, yet strong and confident—Alice Morgan did not love him! I saw that he was lost in one of the mad passions which had so often burned his heart, and I hated him that he dared take the impurity of his thoughts into the presence of that innocent girl.

Yet, one not intimately acquainted with his nature and past life would have thought I judged him harshly. I knew Maurice well; he had been false and artful as a boy, guilty of acts which would have been dark stains in the character of a hardened man, doubly odious when perpetrated by one who should have possessed the innocence of youth. His life at college had been a constant scene of dissipation; his after career, as far as it came under my knowledge, a fit continuation, and I was certain that the time he had spent abroad had only been wasted in more degrading vice.

He was a tall, beautifully formed man; his face was handsome, but to me, who knew its changes so well, absolutely revolting. He was not more than twenty-six then, but he had never been young. My uncle had not, in the slightest degree, restrained him; on the contrary, by his indulgence, he had fostered his evil propensities to the monstrous growth they had attained.

Our lives had been very different; for he had not been content to enjoy the sunshine that so brightened his path, but he had snatched at every little gleam which would have warmed my heart, as if he could not bear that it should be soothed by the slightest touch of happiness.

I could not have been more than five years old when my parents died, yet I remembered every event with perfect distinctness. We were living South, and just before my father's death he sent for Mr. Redman, my lost mother's brother. When all was over, he took me to the North with him, to his own home, and committed me to the care of Prudence. Had I been her own child she could not have watched over me with more affection.

Maurice was twelve years old then, the most thoroughly spoiled boy it is possible to imagine. He had always lived with our uncle, for his parents died in Europe while he was still an infant, and Mr. Redman had adopted him, his father having been a favorite brother, whereas my mother he had never loved.

From the first day that we met, Maurice hated me with an intensity far beyond his years. Many a time he committed some mischievous act for the sole purpose of ascribing it to me. He convinced my uncle that I was an habitual liar, young as I was, and by every sort of artifice prevented his ever becoming attached to me, even if he had possessed the inclination, which I doubt.

Prudence protected me as far as was possible, but she could not prevent my uncle's treating me with indifference, or guard me against Maurice's sneers and plots. After a time, he went

away to school, and that was the happiest season of my life. My uncle was in Congress, and the intervals of leisure were usually spent in town. Prudence and I were quite at liberty to enjoy ourselves after our own fashion, and she spared no pains to make my childhood a pleasant one.

Without her care I should have died, for I was far from strong, and the slightest carelessness or exposure was sure to be followed by a severe illness.

Sometimes during the summer Maurice returned to spend his vacations. Such weeks were unpleasant enough, and Prudence rejoiced as much as myself when the time came for him to go back to school, or my uncle took him upon some pleasure tour.

I was not sent away to school; but fortunately the village pastor was a man of profound learning, and during all those years I was under his care; and, as I was fond of books, I made so good use of my time that, although but thirteen when Maurice entered college, I was quite as well prepared to have gone as himself. But my uncle showed no disposition to send me, and Maurice had so impressed upon my mind the fact that I was only a dependant on Mr. Redman's bounty that I never asked the privilege.

"It is all very well for me," he would say, "I have a fortune of my own, and shall inherit another; but you are no better than a beggar, and of course my uncle does not feel inclined to spend any more money on you than he can help."

He always said "my uncle" with such an air of ownership, as if I had no claim at all, which, in fact, he daily assured me was the case. Mr. Redman never knew half of his outrageous conduct, or I am certain that he would not have permitted it.

But the time came when my boyish pride was fully roused, and, without a word even to Prudence, I left the house. A letter which I wrote my uncle revealed my purpose—it was full of gratitude and the affection repressed for years, but I had gone never to return—gone to seek my own living.

For once he manifested an interest in me, never rested until he had discovered my whereabouts and taken me home again.

"Remember this," he said, "you have no right to go away. I am your legal guardian, and it is your duty to obey me. This is your home, and if Maurice does not leave you in peace inform me."

After Prudence had finished scolding and

weeping over me, she told me that she had never seen my uncle so uneasy, and that he had been very harsh with Maurice. I think he must have talked severely to my cousin, for he troubled me much less. Indeed, he never found it quite safe again, for, the first time he annoyed me, I gave him so hard a blow with my ball-club that he was willing to content himself with simple taunts and prejudicing Mr. Redman's mind more completely against me.

So the years had passed on, and now I reached manhood—my nineteenth birthday was over. I had always determined that when it came I would begin the world for myself, and my mind was fully made up to inform my uncle of it during the present visit.

For a year past I had seen but little of him; he was seldom at home, seeming to miss Maurice too much to stay long when he did come.

My uncle's affection I had never possessed; that was no new trouble, but during those hurried visits I noticed a change in his usually cold manner. My presence seemed unpleasant to him; he would leave the room if I entered; or, if we conversed together, appeared always to find in my words hidden meanings which I had no thought of giving.

He was passionate, but not harsh, and when his feelings overcame his judgment, and spoke bitterly to me for faults innocently committed, he was sure to be sorry for it. I could see that, not that he ever offered excuses, but he would be more gentle to me after, and at times I could observe upon his face a strange self-reproach which I did not comprehend.

He was not a good man; I knew that, partly by intuition, more by the vague reports which reached even my ears. He was almost avowedly an infidel, and his early life had been reckless in the extreme. That he was an habitual gambler I did not know till long afterward, but when I learned it, I held the fact as a sort of excuse for many other errors which came to my knowledge.

Still his position was a fine one; he had an enviable reputation as a lawyer, and had held many offices of trust, though I suppose it was the same untraceable report of his reckless habits which prevented his acquiring a wide political influence.

But this long digression has taken me far from the events of that night, which was the prelude to a great change in my life.

I was not much more noticed during the evening than I had been at dinner, until Alice was asked to sing. Probably my face showed how much I enjoyed the delicious melody, for I had

unconsciously drawn near the piano, in spite of Maurice's frowns.

"Do you not play yourself, Mr. Chenery?" she asked, abruptly, when her song was finished.

"Oh! yes," I said; "but very seldom for any one but myself."

"Will you not for us? My mother is extremely fond of music."

"Don't bring upon yourself the infliction of school-boy drumming," said Maurice, laughing, though with a threatening look at me which I quite disregarded.

"Then mine must be school-girl drumming," she said, pleasantly, "for your cousin is older than I. Please take my place, Mr. Chenery, and play for me. Mr. Redman, we will banish you."

"That would be too cruel," he said; "I can bear even Paul's discords in your company."

I took my seat at the piano, determined to do my best. I played well, and I knew it; the pastor's wife had been a teacher of music, and instructed me as thoroughly in that accomplishment as her husband had done in my other studies.

When I ceased, Miss Morgan turned to Maurice with a look of surprise.

"I would give the world to play like that," she said. "Really, Mr. Redman, your ear is not very good."

"Paul has improved wonderfully," he replied, but through his smile I saw the pallor of rage creep over his face; his fingers worked nervously upon the piano. I knew that he was longing to strangle me then and there, and I rather enjoyed the consciousness.

But my uncle's quick eye was upon us; he had no intention of allowing me to cause his favorite even a momentary annoyance.

"Shall we have a game of whist, Mrs. Morgan?" he asked of the little pale woman, who always started when addressed, as if she expected a blow, and, before venturing to answer, glanced timidly toward her husband.

"I am quite willing," said that majestic personage, before she had time to speak, "but who will make a fourth?"

"Oh! Paul plays a very tolerable game," said my uncle.

"But," stammered the little woman, "he may not wish——"

"My dear!" thundered the husband.

She shrunk into herself and was silenced at once.

"Oh! he will be delighted," returned my uncle. "Come, Paul, get the cards, and be Mrs. Morgan's partner."

There was no refusal possible, and I obeyed with the best grace I could. I hated cards, and would much sooner have had my little finger cut off than have been stationed at that abominable green board. But there they fastened me for two mortal hours, while Maurice talked with Alice at the farther end of the room.

No wonder Mrs. Morgan looked pale and worn out, if she had often been subjected to that martyrdom. If we lost, Mr. Morgan reproached her with her stupidity; if we won, he grew quite furious, and more than insinuated his solemn conviction that I cheated.

All the while the murmur of Maurice's voice was ringing in my ears, and Alice Morgan's musical laugh sorely distracted my thoughts.

Late into the night I sat by my window recalling the events of the past day. Prudence had told me that the insane woman was perfectly quiet, and that Waters was sitting with her. She was to be sent to the asylum that night, and my uncle had given orders that no one should enter the room where she was confined.

Much I thought of that young girl who had so unexpectedly crossed my path. I gave my feelings no name, but they were tumultuous and strong, and with them arose a deeper aversion for my cousin than I had ever felt.

The gray dawn broke before I deemed the night half spent. A step in the hall roused me; I opened my door and peered cautiously out.

My uncle was passing through to his chamber. He wore a riding-coat, and looked completely worn out.

"That is well," I heard him mutter; "that is well."

I knew that he had accompanied Waters upon his journey; it was a singular thing for him, selfish and loving his ease, to take so deep an interest in an unknown lunatic.

I went back to my room, and sat by the window until it was broad daylight, pondering upon those things, and sorely perplexed to find a solution of the mystery.

CHAPTER III.

Long before any one else in the house appeared to be stirring, I left my room and went out into the grounds, for I was still so much excited that the confinement of those old walls seemed terribly oppressive.

The house stood on an eminence, a winding drive sloped down to the road, and on either side of the dwelling were pleasant, old-fashioned gardens. At the back, was a sort of lawn ending in three terraces, and beyond, the hill sloped

gradually down through a grove of hickory and chestnut trees. A little below, a wide brook dashed through, leaving the banks precipitous and broken, with sharp ledges of rock hanging over the stream. Looking up the creek, the rocks loomed higher and more broken, extending across the bed of the torrent and forming a cascade, down which the waters leaped in a sheet of spray, paused an instant upon a broad, flat rock, covered with green moss and ferns, then fell into the channel beneath, white and feathery as a rush of snow.

The creek was very deep at all seasons of the year, but when swollen by spring rains it was quite impassable, and frequently overflowed the flats opposite the house for acres. The lands had been in the possession of my uncle's family ever since the Revolution; and the stream was known through the country as Redman's Run, giving, in fact, its name to the whole estate.

It was a lonely and picturesque spot, and had been my favorite haunt from childhood. Great hemlocks stretched their gnarled trunks over the waters; tall pines grew upon the very edge of the topmost cliffs; below the falls the current was broken by rocks that had been flung down by freshets; and, after a heavy rain, the roar of the torrent could be heard at a great distance.

I went down to the Run, and clambered up the rocks to the top of the cascade, and seated myself upon the trunk of a fallen hemlock, looking dreamily into the waters below.

I caught the flutter of a shawl along the footpath that edged the brook; and, looking again, saw Alice Morgan standing beneath me watching the leap of the cascade.

I went down to the place where she stood; but the waters drowned every sound, so that she did not notice my approach until I was close beside her.

She started, gave me such a sly look and a smile so beautiful, that, for the first time, a feeling of timidity came over me.

"I thought myself the earliest riser in the house," she said, "but I see that you were in advance of me."

She was even more lovely than I had thought the night before. Her eyes were almost black with excitement; and her pale complexion had caught a glow from the morning air that added to its beautiful transparency.

"What a picturesque spot!" she said; "your uncle told me it was very striking, but I had no idea of anything so bold and fresh-like."

"It is still finer from the top of the cliff," I replied; "but I suppose you would hardly venture the ascent?"

"Oh! yes; I can climb like a Swiss girl."

I helped her up the steep path, and she sat down upon the old hemlock, which was so covered with moss and lichen that it was like a couch.

"You must love this place," she said, after a long silence, during which her face was more eloquent than words could have been.

"I never come here without discovering some beauty which never struck me before," I replied.

"Ah, I can understand that! People say that you grow so familiar with beauty as to disregard it, but it never seemed true to me. One needs to become acquainted with a spot like this to take in all its loveliness."

There we sat for a long hour, talking, as I think, few of our age ever converse among themselves. At least, my experience among young men and women has not been favorable; they can chatter fast enough, goodness knows, but anything beyond the merest nonsense I have seldom found.

Alice Morgan was no ordinary girl. Her acquirements were far beyond what could have been expected from her age; and though gentle and womanly in the extreme, she had a range of thought astonishing in its strength and vigor.

"I am surprised you did not go to Europe as well as your cousin," she said, after my expressions of pleasure at the descriptions she had been giving me of places in Italy, which were my favorite dream-haunts.

"My cousin is rich, and I am poor," I replied, doubtless looking very hot and resentful, for she colored at once as if she had been guilty of a rudeness.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I did not——"

"There is no necessity, Miss Morgan; I am quite accustomed to the contemplation of my poverty, and my cousin reminds me of it so frequently, that I could not forget it if I would."

"Young men are proverbially thoughtless where the feelings of others are concerned," she said, turning away and blushing somewhat at my words.

"Maurice is not thoughtless," I replied, very quietly, but not with any great amount of amiable feeling; "he thinks it best to make me understand my position."

"You will make yourself one!" she said, quickly.

"I mean to, Miss Morgan!"

"And that will be much fuller of enjoyment than one which a man has had no struggle to gain."

She stopped talking, and sat absently flinging

the dead leaves scattered around, into the torrent. I knew well of what she was thinking—of that man to whose fate they were forcing her to link herself, and she shuddered and grew pale as the gloomy future presented itself.

When she saw that I was watching her, she recalled her thoughts with a pleasant smile of excuse; but I caught the echo of a heavy sigh, and knew that her young heart was troubled with thoughts beyond those which should have darkened her years.

"See those beautiful flowers," she said, pointing to a graceful cluster of Michaelmas daisies that drooped over the edge of the cliff. "Please gather me a bouquet."

I went away, and when I returned with the blossoms, she had conquered the unrest which had saddened her face.

"Thank you very much, they are so beautiful! Now I know whom I may thank for the flowers in my room. I wonder if your house-keeper could be so thoughtful and poetical?"

"Did you like them?"

"You do not think me such a Goth as to have done otherwise? My nerves are not at all like a fine lady's, and the odor of flowers is never overpowering to me."

I longed to say something supremely wild and ridiculous, which would have calmed the tumult in my heart; but it is only in novels, I believe, that young men are privileged to astonish stranger damsels by such romance, so I sat quietly down again and endeavored to talk with at least an appearance of calmness.

"It must be time to go back," Alice said, at last; "breakfast will be waiting, and mamma quite confident that some terrible accident has happened to me."

We went down the rocks, and took the path through the grove toward the house.

Maurice was standing at the window of the breakfast-room as we passed, and I knew by the expression of his face that he was furious at the sight of Alice walking quietly by my side.

"You are an early riser, Miss Alice," he said, meeting us in the hall, his displeasure betraying itself through his forced smile.

"I can't fancy any one sleeping late such a lovely morning," she replied.

"And you have been walking?"

"Oh! yes; see what beautiful flowers Mr. Chentry gave me."

"Oh! so you took the boy along for a cavalier—altogether it must have been very romantic."

"Is my mother down stairs?" Alice asked, so

haughtily that Maurice started as if she had struck him.

"She was not in the breakfast-room," he replied, and turned to me with an air of command. "Paul, look in the library—Mrs. Morgan may not know that breakfast is ready."

Alice looked at him with evident displeasure; and, for my own part, I was so furious that my first impulse was to knock him down.

Before any one could speak, Mrs. Morgan descended the stairs, and Alice hurried forward to aid her feeble steps, for she walked already like a sickly old woman.

With an oath, Maurice muttered, "I'll make you repent this insolence."

"Say another rude word to me," I replied, in the same tone, "and I will break this chair over your head."

He knew me well enough to know that once roused I hesitated at nothing, and, with another muttered curse from him, our pleasant colloquy ended.

"Mr. Chenery," called Alice—I hurried toward her. "Mamma knew your mother very

intimately—she says you must look upon her as an old friend."

I took the lady's thin hand, and my heart yearned toward her when I saw the tears in her eyes, and heard her murmur,

"He is very like Emily, very like!"

"So you can pet him to your heart's content," Alice said, laughingly, anxious to dissipate her mother's sad thoughts. "It is very nice to be as young as you and I are, Mr. Chenery."

We went into the breakfast-room, and Mr. Morgan received his wife with his usual dignity; while my uncle took immediate possession of Alice, first giving me a stern look which I perfectly understood.

Maurice soon recovered his good humor, and made himself, as he could do, really charming. It was no wonder that I sat disregarded. I saw Mrs. Morgan's timid eyes steal toward me once in the while with an expression of sympathy; but Alice never turned her head, appearing wholly engrossed in Maurice's conversation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCHOOL HOURS AND EXERCISE.

Mr. Edwin Chadwick, whose name is identified with so many important social reforms, has of late been prosecuting an educational inquiry of great interest. He was, as our readers may remember, appointed by the British Government a commissioner to inquire into the excessive labor of young persons in cotton factories. The results he obtained led him to propose measures, which were in part executed, by reducing the working time of children under thirteen years of age to six hours a day, and for ensuring their attendance at school the residue of the time, say three hours. The children under this provision are called "half timers;" and it turns out, according to Mr. Chadwick's investigation, that in well conducted schools their attainments are quite equal to those of the "full timers," who attend school six hours daily, while in aptitude for the application of their knowledge they are said to be superior. As they gain in bodily condition by the reduction of their physical labor, so they do in mental condition by the reduction of the time devoted to mental labor.

Mr. Chadwick made a close examination of the best of the long time schools for young children, and found upon the testimony of the most intelligent teachers, that they could not keep voluntary attention to study beyond two hours in the morning and one hour in the afternoon. By force, even, they cannot get more than an additional half-hour of real attention, and that half-hour proves in the end a mental mischief as well as a bodily injury. From these facts it would seem to follow, as he contends, that our school systems are a violation, in this respect, of the laws of physiology.

Boys are enabled to repair the injury of undue mental work, to a certain extent, by their athletic games. Not so with girls. In boarding schools they are fastened to their sedentary occupations often eight hours a day, with but light intervening relaxation or exercise. Mr. Chadwick finds that the daughters of mothers who have worked, but whose fathers have got on in the world and have sent these daughters to day or boarding-schools, and kept them from work, are shorter and generally of inferior strength to the working mothers; that the proportion of mothers of the well-to-do classes who can suckle their own children is diminishing; that among women who have one servant there are ailments which are unknown among women who have two servants, and get very bad indeed, and with new complications of hypochondria, among women who have three servants.

The remedies recommended by this gentleman are the reduction of the ordinary school hours by one-half, and the devotion of either to manual labor or gymnastics. But no form of exercise, he thinks, is equal to the naval and military drill. This he considers both in reference to the future personal welfare of the pupil and to the interests of the community.—Looking to the welfare of the pupil, he contends that the drill is good for the correction of congenital bodily defects, that it gives an early initiation to all that is implied in the term discipline, namely, duty, self-restraint, order, punctuality, obedience to command and patience; that it renders action prompt and easy, and adds to the efficiency and productive value of pupils in after life. Looking to the welfare of the nation, he maintains that the military and naval drill is more effectively and permanently taught in the juvenile than in the adolescent or adult stages of life, and that if made generally prevalent, it would accomplish eventually in a wider and better manner, the object sought to be obtained by volunteer military companies, which, by the interruption of the productive occupations, are highly expensive, and that the juvenile drill would produce an immensely stronger, and cheaper defensive force than is now produced by any means in use in any nation.—*N. Y. Post.*

SIR ROHAN'S GHOST.*

GHOSTS are things of the past. What does one, therefore, in a modern book? Especially in a book emanating from the intellectual centre of—New England. Ghosts belong to the Radcliffian era of novel making, and not to the year of grace 1860.

But is Sir Rohan's Ghost a real ghost?

Real enough; terribly, awfully real. Ghosts of the same genus, but of a feebler texture, keep company with many a man who walks the streets of our own metropolis—lays its icy fingers on the shoulders of white-haired merchants—makes confusion in the figures of cashiers, and errors in the briefs of lawyers—ascends the pulpit, and looking up from the eloquent page, threatens with a voice more terrible than Nathan's, saying, "thou art the man." In every heart which buries an unrepaired or an irreparable crime, there is hidden a similar ghost, which may at any time spring up into as tormenting and vengeful a Nemesis.

Sir Rohan's Ghost is the shadow of a great crime—the memory of a cruel deed—the avenging principle of justice, pursuing the wrongdoer through every phase of life, to life's end: a dark brooding shadow, persistent as his own, even more so, for it came where no light intervened, and where natural shadows could not fall; ever terrible, though in its uncertain, varying form, ranging from the fantastic to the horrible; and worst of all, assuming at times a pleasant and beguiling shape, only to turn to sharper misery at last. Sir Rohan's Ghost is a *very* real thing.

The external thread of circumstances upon which this romance is hung, is one, the separate strands of which might have been woven into a very ordinary novel. There is nothing very wonderful or unheard of in the mere incidents—the author's skill is shown in the *creation of the ghost as a personality*, and in the multiplied phases of its exhibition, as well as in the thoroughly artistic molding of the materials of the story. Enticing from her peasant's home a young girl, whom he takes to his castle in the north of England, and of whom he makes a wifeless lady for a few brief months—after which she *disappears*, Sir Rohan endeavors to escape from the memory of his crime by various devices.

In determined attempts to lay this ghost, Sir Rohan threw himself into the heat of foray and battle. Braver knight there was not in the kingdom; but he left the army, for the shape glided perpetually between his sword and his foe, charged breathless and with glistening eyes beside him, rode with the same glitter as earnestly in retreat, covered him with its oppressive vacancy when he fell, till sense ebbed away with his blood. Then Sir Rohan essayed oratory and statesmanship; but the shape, so distinct that it seemed as if others too must see it, swayed its long arm beside him as he spoke, and sobbed Ban-shee-like, with a rustling inspiration in his pauses. Sir Rohan

left the bench and bar. Dissipation opened its arms to receive him; midnight drawing-rooms were proud to hold him; gay dances wreathed themselves to his motions; rosy cheeks flushed at his approach. But a pale cheek was beside the rosy one, an airier form glided through the dancers and did not disturb the set; and, with the red wine before him, a long white finger plunged down the glass, and brought up the glittering trophy of a golden ring. Sir Rohan reformed. Yet, perhaps, in the dry recesses of old libraries he might be alone, and so he delved deep among dusty tomes, striving to bury his heart with the dust of ages that he found there; but another hand shifted the leaves as he read, and eyes devoid of speculation met his, as he unconsciously turned for sympathy in the pages. Sir Rohan left literature, etc.

So passes a score of years. But his Nemesis appears in a deadlier shape. Miriam, the ward and adopted daughter of his friend St. Denys comes to visit him; and the ghost-wearied man, weak with his daily, deadly struggle, with endless battles against the phantasy of his life, finds at last a brief, sweet dream of peace, in his love for this fair girl—the halcyon days had come at last to him, the ghost was visible now only at rare intervals. But a few weeks, and Sir Rohan's deserted halls were to be awakened by the unwonted revelries of a marriage feast. But the Ghost was reserving the deadliest blow for his happiest hour, the stunning intelligence was brought home to the proof that Miriam was his own daughter.

A dreadful noise was in his ears. Like a sword the Ghost struck in a blinding blade of light through his eyes. All the blood in his pulses sung across his brain and he fell prostrate at her feet.

"At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down, at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed there he fell down dead." Sir Rohan was dead of his Ghost.

Some of our eastern contemporaries, carried away by the force and power of this book, seem to have had visions themselves; one Boston eulogist remarks that "underneath its outer surface there lies a hidden and profound meaning for him [the reader] to bottom, and the revealed story bears no comparison to that which lies behind the veil. It is, in short, an allegory of art, and represents the transfiguration of painting by the glory of the Pre-Raphael sun-dawn. It is a prophesy as well as a symbolical history of painting. . . . It speaks of a new era of Art, represented by the *cereus*, of which Turner is the high priest."

We do not believe the beautiful description of the flowering *cereus* on pp. 308-9 represents any such thing; and if there was any such deep latent intention in the mind of the writer, it might as well not have been there, for it is certainly buried too far below the surface to be perceived by any ordinary ken. We attribute no such far-fetched symbolism to the author, whose real purpose appears to be twofold: first, to exhibit in its intensest and most dramatic form the power of conscience, on a mind which has discovered no heavenly

* SIR ROHAN'S GHOST. A Romance. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, Mass.

balsam for sin-stains ; and, secondly, to show the power of art to sooth, though it could not cure a mind diseased. In the course of this medicinal process there arises, however, frequent opportunities for the writer not only to show some technical knowledge of the painter's art, but also to indulge in artistic suggestions not unworthy the attention of amateurs—especially of the Pre-Raphaelite school. The description of the conservatory in chapters 6th and 18th are gorgeous paintings in their way. We will take a paragraph or two.

At one point long alleys lined with splendid shrubs formed in the sun arcades of diamond brightness, while halfway up their height hung narrow galleries, whose vines trailed over balustrades of gilded net-work. Where the crystal wall arched out in crescents, great cones of the dark shining leaves of orange, myrtle and camelia were massed against the fresh brilliancy of tamarinds and enormous ferns, whose intricate meshes glittered like cobwebs in morning dew ; while, again, the rich green of the maranta was thrown into deep shade by the startling light of a mimosa tossing from its rude trunk a spray of airy tremulous foliage and long wreaths of golden blossoms. Opposite these, an Indian coral tree loftily reared itself, clad in profuse scarlet flowers, and by its side the regal poinciana, still breathing of Madagascar and southern wealth, poised its clusters, crimson and magnificent, on large twin leaves all winged and nervous for flight ; while counteracting discord, over them and across, with snake-like coils, the tropical banhinia, clambered and hung its white festoons, elegant, unequal, countless. . . . Just above Mr. Redruth's head, hung in riotous profusion the luxuriant vines of a night-blooming cereus suspending its bursting buds. Already its dark brown sheathing parted ; already the great star within rivalled Hesper in yellow brightness ; already the long snowy petals, sailing calmly back, enhanced its glory, and the multitudinous silky stamens tumbled out in a cataract, on the wind of an untold sweetness ; opening wider every moment, and burdening the whole air with his imperial presence, while by slower culmination others followed in his train.

The characters in this romance are few, but each one is essential to the perfection of the plot. Not a paragraph, hardly a line but helps on the story ; scarcely anything could have been omitted without detriment, and little, indeed, could be added to help the total effect. We do not, however, quite like Miss Miriam ; she has no reverence, and a woman without veneration is destitute of one of the most essential and ennobling attributes of feminine nature. Miriam makes horrid puns, too, on serious subjects, which is ever an unbearable impertinence ; we cannot forgive her for making a jest of "God's acre ;" but aside from this fault, she is just the kind of creature we should expect from her history—a child of mixed parentage ; a peasant mother adopted into a titled family. Nature asserts itself through all the restraints of her social status. "She has learned," said her guardian, "little or nothing from books, nothing of use, yet adapted herself surprisingly to the languages of such countries as we lived in, and by a continual companionship with me, has learned orally what

all the types of Europe would have failed to impart." . . . "She lived in feeling, not thought, in the sensational, emotional ; nothing of the intellectual." Then, again, she cannot help for all her grace and general habits of dignity, from an occasionally impulsive fraternization with the lower [in the domestic scale] orders of womankind, and seizes with delight the rare chance which Sir Rohan's neglected house affords, of taking an impromptu brush with the maids. Conscious of her nameless origin, a less noble nature would have sought to conceal it by a rigid and unswerving observation of proprieties. Miriam will not have it forgotten. Minus the puns, she would have been as perfect a sketch as the coarse villain of the plot, Marc Arundle ; a lawyer with family expectations, and a tireless hunter of the heiress of St. Denys—Miss Miriam.

"You like the bar?" Sir Rohan asked.

"Why, no, not particularly. Though there's something like a zest to ferreting facts, especially when I have such a one as yourself in the witness box."

Sir Rohan was silent, but St. Denys said, "Ah, how's that? I scarcely understand."

"I mean a reticent fellow, who has plenty to say, but don't mean to speak, and behind whom there lies a most excellent case."

"And what case has Sir Rohan?"

"Oh, I referred to his reticence—not to anything else, I assure you. There are few of so blameless a past as his, to endure such a test," he replied, bowing to the one of whom he spoke ; and Sir Rohan bowed in return, though well knowing Marc Arundle never would have said it had he thought it true.

Mr. Arundle resumes. "I fancy a thoroughbred lawyer enjoys himself like a good setter—once on the scent, heaven and earth can't stop him."

And Marc Arundle was on the scent of the origin of Sir Rohan's Ghost. "By turns affable and sarcastic, he (Marc) mingled in the conversation, till obtaining its command, when he conducted it to elicit Sir Rohan's peculiarities, causing him to shrink nervously from the scalpel so suddenly busy about him." Of course Marc is the elucidator of Miriam's nativity.

The chapters respectively entitled, "The Wine Cellar," "Fanchon," "Mr. Redruth surrenders his Accounts," and "The Clang of Hoofs," are equal to any word painting of modern fiction. Mr. Redruth's death reminds us strongly of that of Judge Pyncheon in Hawthorne's House of the Seven Gables, and with fewer words suggests all which that elaborate picture portrays. Indeed, it is only with the works of Poe and Hawthorne that Sir Rohan's Ghost ought to be compared—to the latter of which it approximates most nearly ; for though it is not in the power of language to exceed in intensity of effect, certain tales of Edgar Allan Poe's, as for instance, his "Imp of the Perverse," "The Case of M. Valdemar," etc., yet his productions are all comparatively brief ; he gives us episodes of lives, but never a life—all is fragmentary with him. Poe never had patience

enough to write a book; his genius, burning when it was once kindled to a white heat, soon exhausted itself; while, on the contrary, Hawthorne occasionally impresses us with an idea of endless continuity, as in his descriptions of Clifford, while his culminations are not inferior to Poe's. The writer of *Sir Rohan's Ghost* exerts all the artistic combination of Poe, in merging every incident to the grand climax, with much of the power of Hawthorne in analyzing mental idiosyncrasies. We consider *Sir Rohan's Ghost* as an artistic effort second only to any book in American fictitious literature, and that one book is Hawthorne's "*Scarlet Letter*." The romance of *Sir Rohan's Ghost* is marred by a few faults inevitable in any writer who attempts to portray scenes and phases of society of which they have learned only through books—as for instance the *social impossibility* of a young lady in England, in Miss Miriam's position in life, really partaking of a house-cleaning *mêlée* in a gentleman's residence where she was a guest. And, then again, the putting of such an Americanism as "I'm all up a tree" into the mouth of an untravelled Englishman,—but these and such as these are minor faults, in no essential degree affecting the merit of the book.

And, with all the felt power, we need not hesitate to say genius, displayed in this romance, there is yet a certain lack of something, better felt than can be described; it is not an intellectual want, that is everywhere met, and you are satisfied that the author could deal with other themes as easily as she handles indifferently soul-psychology or the working of a mine; but there is in this book no geniality—neither Miriam's wretched puns nor St. Denys' more hearty sunshine, succeed in ameliorating the chilling atmosphere which the Ghost distills from her wings; nor do the rich imaginings of Miriam, while holding the priceless vintage of Tokay in her hands, beguile the reader into even the transitory hope that he has escaped the Ghost in the "Wine Cellar"—we know the Ghost will come in some shape, and we cannot enjoy ourselves even there. Perhaps the author meant we should never forget the Ghost any more than Sir Rohan could. If so, the purpose was more successful than healthful. Besides the lack of geniality there is an absence of all religious aspiration, and but slight suggestion of even a high morality. We do not, of course, want a sermon insinuated into a novel, but in a book of over three hundred pages—dealing, too, with a soul diseased,—we do not see hardly how the opportunity could have been altogether missed of indicating that there are better resources for sin-stained souls than the heat of battle-fields, the pursuit of pleasure, the delights of literature, or even the fascinations of art. Herein we find the "*Scarlet Letter*" the superior of "*Sir Rohan's Ghost*;" *that* torture "disciplined" one at least "to truth," but the sufferings of Sir Rohan effect nothing but his death, and incidentally some advance in his art. In the "*Scarlet Letter*" we

feel that there is but equal-handed justice in the torments of Arthur Dimmisdale—for was not his victim suffering year by year, day by day, hour by hour a torture which would have been equal to his, if the open can ever compare with the concealed? But for Sir Rohan, his betrayed was years ago sleeping the quiet sleep, while he, shaken forever over the hell of his own fears, seemed destined to suffer capital punishment without end or scarcely respite. We are glad to have known *Sir Rohan's Ghost*, as we should have liked to have looked once through the seven deepening circles of the Inferno, but we could no more make a friend of the book, despite its splendid passages, than we could take to our hearts the recent tenant of a charnel house. We are glad to know that there is a writer just standing on the threshold of authorship* possessing the power of creation, the grasp of thought, the compass of imagination sufficient to fill out the full measure of such a life as *Sir Rohan's*; we prize it for its artistic suggestions, its exquisite botanizing, for its landscapes, its sea views and its wonders under the earth, for the flavor of its sparkling wines and the precious odor of its fragrant plants—but not for the companionship of the commonplace St. Denys, the imperfect Miriam, the somewhat too poetical steward, the rascal Arundle, or—the Ghost. We are glad to have read this book—it is worth any one's reading—but we do not want another like it. We would rather see the talent of such a writer expended on characters whom it would be a pleasure for us to cherish as friends, or at least among whom we might select a friend—some one to whom we could go for strength and inspiration, and whose company would be a perpetual moral tonic, and whom we should always like to have about us—we do not want another *Ghost*.

E. V. S.

* The author of *Sir Rohan's Ghost* is a young lady—Miss Harriet Prescott, of Newburyport, Mass.

† Incorrectly printed in our last number, and, therefore, republished.

SPRING WINDS.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

(Continued from page 151.)

CHAPTER II.

Young trees root the faster for shaking.—BOGATZKY.

May 21st.

It is three weeks since we came to this queer old house; since *I began housekeeping*. I pretended to it all last winter, but I did not have the least management or control. Here I have to see to everything, and do a great deal myself; many things that I never tried before. It has been hard work; it is now, and particularly to-night, I feel so utterly discouraged. Laura, dear child, says it is because I am so tired out; that I shall feel brighter in the morning. She is the greatest help to me; just like a little old woman.

Well, we said good-by to Madison Avenue the 1st of May, the Bloodgoods taking the house and most of the furniture. It made Arthur very "hateful" from the moment he knew it was going to them; but I did not care, so long as it helped papa. That was all he had left, the house and furniture, after everything was settled up, and Mr. Bloodgood offered him \$21,000 as it stood. Papa says it cost him \$25,000, and that he has done very well with it; so we have just that to live on—twelve hundred dollars a year, I believe—and Arthur will have enough to help clothe himself, with the salary he is to get. Laura has her allowance, and is quite independent, with what Aunt Laura left her for her name. Papa says that many people would consider us quite rich; but, dear me! when I think that mamma used to spend half as much on her dress, it doesn't seem as if we could get along at all. I am to have an allowance for housekeeping; little enough it is, not as much as the butcher's bill used to be in Madison Avenue; but then there were two men and five women in the kitchen, and that makes a great difference. We have only Ellen here—she was our waiter in town, and I always liked her best of the whole of them. She says she learned about kitchen work helping the cook, and as soon as she heard we were going to the country she begged to come. She knows all about the country, and doesn't mind its being lonesome at all. Mrs. Gardnier said I never would get a girl to stay.

We have a vegetable garden, all gone to weeds, and a tumble-down stable, a front yard, with old-fashioned roses and lilac bushes, and great bunches of phlox and ragged robins growing here, there, and everywhere; it looked dismal enough all the while it rained so, ten whole days without the sun, and I never worked so hard in all my life, getting to rights.

We had furniture enough, that we had taken from—the Madison Avenue house—I was going to say from home. It looked scanty when it was all arranged, but papa said it must do for the present. Laura knows how to contrive chintz furniture, and is working away at a lounge and some boxes for the bedrooms—she calls them divans! She proposed that we should put some curtains up to the windows, to take off the dreadfully bare look; I have found a great bundle of the shabby ones Mrs. Bloodgood did not want, and we are going to look them over to-morrow.

O dear, how tired I am! I ache from head to foot; but I am just so tired every night, and I know I never should write any more in my journal if I did not make a beginning. It's the worry that tires me most; I am so afraid I am not going to make my market money last, and it is so dreadful to see Arthur so sullen and miserable. I can't talk to him; he hates business so, and hates the country, and he has to be so regular, too, to come out and go in, just such an hour. It is new to him, and chafes him, with not a soul that he knows out here, or would care about, if he did know them. The children are running perfectly wild. Lily has torn her nicest dresses to bits, and Morton is as dirty as a little pig from morning till night. They tire me; but I am rid of Marie, at all events. She was the trial of my life, and they really begin to mind me better since we have been here.

Papa is my great comfort; he never finds fault with anything, not even when Ellen smoked the beefsteak at dinner, and it was all the meat we had, or when Morton pulled over the inkstand on his desk. I almost hope he does not cough as much as he did; I don't believe he would if it ever should come out real dry and warm.

May 27th.

We finished putting up the curtains last night, and it has given the house quite a different look. We found three white muslin ones, and papa allowed me to match them, as near as I could, when I went in town with him on Friday. They used to be at the nursery windows, but we think them quite grand now in the parlors; then there was the blue and white dimity set, from the third story back room, and some old chintz ones that belonged in the nursery in winter. Some of them were stained, and one muslin one torn right across; they came out wrapped around the pictures—mamma's, and Lily's when she was a baby; but these windows were so much lower that we cut out the spots, and Laura pieced them very neatly. I should not have had the patience; and I don't believe I could have managed any how.

I find the sewing of the family is going to be the hardest thing of all. I never thought of that, till I found Lily had scarcely a decent dress left, and Sarah said those muslins and lawns were not fit for the country any how. I took prizes two years at Madame Arnaud's for fancy work, but I don't believe I could make Lily an apron even. Laura is so handy with her needle, and, what is more, with her scissors; she can cut and arrange work just like a seamstress; but grandmamma always taught her to cut and make her own clothes, she says. It seems to be that I know everything that is no manner of use, and nothing that helps me now. As for my piano, though I know papa could hardly afford to keep it, I have opened it only twice since I have been here.

Well, to go back to the curtains; Laura's upholstery was really quite wonderful; a little puckered and awry, some of it, but we managed to put the stretched sides next to the wall, and the lounge and boxes are great additions to the dining-rooms and the bedrooms. When we got the curtains up, papa came in and hung them for us; even he saw the difference, and praised it. I believe I never was more delighted, particularly as dinner was just ready, and Ellen had made a famous veal pie, with splendid gravy, papa said, and *my pudding* (tapioca flavored with bitter almonds) turned out beautiful. We had asparagus from the village, and a dessert of stewed pie plant. I don't think I ever enjoyed a dinner more; papa said *he* never did, and he ate more than I have seen him do for a long, long time.

Dr. Clarke has helped me to conquer my dislike to seeing after the cooking. He came

out here, a week ago, and stayed to tea; after tea, he came and sat down on the step of the porch by me, and told me how anxious he was about papa. He said that most physicians would say he had the consumption. It made me turn cold when he said so, everything starts me so now since mamma's death, and I have had this same dread about papa since last winter. Dr. Clarke says he hopes everything from a quiet mind, and the country air, and *good plain food*. He talked a great deal about that, and said it would be giving papa poison to set him down to a badly cooked dinner. So I began the very next day, and I make the dessert myself, and see that Ellen does not hurry things; that is her great fault; no wonder, where there is so much to do.

June 1st.

Sunday evening! It has been such a nice day, and I have been to church for the first time since we came out here. Papa never cared about church in town, he was always so tired Sunday mornings, and breakfast was late, and mamma took so long to dress. She did dress more elegantly than any lady in Calvary Church, I think. Papa used to laugh at her "Sunday finery," and tell her the very name of her church, "Calvary," ought to put all such things out of her mind; and he thought it was the wrong name for a fashionable church, any way.

When I asked him to go this morning, he looked quite surprised, and did not answer me; but when we were wiping the cups, he came in from the porch, and said: "Yes; Laura and I ought to go, and, as we were strangers, we could not go alone."

I must go back to the day after we first came here. I was feeling very disconsolate indeed, with everything to unpack, and the house looked so small and dark. I was standing by the window, looking out, much as Lily does when she gets those terribly sullen fits, when I saw the people driving by to the depot—we are very near it; that was one reason papa took the house, because he could walk to it; for we cannot even keep one poor old horse. We came over the night before in a wretched old hack, and just as I was thinking about it, a pair of coal black horses, with arching necks and flowing manes, came dashing along with a light open wagon, almost as handsome as a carriage, and such a nice-looking party in it, a gentleman and his sons, I should say; one about Arthur's age, and one older, and two school-boys, with a strap full of books—three seats

with the driver. A bitter, wrong feeling came over me; they seemed so happy and rich, dashing along, when poor papa and Arthur had trudged off on foot. I have noticed them very often; sometimes they drive in a *coupée*, much like ours in town, and ladies with them, always a large party, and so merry! I wondered so much who they were, till papa told me the gentleman's name, and when I tried to find out more about them from Arthur, he called them "snobs," and some other disagreeable name, and said they lived in that great brown house we can just see over the tops of the trees when we come from the depot.

Well, to-day the sexton was very civil to papa, and showed us into a nice pew, with carpets and cushions. When I looked around, who should be in the next pew but all the Waldron family. It was a great, square pew, as roomy as their carriage, and every seat full; it was just like a picture. Mrs. Waldron, I suppose it was, sat in one corner, and Mr. Waldron by the head of the pew, and a young lady, I should think about my own age, next to him; the two young men sat opposite, and all sorts and sizes of children between; they all seemed so amiable and pleasant. The young man, Arthur's age, found the places for his mother, and the other one handed papa a prayer-book; there was none in our pew, but Laura and I had ours. He is the plainest of the 'two, but he looked as if he was very honest and good. I hardly know how to describe it; I suppose I was looking at him very hard; I know I was, for I was thinking how unlike Arthur's behavior his was, and his eyes met mine; he did not stare rudely, but it was a friendly look. His eyes are just like his mother's. I saw her face, coming out of church; it is very sweet and kind, and so is his sister's. I am sure we should be friends, if only we were rich people, I mean; but of course we never shall know them, living in this plain—I was going to say mean way; it must seem mean to them, with their horses, and carriages, and servants.

But I never shall have another intimate friend. Virginia, and Cora, and Adelaide have behaved so unkindly! It was just like Cora, and Adelaide always follows her; but I did think so much of Virginia, and we had been so very intimate, and she had stayed at our house so often. I did not write it down, for it hurt me too much, last week. It was at Stewart's, when I was choosing those curtains, I saw her in the mirror; she was with Miss Jones, Miss Jones that is so fashionable, and she tried not

to see me; I know she did, for there was the mirror right before me. I could not have believed anything but my own eyes; and when I turned around as quick as lightning, for I was so angry, she blushed as guiltily as could be, and Miss Jones gave me such a distant bow, and moved along. I felt too angry at the time to know how much it hurt me; but I came home, and tore up all Virginia's letters, those last miserable little cold notes after papa failed, and all. I might have known from them that all she cared about was our house, and the way we lived. "Dear me, Augusta! is that you? Why, how are you, child? I must hurry after Miss Jones. *Au revoir!*" I can see her now, and Adelaide and Cora whispering together over the organdies. I would not see *them*, after that. I know very well they were talking about me. No, I can *never* trust any one else, or have an intimate friend!

June 4th.

Something so pleasant and surprising has happened. Just as we were sitting down to tea to-night, the black horses came dashing up, and stopped at our gate! I thought how mean the table looked, with only bread and butter, and no silver, and flew up and shut the dining-room door. For once Ellen heard the old knocker, and happened to have on her clean dress and apron before tea; she is generally too hard at work to dress. She showed the visitors into the parlor, and presently came back with their cards, Mr. and Miss Waldron, Mr. Charles Waldron, for all the family. Arthur growled out, "I'm not going in, for one;" but papa was quite decided, and said the young gentleman's call was meant for him, and he was to go to the parlor.

Mr. Waldron introduced his daughter, and papa me, while Arthur, who can be a gentleman when he likes, came forward in his best manner; I was quite proud of him. Mr. Waldron began talking to papa about Dr. Clarke, who is an old friend of his, and, after a while, they went out together to look at the weedy old garden, and Arthur talked "horse" to Mr. Charles Waldron, who is much handsomer than his brother, though I do not fancy him so much.

Miss Waldron is not pretty, but she is very nice, with such a gentle, homelike way, and she was dressed quite plainly, in a gray dress, with linen collar and sleeves, and a silk mantle, not at all a "reception toilet," which poor mamma always made so much of for first calls. She noticed the books and the engravings in a very pleasant way, and she likes some of

my favorites, which Virginia never did—"Amy Herbert," and "Cleve Hall," and "The Heir of Redcliff," for books, and the "Christus Consolator." Since mamma died, that has been my favorite engraving, and papa allowed me to have it in my own room; now it hangs between the windows in the parlor, opposite mamma's picture.

Miss Waldron has asked us all to tea on Friday evening—to-morrow evening. It is very informal, only a family party, or papa would not go. I shall be only too glad to see something else besides this house; I am tired enough of it, and Miss Waldron is so plain in her ways that I almost felt I could ask her to tea in our little sitting-room in return. Arthur is going; I am very glad of that. Mr. Charles is going to row him out upon the bay, and that is the inducement. As for dress, mourning is always the same, and I am always ready. Poormamma!

June 6th.

How kind they all were!

After papa had promised to go, and I was quite elated, it suddenly came across me that they lived so far off, and how dusty and dragged we should look if we walked. But Mr. Waldron sent the light wagon for us in the kindest way, quite early, for it is not dark now until almost eight, and their tea hour is seven. It seemed perfectly delightful to be dashing along in a carriage again; I don't think I ever enjoyed a ride more. The foliage is so exquisite, not dusty, as it is in Madison Avenue by this time, and the fences bright with blackberry vines, and elder flowers and wild roses. Laura knows every wild flower, and bush, and vine, I believe. She was to come, too, Miss Waldron particularly said; though I told her Laura was only fifteen, and of course not "out."

There is a beautiful avenue of elms and maples leading to the house from the main road, and the house is not high or grand as it looks from the road, only built on high ground. It is very odd, with wings and additions "just as the family grew," Mr. Waldron says. There is a great hall through the centre of the house, with book-cases and pictures—no regular library, but a very cosy reading-room—on the dining-room side.

We did not go into the large parlors before tea, for Miss Waldron met us at the door, and took Laura and I up stairs to the sweetest little room, furnished with cottage furniture, white and gilt—her own room has a blue set—and we sat there quite a while, till Mrs. Waldron came out of an opposite door, looking so fresh

and sweet in a clean lawn dress and white cap, and came to be introduced to us. She kissed us both. I can't tell how it touched me; not the kiss Mrs. Gardnier always gives, or Madame Arnaud's, such a cold, matter-of-course touch of the lips, but she put her arm quite close around my neck, and said: "I am glad to see you here, my dear child."

I like Angélé Waldron, and her father, and all of them; but I like Mrs. Waldron best. I had a long, lovely talk with her after tea. The young gentlemen went out rowing with Arthur, for it was almost as bright as day, after the moon rose. Miss Waldron brought her crocheting to learn a new stitch of Laura, who understands all those things, and they went into the sitting-room, where there was a stronger light; the only one in the parlor, the drawing-room I mean now, was inclosed in a shade of lovely transparencies, as soft as the moonlight. Such a sweet, sweet summer evening it was! so still that the breath of the roses and honeysuckles made the air almost too heavy with perfume. There were cut flowers in the room, for they have a green-house; but Mrs. Waldron astonished me by saying that her sons and Angélé took care of those beautiful borders themselves; and she thought that Laura and I could make a great deal out of the front garden if we chose. She knows the house very well. The clergyman used to live there before the parsonage was built; and he was very fond of flowers, and planted the roses and many other things I do not know the names of, that are almost eaten up with weeds. That was after papa and Mr. Waldron went into the dining-room, so that we were quite alone.

I told her that, even if we knew how, we never should find time; and then, I'm sure I don't know how it came about, I poured out all my troubles to her, even to the sewing, and how I struck Lily, only that morning when she and Morton were quarreling in such a hateful way, and answered me back. I am sure I did not mean to, and if any one had told me that I *could* have talked so to a person who was almost an entire stranger, I would not have believed it. But she seemed to understand it all, every bother and worry that I have, and she helped me so much! She did not seem shocked when I told her how I had slapped Lily; but said, what I know is true, that I never could expect them to mind me when I allowed them to see me angry, and that it would be a good help to self-discipline. She says every mother who tries faithfully to do her duty learns self-control that way; and that these

worries—all the worries in life that we have not brought on ourselves by wrong-doing—are just so many helps sent by God to make us gentle, and patient, and strong. I seemed to see it all in quite a new light. I told her *how much I wanted* to do right, how hard I tried, and it seemed the more I tried the worse I grew; and about reading those books of mamma's, and how hard it was to fix my mind on them, or understand them.

She smiled so pleasantly, and said: "Milk for babes, but you have begun on strong meat." Then she asked me if I had ever tried reading the Bible for myself. I felt quite proud to be able to say I had read it all through in one year—three chapters a day, and five on Sunday; as mamma said she did when she was young; but I had to confess that I did not understand the Bible either; it was all so misty and confused. She explained that so nicely—she asked me if I supposed even Herschel or Lord Ross understood all the sky at a glance, and had known the stars by name, and had been able to arrange them in their constellations. "It is all misty and confused, the sky is now to you, my dear." I told her that I knew nothing of astronomy; but to them the whole host of heaven is marshalled into order and beauty; and so it was with the Bible, a perfect plan, all order and harmony, only waiting diligent study to comprehend it, and make it a daily joy to us, "If we have the Shepherd's Glass of Faith," she said; and I knew what she meant, for I remembered the picture in mamma's elegant copy of "Pilgrim's Progress."

When I told her so, she advised me to read the whole book, as one of the best helps I could have, and she gave me another, "The Words of Jesus," and asked me if I would not try and read them for myself in the New Testament, little by little, asking God always to help me understand what I read. She did not seem to think much of reading the whole Bible in a year. And when we were through our talk—not through, for I could have stayed by her all the evening; but we heard the rest coming in—she kissed me again, on my forehead, as I sat by her on a low ottoman, and said, "God bless you, and help you." It was almost like mamma; only mamma never talked of *such* things in that plain, simple way; but it was affectionate like her, and I was glad the light was so dim when Laura and the gentlemen came in. I feel so encouraged, and so much happier, I believe I shall never get into that miserable, fretful way again.

All wrong again! Oh, it is so hard to find myself break down when I am trying my best!

I was up *very* early to-day, by half past six; Laura and I had agreed we would be, and begin to work in the garden. It was very hard work to get up, and I felt as if I had made a monstrous step in self-denial. Just as we were ready to go down, the children woke, and insisted on being dressed. I dress Lily, and Laura Morton; and they set up such a scream when I told them to wait, and go back to bed again until it was time! I hate the business, at best; it is a regular drag to have to wash that child's face and hands six times a day, and I can't make her hair curl as Marie did, try all I can. She is always a perfect fright. I do not believe I love children as some people do, who say it is only a pleasure to take care of them.

I went out feeling very cross, and began cutting and pulling up the weeds, hacking away with a kitchen knife. The dirt flew up into my eyes, and over my clean white stockings and petticoat, and the earth worms crawled out and made me sick; but it was very fascinating, after a little while, and the tougher the roots were, the more determined I was to have them. I knew it was getting late, but I had made up my mind to go from the snow-ball to the white rose bush, and I worked away till the breakfast bell rung. Then I was such a figure! my shoes wet through—they were my dressing slippers—the front of my petticoat soiled, my hands muddy, and my hair all over my eyes. I hurried into the house, for there was Lily in her night-gown yet, calling out of the chamber window, and found the dining-room just as I left it last night (it was my place to put it in order), the dust an inch thick on the mantle. I flew out at Ellen for ringing the bell without calling me first, and then at Arthur, who asked me if I was going into the market garden line, and, I am sorry to write it, boxed Lily's ears, because she would not hold still and be dressed, so that she ran screaming and complaining to papa, who spoke to me quite sharply, and said he had noticed I was very unkind and overbearing to the children. It seemed too hard; with all I do for them, working from morning till night, going to bed so tired that I don't know how to get up, sometimes. I felt the most frightfully angry feeling towards him, it really did frighten me, for I never felt so before; but I said I wished I was dead, and out of everybody's way! and got up and went to

my own room without pouring papa's coffee, and stayed there until he was gone to town, without wishing him good-by. But I have suffered enough for it. What if any accident should happen to the train, and I should never see him alive again! It almost makes me wild!

Then, too, Laura is very trying at times. She is industrious and orderly, and not impulsive; she never "flies out," but she is provokingly self-willed and obstinate. Her way is always better than mine; she never will give up at all, because she is the youngest. She finds fault because I leave things around, and slops in the basin when I dress; but I have always been accustomed to a chambermaid, and it is very hard to learn to wait on myself and other people too, at the same time. She has no care either; papa does not look to her for any thing, and the care is the hardest part of all.

I read the Testament as I promised Mrs. Waldron, four or five verses every day, but so far it does not do me a bit of good. I know the whole story, and it does not seem at all different; I wish it was all made up of rules, as the Old Testament is, part of it, and told me "you must do this, and you must *not* do that," so I should know all about it.

Mr. Ralph Waldron is religious. It seemed so strange in such a young man, but he stayed to the communion service Sunday before last, and looked surprised when papa rose to go out, and we all followed him. I am so glad we have that nice pew next to theirs; it was the only one to let, except near the door, and I was delighted when papa told us it was ours. Somehow I feel as if I had known the Waldrons all my life, they are such friendly people; and though I never can be intimate with any one again, I like to talk to Angelé almost as well as her mother. She brought some sewing, and sat with me Tuesday afternoon, and Mr. Ralph came for her, and brought us some beautiful flowers. He reads German, and thinks it such a pity that I should give that and my music up. I really enjoyed playing that dear old *Marche Funèbre* for him last night, for there are so many people who do not enter into it. He likes Chopin's music, and I have played over several of my old pieces this afternoon, to freshen them up a little. I believe it was the music that first took away this heavy pain from my heart; it has been a real pain, every time I have thought of papa to-day.

June 17th.

I am glad now that papa was so displeased

with me the other night when he came home, though it almost killed me then. I had been so restless and anxious about him all day, and so thankful to see him come home. I flew over the stairs, and said, "O dear papa, I am so glad you are safe home." I almost forgot that I was so greatly in fault, until he said, "Any one would think that you loved me, Augusta, if they did not know better." So cold and hard. His eyes looked so, too. I turned away without a single word, but I felt as if I was choking to death. When I do love him so! and try so hard to please him and make him happy. He never will know half how hard I try; nobody but God does! How hard it has been for me to learn to work, and go without things, and manage so as to make him comfortable!

I bolted the door and threw myself down by the bed, for I was so wretched that I could think of nothing but praying, just as it was when mamma died. I cried out just like a little child! "O God, please show me the right way!" Only that, but I said it over and over again, sobbing as if my heart would break, for I felt if papa began to be displeased with me, I might as well give up trying to do any thing. After a while I grew quieter, and went to the window, and leaned my head against it; and in the window-sill my Bible was lying. I remembered that I had not read my verses, so I turned to the place, and thought I could do that at all events. It was the last part of a chapter, about hiding things from the wise and prudent. So I read till I came to this—

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Certainly this was meant for me; for was I not struggling along, laboring, and heavy laden! How I longed for rest! how I have longed for it the past weary months, ever since my care came. How was I to find it? I read it over and over again, just as I had prayed, until I saw that it was by coming to Jesus to help us be like Him, that it meant that He was meek and lowly, and we must be so too.

I did ask Him to help me, the first time I had ever thought of Him as being able to, and then I thought, how can I begin? It seemed right for me to go to papa and tell him I had done wrong, hard as it was, and ask him to forgive me, because that was being "meek and lowly." He was talking with Arthur, and Laura sat in the room sewing. It made it very hard, particu-

larly as Laura had heard what papa said, and looked up at me in a very provoking way when I came in. But I went straight up to the table and said, "Papa, I was very rude and impertinent this morning. Will you please forgive me, and I will try and not offend you again."

I could not help my lips quivering, for all I tried to be so brave, and I know papa must have felt that I was really sorry, for he drew me down and kissed me without another word. I don't think any caress he ever gave me went to my heart so, and all the dreary feelings melted away. Laura went out of the room, and Arthur was much pleasanter than he had been for a long time, and did not make a single disagreeable remark. Lily was in trouble about something, and came in crying after a little while, so I proposed putting her to bed myself, though Ellen has always seen to them at night.

She seemed glad to go, for she was very tired and heated; I sponged off her little hot face, and neck, and arms, and she looked up so gratefully and gave me a loving kiss, quite of her own accord. Then I took her in my lap, and told her a little story, and after she had said her prayers, and her dear little head nestled into the pillow, she made me stoop down to give me "a great hug," and said, "I do love you ever and ever so much."

I have not felt so light-hearted in a long, long time, or so happy, as I did then, and have ever since. It woke with me to-day, instead of that miserable, tired feeling. I don't know why, but I keep thinking of Christian when he came to the cross that stood in the way, and the three shining ones met him. I almost feel as if I could "give three leaps for joy," as he did.

(Conclusion next month.)

From *The Cornhill Magazine*.

STUDENT LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

I FEAR that this paper will sadly resemble the well-known chapter on the snakes of Iceland. There are no snakes in that ill-at-ease island, and there is little student life in Scotland. It may smack of the Emerald phraseology of our Irish friends to say, that in a country abounding in students, and not backward in study, there is little student life; but that is because, in common parlance, life is used to signify one of the forms of life—society. It shows clearly enough how thoughts run, when the name of student life is not given to the solitary turning of pages and wasting of midnight oil—to the mastering of Greek particles and the working of the differential calculus, but to the amusements of young men when they have thrown aside their books, to the alliances which they form, to the conversations they start, to their hunting, to their boating, to their fencing, to their drinking, to their love-making,—in a word, to their social ways. Read any account of student life in England, in Ireland, or in Germany, and tell me whether the studies of the young fellows are not the least part of what is regarded in a university education. It is very sad to hear of a pluck; and a novelist is a cruel-hearted wretch who will introduce that incident, after showing us to our content how debts should be incurred, how foxes are run down, how wine-parties are conducted, how Julia loses her heart, and how the proctor loses his temper; but it is only in this way—it is only by introducing the academical guillotine upon the stage, that we discover the university, as it appears in a novel, to be the sacred haunts of the muses. Shall we go to Germany? It is not the subjective and the objective—it is not the identity of the identical and the non-identical—it is not lexicons and commentaries that we hear of. The song of the Burschen is in our ears; we move in a world that is made up of but two elements—beer and smoke; duels are fought for our edification; riots are raised for the express purpose of amusing us; the girl at the beerhouse is of more account than Herr Professor; and, on the whole, it seems as if the university were a glorious institution, to teach young men the true art of merrymaking. Nor are the novelists altogether wrong in declaring that these doings are a fair sample of university life. What is it that draws men to the university? The chance of a fellowship, and the other prizes of a successful university career, will no doubt attract some men; but we know that independently of prizes and honors, a university education has a very high value in this country. And why? Is it because of the knowledge of books ac-

quired? Is it because a young man cannot coach for his degree in Manchester, or in the Isle of Wight, or in the Isle of Dogs, as well as in Oxford or Cambridge? Is there no balm save in Gilead? Are mathematics confined to the reeds of Cam, and classics to the willows of Isis? May we not read but in Balliol or Trinity? Doubtless, the education provided in these ancient seminaries is of the very highest quality; but learning may be obtained elsewhere than at college. For that matter, indeed, most men are self-educated. What they acquire from a teacher is as nothing to what they acquire from their own researches. What a university or a great public school gives, that cannot be obtained elsewhere, is society—the society of equal minds. A boy taken from under the parental wing, is sent to school and thrown upon his own resources. He can no longer sing out when he is worsted—"I'll tell mamma;" he has to hold his own in a little world that is made up entirely of boys; he must learn independence; he must fight his way; he must study the arts of society before he has well laid aside his petticoats. So at college—it is in the clash of wit and the pulling of rival oars, it is in the public life and the social habit, it is in the free-and-easy measuring of man with man, that the chief value of a residence in the university lies. The system, no doubt, has its drawbacks. We must take the bad with the good; and no man who has had experience of it will deny that almost nothing in after life can make up for the want of that early discipline, which is to be obtained only in the rough usage of a school and the wild play of a university. Society, in these haunts, may exist chiefly in its barbaric elements, but they are elements that bring out the man; and the great glory of our universities is not so much that they make us scholars (though they have this also to boast of), as that they make us men.

To Englishmen these are truisms, but in Scotland they are scarcely recognized even as truths. A great deal of nonsense has been talked on both sides of the Tweed about the defects of the Scottish universities. It has been said that they do not turn out scholars. One might as well blame the university of Oxford for not turning out mathematicians. Prominence is given in every university to certain branches of learning; and in Scotland there has always been a greater admiration of thinkers than either of scholars or mathematicians. We all value most what we ourselves have learned; but where no line of study is absolutely neglected, probably it does not much matter which one receives the most attention. We are apt to overrate the importance of the thing acquired, and to underrate

the most important point of all—the mental discipline. The real defect of the Scottish universities is that they have no student life. They have an immense number of students, and nowhere is the higher sort of education more valued; but just in proportion as it has been valued and rendered accessible to all classes, no matter how poor, it has lost its finer qualities—it has lost—and especially in the greater universities—the student life. Suppose a young man at Islington, another at St. John's Wood, a third at Bayswater, a fourth in Piccadilly, and a fifth at Brixton, studying at University College: what sort of feeling exists among them? what are the ties that bind them together? what society do they form? what student life can they enjoy? All the better for their studies, the genius of grinding and cramming will say; and it may be so; but the loosening of the social ties among students may also be an irreparable injury to qualities that are even more important than a thirst for knowledge. The college in Gower Street is in this respect a type of the Scottish university system. The students attend lectures every day in a certain venerable building, but they live in their own homes; they live where they choose; it may be several miles away from the college. Nobody knows in what strange, out-of-the-way places some of them build their nests. One poor fellow who makes a very decent appearance in the class lives in a garret raised thirteen stories over the Cowgate, while the man who sits next to him comes out clean cut, and beautifully polished every day from a palace in the West End. When the lecture is over all these students disperse, and they have no more cohesion than the congregation of a favorite preacher after the sermon is finished. They go off into back streets, and into queer alleys; they are lost round the corner; they go a little way into the country; they rush to the seaside; they burst into pieces like a shell. Nor is it very long since this unsocial system superseded the old plan of living together and dining at a common table. Perhaps Lord Campbell could give a very pretty picture of college life in his days, when at the university of St. Andrew's the students dined in common hall. He was a fellow-student of Dr. Chalmers, and only a few years ago Tom Chalmers' room within St. Salvator's College was shown to visitors, while the janitor, with a peculiar chuckle, described the wild pranks in which the youthful divine employed his leisure moments, to the terror of the townspeople.

This state of things, although so recent, is almost forgotten in Scotland. There is no such thing as opposition between town and gown. In Edinburgh, indeed, there is no gown—no badge of studentship whatever.

Worse than this, the student, after he has gone through his academical course, has nothing further to do with the university. Why should he take a degree? It is a bootless honor. It gives him no privileges. A.M. after a man's name on a title-page may look very pretty, but who is going to write books? "Not I," says the student; "and why should I run the chance of a pluck, besides going to the expense of the fees, when the certainty of success can bring me no advantage?" Thus the bond between the student and the university, has been weakened to the utmost. What else are we to expect, when a great university, with all its venerable associations, is planned on the model of a day-school? In Scotland all schools are day-schools, from the very highest to the very lowest. The parental and domestic influence is esteemed so much, that no boy is allowed to escape from it, and the young man is kept under it as long as possible. The boy who is at school all day returns home in the evening to be kissed by his mamma and to be questioned by his papa. The student who has all the morning been dissecting dead bodies or devouring dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris, returns to dine with his sisters and to kneel down at evening prayer with his gray-haired sire. The system has its advantages (filial reverence, for example, being much stronger in Scotland than it is in England, just as in England it is much stronger than in America, where early independence is the ideal of life)—but the advantages are purchased at the cost of the student life, and ultimately at the cost of the university. Alas! for the university which does not make its students feel that they are sons, which does not nurse the corporate feeling, which loses its hold on the students after they have gone into the world! It is mainly through neglect of this kind that the Scottish universities have drooped in public esteem. The education afforded is not poor, and the examinations are not easy, as some imagine, going quite off the scent, in their endeavor to account for such a falling off. The real reason is, that men leaving the university are cut adrift; they are not associated with it in any way; they forget it; they are in no way called upon to support it. Not so in England. In Pall Mall we have two clubs, which clearly enough illustrate the abiding influence of Oxford and Cambridge upon their graduates, an influence that re-

* There are about one thousand five hundred students at the Edinburgh University; of these only about eleven take the Bachelor's degree every year, about nine take the Master's degree, and about sixty are capped as medical doctors. It is expected, however, that the new regulations will increase the number of graduates.

acts upon the universities, building up and continually enhancing the reputation of Alma Mater. A Scottish university club in Pall Mall would be almost an impossibility, and the reputation of Alma Mater languishes because she sends forth into the world no bands of men who cherish her memory, and by right of living membership have a vested interest in her good name.

Lord Stanhope tells a story of a Scotchman who, in the good old days of gambling and hard drinking, was heard to say,—“I tell you what, sir, I just think that conversation is the bane of society.” The story is intended as a commentary on the supposed jollity of wine-bibbing. It shows how little the social arts were understood by the honest gentleman who spoke it. Perhaps, even in the present day, the arts of society are not much better understood. With all their warmth of heart, Scotchmen have an astonishing reserve, which, if not fatal, is at least injurious to society. They pride themselves on their firmness in friendship; and, it is wonderful to see how they stick to each other. But has not this tenacity its weak side as well as its strong? Is not the adhesion to old alliances accompanied with disinclination or inability to form new ones? And is not this a social defect? The Germans and the French speak of Englishmen as reserved, but the Scotch are worse than the English—they are the most reserved people in Europe. And this brings me to the point at which I have been driving. The most reserved people in Europe, the people that of all others require most to cultivate the social habit are singular in refusing to give their youth the opportunity of learning the arts of society. The student life is as much as possible repressed, in order that the family life may be sustained. The family is a very noble institution—but it is not every thing, and certainly it is not society. The young man longs to leave his home and to be his own master in a little world peopled only with young men like himself. Even the small boy who has but newly attained the honor of breeches-pockets, longs to be free; he runs up to another boy, as dogs run to nose each other; he sneers at “these girls,” as he calls his sisters; he will quit father, mother, and all for the dear delights of school. In a country where the puritan feeling predominates, it is feared that these social instincts may lead to harm; and for the better preservation of his morals the youth is not allowed that free mingling with his fellows, and with them alone, which he most ardently desires. He is systematically taught to be chary of his companions, whether at school or college. There are men sitting daily on the same benches who would not think of

speaking to each other without a formal introduction. And I suppose it is owing to these social distances by which they are separated that they *Mister* each other as they do. A little urchin of fifteen is called *Mr. Milligan*; and when Jack wants Sandy to lend him a penknife, he says, “Will you lend me your knife, *Mr. Ramsay*?” Sandy replying, “There it is, *Mr. Frazer*; but I have blunted it with cutting a portrait of the professor on the desk, which the old boy has painted with a solution of sand for the express purpose of blunting knives and discouraging art.” To hear young men who are in the wood-carving stage of existence, some of them mere boys, addressing each other in this formal way, reminds one strangely of Sir Harry and My Lord Duke in the servants’ hall.

Which is cause and which effect? Is it from natural reserve and deficient sociability that the Scotch came to undervalue the student life and to abolish it? or is it the want of the student life and school life, such as it exists in England, that has produced reserve? There is something in both views; but if we are looking for causes, there are others that could be given for the decay of student life. One of these I have already indicated in speaking of the puritanic distrust of society, or, as it is called, “the world.” A worthy elder of the Kirk has got a son, who is the greatest little rascal of his age, the admiration of the parish dogs, the terror of the parish cats, curiously acquainted with the nature of the fruit in all the gardens and orchards around, impudent as a monkey, and idle as a fly, but who, in consequence of sundry floggings, carries himself so demurely in the presence of his fond parent, that he is supposed to be a chosen vessel—not far from the kingdom of heaven—a child of grace. The pious Mr. Alister Macalister feels that in sending forth his gracious young sinner into a mixed society of boys at a public school, or young men at college—he is sending his precious one into a den of thieves who will rob him of his innocence, is ushering him into the world and the things of the world, is imperilling his immortal interests. And while the puritanic tendencies of the Scotch have gone thus far to undermine the student life by degrading it in public esteem, another influence, even more important, has been at work in the same direction—poverty. Nowhere, I have said, has a good education been so highly prized as in Scotland; but in the attempt to place a good education within reach of every man, however poor, it has been necessary to cheapen it. The cheapness of it has not lowered the character of the education as far as mere learning goes, but has effectually stript it of the social life

which ought to accompany it. "*Tenui musam meditatur avena*," the Scottish student may say with Jeffrey and Sydney Smith. But if it is possible to cultivate letters on a little oatmeal, it is not possible to cultivate society on such attenuated resources. Society, even when it is laid out on the most thrifty principles, costs a good deal more than some men can afford. How would it be possible for the poor fellow who hopes to get through his terms for £30 a year to dine at the same table with the student who could afford four or five times the sum? The college year generally consists of about five months, and I have known men cover all the expenses of this period with £22. It is true that this was in St. Andrew's, where a hundred fresh herrings used to go for sixpence, and a splendid dinner of fish might be purchased for a penny; but if it is remembered that the sum I have mentioned covered the fees for the various classes, amounting to about £10, and that it was upon the balance of £12 that the student continued to subsist for these dreary five months, the feat will appear sufficiently marvellous. It is the students who live in this sort of way that are the most interesting characters in the Scottish universities, and it is their necessities that have gone to extinguish the student life. This will be evident if we consider their position a little minutely.

I suppose that fully one-third of the Scottish students are steeped in poverty. The struggle of some of these men upwards, in the face of terrific odds, is almost sublime. When we look at the struggle in cold blood, we say that it is a mistake, that these men ought never to have dreamt of the university, that theirs is a false ambition, and that it would have been better if they had never left the plough or the smithy, if they had gone into the grocery line, or had taken kindly to confectionery. But has not every form of ambition its weak side?—and are we to stop sympathizing in a man's honest endeavors when we discover that he might be doing much better in a different fashion? Are we not to admire the man wrestling with the waves, because he has no business to be in the water? One of the twenty-two pounders I have mentioned was a very humble individual; but he fought like a hero, and his life was a constant marvel. He was so poor, indeed, that before one came near the question—How on earth does this man keep soul and body together, besides paying his college fees, with so small a sum?—the previous question presented itself as even more difficult—Where did he get his £22? He had been a carpenter; he had curtailed his hours in order to devote them to study;

he got the cast-off clothes of the parish minister, and somebody else made him the present of an old gown, St. Andrew's delighting in red gowns. At the commencement of his first session, several small exhibitions, or, as they are called, bursaries, the value of each being only £10, were to be competed for, and he had the skill to obtain one. It was a little fortune to him—an annuity of £10 for four years to come. When we saw his name on the list of winners, he made such queer faces to conceal his emotions that all eyes were turned upon him, and it was ever afterwards a joke against him. For the remaining £12 he managed in this way: He worked four hours a day in a carpenter's shop, at 3*d.* an hour, and thus earned from £6 to £7 during his residence at the university, to which he was able to add £5 from previous savings. He got friends to lend him books; and I have an idea that he earned something on Sundays by acting as precentor in one of the city churches. I happened to call upon him one day. It was his dinner hour, and his landlady came in to him with something on an old black rusty tray. "Not just yet, Mrs. Todd," he said, in great embarrassment, and that lady forthwith departed. "Don't go away," he then said to me; "now, don't; my dinner is never done enough, and, if you stay a little, I'll get it properly done to-day." I left him three minutes afterwards, and outside his door there was his dinner getting cold—a herring and three potatoes. He lived in a box of a room, his bed being in one corner of it; and this accommodation he shared with another man, who worked even harder than he. This man earned a few shillings by teaching. He went out to assist boys in learning their lessons for the following day at school; and the price which he and all such teachers charged was half-a-guinea a month for an hour every night. As the pay was at the rate of about 6*d.* an hour, it would seem that the teacher had an advantage over our friend the carpenter; but it must be remembered that the pay of the latter was obtained by physical labor,—therefore, by a healthy relief from mental toil,—while that of the former was earned by the continued and unhealthy strain of the mind. In Edinburgh there are men who work at bookbinding or printing, who make pills and potions in druggists' shops, who are copying-clerks in lawyers' offices, who report for the newspapers, who keep the butlerman's books,—in order to maintain themselves at college.

Men in these narrow circumstances go naturally in pairs—divide the same potato, and share the same bed. They unite without ever having previously known each other, and, for the sake of a small saving,

are chained together while the session lasts. In the desperate struggle of existence and pinch of poverty, these necessitated marriages are often embittered with rivalry and hatred. There are cases in which a nail has been driven into the middle of the chimney-piece, a string tied to it, drawn across the room, and attached to the middle of the opposite wall, so as to divide the chamber into two equal parts. "This is my territory—that shall be yours. *Nemo me impune lacessit*—that's what I say." "And I say, *Noli me tangere*—that's all." The fellows sit on opposite sides of their diminutive fire, "glowering" at each other over their books—the one smoking and the other snuffing the strongest tobacco procurable, to keep their hunger down while forcing the brain through the weary night-watches. The professors make a point of inviting them to breakfast or supper as often as they can, and give them a great feed. It is their only chance of a hearty meal during the whole of the session. And yet, in spite of all they have to contend with, they make a very creditable appearance in the class, even by the side of men who have been well coached the night before by competent tutors. The odds, however, are dead against them, and they suffer for it in the end. They have very seldom been regularly educated, and when they go to college they devote much of that energy which ought to be given to their studies to earning their daily bread by teaching or by manual labor. Overworked and underfed, many of them go home, at the end of the session, shadows of their former selves, and death written in their faces—almost all of them have made acquaintance with disease. The number of men at the Scottish universities who run the course of Henry Kirke White is prodigious. Friends write their biographies; their college essays and school poems are published; their fellow-students are told to beware, and everybody takes an interest in their fate, about which a certain air of romance hangs. Year after year, however, one hears of so many cases that, at last, one becomes callous and feels inclined to ask—Why did not this young Kirke White remain in the butcher's shop? It would have been better for him to have slaughtered oxen, sold mutton-chops, and ridden the little pony all his life, giving such leisure as he could really afford to books, than die in the vain endeavor to take the position of a gentleman and a clergyman. Most of these men, if they survive their period of study, go into the church, and the result is that the Scottish clergy are notorious for their ill health. How can it be otherwise? The fearful struggle which they have to maintain at college has to be kept up for

eight long years before a license to preach the gospel can be obtained. Eight years of the university is an exorbitant demand, and it would be impossible to satisfy it, save, in the first place, by cheapening the course of study as much as possible, and secondly, by permitting the students to enter at a comparatively early age. The average age of students in Scotland is not less than in England; but if in the one country the ordinary course of study is extended over four years, while in the other it is limited to three, the freshmen must evidently in the former be a year younger than in the latter, in order to be of the same age at the time of graduating. If after graduating, another four years must be devoted to the Divinity Hall before one can have the chance of a living, it is clear that the student destined for the church must begin his studies even earlier. He must, therefore, at the most critical period of his life, when most he requires physical strength, enter upon his suicidal course, and keep it up without intermission for eight long years. His only relief occurs in the vacation which, fortunately for him, lasts seven months. Then he recruits a little, while the student who went up to college better prepared both by previous education, and with the means of living, chafes at the delay, and longs for the introduction of a system, which, by the expedient of a summer session, would reduce the compulsory period of study, as in the English universities to three years.

The effect of these arrangements on the student life may easily be conceived. A society formed on these conditions must evidently be a very mixed society; therefore, a society extremely suspicious of its members; therefore, also a society which has little cohesion and tends to destroy itself. What becomes of student life, where so many men must toil like slaves to keep the wolf from the door—must sit up half the night poring over their books, and plunging their heads every hour into cold water to keep away sleep? These give the tone to the university till it is no longer regarded as the centre of certain social influences, and becomes a mere mill for grinding gerunds and chopping logic. It is because Englishmen have criticised chiefly the art of gerund-grinding and the method of logic-chopping pursued in the Scotch universities, that hitherto their criticisms have fallen flat. It is not so much the educational as the social element of the universities that is at fault. To all the statistics of competitive examinations, and to all the sneers about their having produced no great scholar, the Scotch have a ready answer. It is thought more than scholarship; it is the power of reasoning, more than that of acquiring facts, that the Scottish univer-

sities foster ; and English candidates , passing before Scotch examiners , would be as certainly floored as Scottish candidates now are before English examiners . This is what the Scotch reply to an attack upon their educational system ; but they will confess at once the social deficiencies of their universities . It is a bad system , defensible only by disparaging the importance of the student life and overlooking the advantages of society .

Bad though the system be , it has its compensations . Among these may be reckoned the fact that a university education is within reach of all classes , and covers a much larger area of the population in Scotland than it does in England . This is the poor man's view of the case . Those who are in good circumstances think little of such an advantage . They are more impressed with the disadvantages of making a university education too cheap . They are alarmed , in the first place , by the influx of the humbler classes , which of itself must tend to lower the tone of society , and to disintegrate the student life . Then it appears that in order to favor these humbler classes , the time given in each year to the university is shortened as much as possible , and the curriculum of study is unnaturally lengthened . From this it follows , that if a house were started in Edinburgh , attached to the university , on the model of one of the English colleges , for the benefit of those students who can afford it , the scheme would be unprofitable . The house would be vacant seven months of the year , and would have to be maintained for the twelve months on the proceeds of the five during which the yearly session lasts . The thing would be impossible unless such an extravagant rate were charged for these five months as would effectually deter the undergraduates from residence . This is the rich man's view of the case ; and admitting it fully , there is still this to be said , that if the Scottish universities are too cheap , the English universities are too dear . If Scottish students do not get much congenial society , it is possible for almost any man to be a student . Whether a university is intended for the peasantry I do not pretend to say ; but at all events , there is the fact which may be taken for whatever it is worth , that a Scottish university education is open to the peasant not less than to the peer , and that both peasant and peer take advantage of it . The benefits of a good education thus penetrate to a much lower class in Scotland than in England . There is not a small tradesman , or farmer , or gamekeeper in Scotland who , if his son displays any symptoms of " book-learning , " does not think of the university as the proper field for the lad , and does not look forward to the day when he shall call his

son " Doctor , " or see him in a pulpit thumping the gospel out of the Bible .

It is another redeeming point of the system , that it does not crush the individuality of the student by too much contact with his fellows ; only , as this advantage is so negative that it might be still better secured by not going to the university at all , it would be absurd to make too much of it . Rather let us dwell on whatever social good is to be found in the system . When one thousand five hundred young men are congregated together with a common object , they will break up into knots and clusters , and form themselves as they can into something that may pass for society , although it more strongly resembles the town life of young men than what is understood by student life . It is less as students than as young men with time upon their hands , with no prospect of chapel in the morning , and with no fear of being shut out at night , that these herd together : and if I were to describe their doings it would be the description of what youths generally are who live in lodgings by themselves—with this only difference , that the talk would be rather argumentative and the anecdotes rather erudite . A certain amount of social intercourse is organized in this way for those who wish it or can afford it ; but that species of society which we call public life is scarcely possible save in the debating clubs . These are legion . There are speculative societies , and diagnostic societies , and critical societies , and dialectic societies , and historical societies ; and if with these I class innumerable missionary societies and prayer unions , it is because they are all more or less calculated for rhetorical display . It is in these associations , to which a student may belong or not just as he pleases , that the public life and the best student life of the Scottish universities are to be found . The society meets weekly , fortnightly , or monthly , as the case may be . An essay is read by some one appointed to do so , and the members of the society criticise it freely . Or a debate is started , the two men who are to lead in the affirmative and the negative having previously been named ; the members take part in it as they please ; the speaker who commenced has the right of reply ; the chairman sums up , and the question is put to the vote . Any one who consults a certain quarto volume in the British Museum , devoted to the transactions of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh , will find it recorded , that on the evening on which Lord Lansdowne , then Lord Henry Petty , attained to the dignity of honorary membership , the youthful debaters decreed , by a majority of eleven over eight , that suicide is not justifiable ! This was in 1708 , when

Brougham, Jeffrey, and Walter Scott, were among the leading members; and one would like to have some statistics of the eight who voted suicide to be justifiable. The archbishop of Dublin, some years ago, wrote a letter to W. Cooke Taylor, in which he criticised very severely the habits of such societies, condemning them in the most emphatic manner, as fostering an absurd spirit of pride and dogmatism in youthful minds. If his views are sound, and if that vote of the Speculative Society may be taken as a specimen of the rest, then it must be confessed that the Scottish students are in a very bad way, for they work in these societies more perhaps than the students of any other country. Through the want of society they form societies, and sedulously set themselves to cultivate the great social faculties of speaking and writing. Perhaps Dr. Whately overrates the amount of dogmatism and precipitancy which come of these youthful debates, while he most certainly undervalues the mental stimulus and the advantage of early training in the art of expression. His remarks, moreover, had no special reference to Scotland; and even he would probably admit, that considering the unsatisfied craving of the Scottish undergraduate for student life, these debating societies render an important service which may well cover a multitude of faults.

In the educational system itself, however, there will be found compensations for the defects of the social system. Here I refer to the study of the human mind, which is pursued with great ardor in the Scottish universities. It is supposed in England, that Scotch students are fed on metaphysics, and the mistake receives a color from the fact that there are so many professors of metaphysics. The title is a misnomer. The whole of Scotch philosophy is a protest against metaphysics as an impossible, or at least a useless, study. What a professor, in the chair of metaphysics, teaches, is simply psychology—that is to say, the natural history of the human mind, the delineation of human character. All the processes of thought, all the motives to action are examined in turn. Ideas are traced to their origin, feelings are carefully scrutinized, words are weighed, character is dissected, and in its theory the whole of human life and of the human heart is laid bare to the student. Call this philosophy, if you please—just as a discussion on guano is called the philosophy of manure—but what is it in reality? It is generalized biography. It is a means of supplying in theory what the Scottish students have, at their time of life, few opportunities of acquiring in practice—a knowledge of men. Not enjoying the social

advantages of English students, they have, as a compensation, educational advantages which are not to be found in the English universities. It is useless to inquire which is better—a knowledge of men obtained in the contact of society, or a knowledge of men obtained in the scientific analysis of the class-room. Neither the one nor the other is complete in itself; but the great advantage of studying character systematically in early life is this—that it is putting a key into a young man's hand by which afterwards, when he mixes with men, he will more easily understand them, and unlock the secrets of their hearts. Without that key, he will long knock about amongst his fellows, mistaking motives, misinterpreting acts, confounding affections, and failing to form a correct estimate of the persons he meets—until, at last, after much experience and many errors, he learns to hit the mark without knowing how he does it. The study of the human mind, as pursued in the Scottish universities, has such an effect, that in after life it is an object of incessant interest to all Scotchmen. The average Scotchman will give a shrewder guess than the average Englishman as to a man's character, and a better description of it. He has studied the anatomy of character so minutely that he delights in portraiture and excels in biography. The proper study of mankind is man—everybody admits. Whether the best way of prosecuting that study is in reading through the classics, and piling up algebraic formulas, I do not know; but, at all events, the Scottish universities have something to say for themselves, not if they neglect the classics and the mathematics, but if they simply elevate above these branches of knowledge a direct acquaintance with the mysteries of human nature, in thought and in feeling, in expression and in act. Apart from all comparison between English and Scottish university life, the psychology and moral philosophy of the north are at least worthy of the highest praise, as an antidote and recompense for the evil that is felt in the absence of student life.

Yet another compensation for the defects of the social system will be found in the professorial method of teaching, when it is conducted with spirit. The common idea of a professor is, that of a man wearing a gown, and reading dull lectures every day for an hour to students, some of whom are taking notes, while the rest are dozing. Professor Blackie, Professor Aytoun, Professor Ferrier, and the late Sir William Hamilton would give to any one entering their class-rooms a very different idea of what a professor ought to be. Sir William Hamilton's class was perhaps the most marvellously conducted

class in any university. About one hundred and fifty students were ranged on seats before the professor, who lectured three days in the week, and on two days held a sort of open conference with his pupils, which was conducted in this wise:—Sir William dipped his hand into an urn and took out a letter of the alphabet—say M. Any student whose name began with M was then at liberty to stand up and comment on the professor's lectures—attack them—illustrate them—report them—say almost any thing, however far-fetched, which had any relation to them. A couple of Macs get up at once. The first merely raises a laugh by topping one of his William's philosophical anecdotes with another which he fancies to be still better. The second gets up, and has a regular tussle with his master about the action of the mind in sleep, and in a state of semi-consciousness. It is all over in five minutes, the student at length sitting down in a state of profuse perspiration, highly complimented by Sir William for his ingenuity, and feeling that he has done a plucky thing which thoroughly deserves the cheers of one hundred and forty-nine fellow-students. These exhibitions are quite voluntary, and it appears that among the M's there is no more heart to get up and speak. The letter C is therefore next taken out of the urn, but the C's give no response to the call. The next letter that turns up is R, and hereupon Mr. Rowan, who has been sidgeling from the commencement of the hour, rises up to give a quotation from Bishop Berkeley, illustrating a passage in one of Sir William's lectures. The sly fellow fancies that he has detected the professor in a plagiarism, but quotes the passage ostensibly as confirming the lecture. When he has sat down, Sir W. Hamilton, who sees distinctly through the youngster's game, directs his attention to a dozen passages in a dozen different authors, where he will find statements to the same effect, which he might equally have quoted. So the hour passes, each letter of the alphabet being presented in turn, and all the students who desire it, having a chance of speaking. Sometimes the exercise was varied by essays being read, or by Sir William Hamilton suddenly propounding a difficult question as to the use of a term—say the term dialectic, among the Platonists,—or as to some definition of Aristotle's in the Posterior Analytics. Anybody might answer that knew. No written account was taken of these answers and other displays, but gradually a public opinion was formed as to the best man in the class, and at the end of the sessions the honors went by vote, the professor voting in perfect equality with his students, and almost always finding that

the general voice coincided with his own opinions as to the order in which the ten best men should stand. The system perfectly succeeded. Never was there a class in which so much enthusiasm manifested itself. An immense interest was excited in the lectures, but the chief thing to be observed here is, that by turning his class two days a week into a sort of authoritative debating club, he established a public life, which, if it is not society, is at least the scaffolding of society. So it is more or less in all the classes that are conducted with spirit. It was not so much felt in the class-room of Professor Wilson, who kept all the talk to himself; and surely, it was quite enough to hear such a man discourse on human life in his own way. What Christopher North knew of human nature he told to his pupils in the most glowing terms; but literally the students sat down before him day after day without knowing each other's names, and without having an idea as to the amount of work performed by each in prospect of a place in the class list. He was a splendid lecturer—but he was only a lecturer; and lecturing is little more than half the work of a professorship. To succeed in that work requires peculiar tact and knowledge of men who are in what Mr. Disraeli has described as the "curly" period of life. Very soon "the curled darlings of our nation" find out the weak places of the professor. He may implore silence, but the more noise prevails. If he threatens, revenge follows the next day, for suddenly and unaccountably half the students in the class turn lame, and hobble into the lecture-room leaning on bludgeons, with which, knocked against the seats, they interrupt the speaker until his voice is drowned in the uproar. One poor old professor (who, by the way, lived in continual terror of a very painful disease) had so completely lost the control of his students, that he had to sit before them in mute despair, and had the pleasure of hearing one of them invite him by his Christian name, "Sandy," to lay himself upon the table, in order that he—the curled darling—might attempt a little lithotomy. Generally, however, these uproars are got up good-humoredly to bring out the professor, who perfectly understands what the students want. They are tired of the hypothesis, the sine and the cosine, and they want a little fun. There never was a better hand at this sort of work than the late Dr. Thomas Gillespie, a brother-in-law of Lord Campbell. He was not only professor of Latin, but a devotee of the fishing-rod, a poet of much pathos, a minister of much eloquence, and a talker boiling over with jest and anecdote. He would lay down his Horace, which he knew by heart, and joke with

the students till the tears rolled down their cheeks. Regularly every year he told the same pet anecdotes, and they knew what was coming; but his manner was always irresistible. One of his anecdotes was about a dial. He had a dial in his garden which required mending. He got a mason to do the job, and the bill of charge ran as follows: "For mending the deil—1s." The old fellow enjoyed it more and more every time he told the story, and after five minutes of this kind of play he would return to his Latin saphics, and stand over the stream of poetry with all the patient gravity of an angler.

How long the present system will last, nobody knows. The Scotch are not satisfied with their universities, but scarcely know what it is that is in fault. In the view of some, their chief fault is, that they are not faulty enough; and in this view it is supposed that if there were less of study and more of scandal in them, they would be greatly improved. That is an ugly way of stating the case, which we desire to avoid, though probably it means nothing more than this—that scandal is one of the necessary evils of society, and that it would be well if there were more of society in the Scottish universities, even at the expense of occasional excesses. It is boasted that the Scot-

tish students are very good—almost irreproachable in their lives. This may be only seeming, and if they led a more public life perhaps their good conduct would be more frequently called in question. But granting that such praise is thoroughly deserved, is it not possible that it may signify the stagnation of life even more than a victory over Apollyon? Heaven forbid that we in Cornhill should glorify wild-oats! they are an unprofitable kind of grain, which are not admitted into our granary. Strange to say, however, people don't dislike to see a little innocent crop of wild-oats sown by young men, as showing that the social life is fully enjoyed; and it is worth considering whether the Scottish students might not do well if in this sense they found a new reading in the motto suggested by Sydney Smith,—"*Tenui musam meditamur arund.*" With Lord Brougham and Mr. Gladstone at the head of the University of Edinburgh, it is hoped that a good deal may be compassed in the way of University Reform. It ought to be remembered, however, that the arts of reading and lecturing, cramming and examining, are not the only things to be comprised in a University Reform: but that the art of living requires just as much regulation as the art of learning.

to see some of my relatives in Canada, and as it was not exactly convenient to take you with me, you had concluded that it would save expense, and give you pleasure, to spend the time in the country teaching. Isn't that an 'o'er true tale' all the way through!"

"Oh! I am delighted, uncle; I know I shall enjoy it. When must I commence?" asked Bertha.

"About the first of May," was the reply. "When we start for Canada, you can go with us as far as B—, which is fifteen miles from Cloverdale, to which your aunt and myself will accompany you, and see you comfortably settled, before proceeding on our journey."

The showery, sunny month of April was drawing to a close, when the handsome city residence was darkened and closed, most of the servants temporarily provided with places elsewhere, and the little family set forth on their journey, accompanied by only one servant as waiting maid to Mrs. Graham. One hundred miles of travel brought them to B—, where they spent one night. The next morning was warm and pleasant, and Mr. Graham procured an unostentatious carriage, and his wife donned her plainest traveling dress, and prepared to accompany her niece to Cloverdale. The ride was delightful to all; the country was picturesque, the dwellings comfortable and neat, and the lowing herds, the men plowing in the fields, all indicated industry and independence of want, and was entirely new in most of its details to the city ladies.

The little party reached Mrs. Lacy's just before dinner time. Her house was quite large, painted white, and over the trellised portico and windows were trained climbing roses, which were then just beginning to unfold their fragrant buds. A dozen or more household plants were standing on the steps of the portico, drinking in new life, after their winter confinement, from the balmy air. They were welcomed by Mrs. Lacy with true country cordiality. She seemed about forty years of age, fleshy and talkative, and seemed perfectly enchanted with Bertha; and before she had been there two hours, our heroine felt that all who loved her would not leave her when her uncle and aunt drove away. A plentiful and excellent dinner was soon served, after which Mrs. Graham desired to be shown the room her niece was to occupy. The widow complied, and led the way up stairs and ushered them into a square large room, with three white curtained windows, which were also shaded by locust and other trees. A gaily striped rag carpet was on the floor; a white draped bed stood in the farther corner, inviting to the weary by its luxurious appearance of comfort. Then there was a washstand and a toilet table, with its old fashioned mirror, a bureau and a-half dozen cane seat chairs, besides a little cushioned rocking chair. It was a neat, cheerful, cozy room, and Mrs. Lacy was evidently satisfied by Bertha's appreciative smile as she surveyed it.

"Well, Bertha, this seems like poor accommodations for you, doesn't it?" said Mrs. Graham, when Mrs. Lacy had gone down stairs.

"No, indeed! dear aunt" replied Bertha warmly. "I think this is a very pleasant room—much better than I expected; it will be so cool and shaded in hot weather, I think I shall have a delightful time."

"I hope you will, I am sure," returned Mrs. Graham, with a sigh, "but I am afraid you will repent your decision. I wish you would only let me leave Flora here to wait on you; I should be better satisfied."

"I assure you, I do not need her, Aunt Ellen," said Bertha, laughing over the ridiculous idea of a district school teacher having a servant to attend upon her. "The little exercise of caring for myself will improve my health: so indulge in no fears on my account."

Mrs. Graham led the way down stairs, and soon after Mr. Graham and herself took an affectionate farewell of their niece, enjoining the best of care of her upon Mrs. Lacy, who promised to fulfill every requisition.

For a moment, as she watched them drive away, and caught the last flutter of her aunt's handkerchief, did Bertha experience a pang of

homesickness. But Mrs. Lacy's watchful eye had detected it, and she drew her away from the window, and began an animated series of inquiries respecting the antecedent and present history and circumstances of our friends, which required all Bertha's tact to answer in accordance with truth and policy; but she did it, and the conversation diverted her from gloomy thoughts.

A couple of days had been spent in making her preparation and in unpacking, and, when she was lonesome, in taking lessons of her hostess in many of the little arts of country housekeeping. And on Monday morning she wended her way to the schoolhouse. It was a small but convenient building, with neatly painted seats and desks, and a table, which she presumed was for her use, already decked with a few spring flowers. Two little girls about the age of ten were the only scholars who had yet arrived, for it was quite early. When Bertha entered, both were engaged in dusting the desks so busily, that neither saw their new teacher, until she addressed them a pleasant "Good morning, children."

Both looked up, nodded, and shyly returned the salutation, while their observing eyes rested with admiration upon the lovely and graceful lady who was to preside for a time over their intellectual attainments. She soon arranged her books, laid aside bonnet and shawl, and then called the children to her.

"What are your names, girls?" she asked.

"Kate and Lily Hill," replied one of them. "Lily is my cousin, but she lives with us; her mother and father are both dead."

"Poor Lily!" said Bertha tenderly. "I know how to pity the orphan, for my parents also died when I was a baby."

The little girl stole a glance of sympathy from the corners of her blue eyes, and placed her little brown hand upon her teacher's white fingers; she instinctively felt that there would be no repulsion from that quarter, and she was not mistaken, for she was drawn closely to Bertha's side, with gentle words of endearment, which won her childish, trusting heart entirely.

She was a very pretty child, with large, lustrous eyes, and curling brown hair, cut short to her neck. Her cousin was also very attractive, and both very much interested our heroine, who sat talking, with an arm around each, when merry shouts and approaching footsteps told her that more of her scholars were arriving: and soon they burst into the room, checking their noisy mirth suddenly when they perceived "the new teacher," who had arisen to receive them, and returned each bashful greeting with a cordial smile. In a few moments all was quiet, and the regular business of school commenced, the details of which it is unnecessary to relate, inasmuch as there occurred nothing out of the usual routine. Bertha was weary, but perfectly satisfied with the result of her first day of teaching; and could she have listened to half the encomiums passed upon her with childish enthusiasm by her pupils to their friends at home, it would have made her, if possible, more happy.

Never had her luxurious *boudoir* in her uncle's splendid mansion seemed half so inviting as did the rag carpeted, cleanly swept room at Mrs. Lacy's; and with a new feeling of ease and content, she seated herself in the low rocking-chair to rest.

Soon there was a tap at the door, and Mrs. Lacy's motherly form appeared in response to her cheerful "Come in."

"My dear child, how tired you look!" was her exclamation. "You must be careful and not work too hard this summer. I thought I would just step up here a moment, to ask how you got along?"

"O, finely, thank you, Mrs. Lacy. I never saw a more interesting collection of children—so bright, pretty and affectionate. And while I think of it, Mrs. Lacy, will you tell me the history of that sweet little orphan, Lily Hill?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the PRAIRIE FARMER.
SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY:
OR WHAT A CITY LASSIE DID.

BY MARIE ESTEILE.

AND so it was settled. Bertha's dress-maker was surprised at the number of gingham and calico dresses for which she received orders, and vainly conjectured what so fashionable a lady as Miss Holmes would want with such a quantity of common clothes, while she received not a single order for such dresses as a stylish young lady would be supposed to need in a summer tour to the watering places.

With her own hands, Bertha folded and laid away all the rich robes and costly laces, such as she would have no need for in her sojourn in the more primitive country. Her jewels were placed in the bank for safe-keeping, save a very few, aside from her watch, which she might have occasion to wear in the event of some extra gathering.

"Well, Bertie, I have found you a situation as teacher," was the welcome intelligence brought by her uncle on his return from a little business trip into the country. "It is in one of the pleasantest parts of the State, and I never saw a more interesting set of people. So hospitable, so simple, and yet intelligent, I fear there will not be much chance for the exercise of your missionary proclivities. But, never mind, it will be much more congenial. I have secured you a boarding place with a widow lady, a Mrs. Lacy, who lives but an eight of a mile from the schoolhouse, just a pleasant walk. She is a very agreeable woman, and told me she should be glad of your society. I told her that we lived in C—, but as I wanted

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to aid in dissipating that very unbecoming gloom which rests upon your face this morning."

"Oh, aunt Ellen, you do not comprehend my meaning at all; I am not finding fault with my circumstances; I could not be so ungrateful as to do that. But there is one thing that I do want, very, very much."

"Well, what is it my dear? Tell me directly, and if possible, you shall be gratified."

"I want the opportunity of being useful," replied Bertha, earnestly.

"Being useful!" exclaimed her aunt, whom we will call Mrs. Graham.

"Being useful!" she repeated. "Bertha, I am surprised at you this morning. That is an exceedingly plebeian idea for a belle and an heiress, it seems to me. There is no need for your seeking distant or obtrusive sources, for the gratification of your whim—if you are not jesting. You can be—you are—perfectly invaluable to your uncle and myself. Your presence spreads a charm over the whole house, and you have a thousand ways for amusing your uncle and returning his doating love; and to me, as companion and assistant, in thousand little matters—why, your usefulness is beyond all question."

Bertha laughed a little, over her aunt's earnestness, and when that lady had concluded, she sat erect, and playing with the tassels of her morning wrapper, in a slightly nervous manner, she said—

"Aunt Ellen, forgive me; but nothing that you have named, costs me the least sacrifice; there is never a pin's weight cast into the balance against my most frivolous inclination, in favor of either, or any, of those duties. Now, dear auntie, though I do not pretend that it will be any great proof of devotion to the cause of humanity; yet, I have a plan, for spending the summer, which, I think, would accord with all my ideas of romance and utility, and I hope, O! so very much, that you will give it your sanction. It is this: Should you go to Canada, as you now intend, why not allow me—instead of visiting Saratoga and Newport, with the Brown's—to go out into some retired country place, and—and—teach a summer school."

"Teach a summer school! Bertha Holmes, are you beside yourself? I am sure if this is a specimen of the ideas drilled into you by Miss Evans, at Rocky Falls, I shall regret, forever, having placed you under her care. Why, you have scarcely made your *debut* into society, and have not had time, for its pleasures to pall upon your mind, and yet you wish to shut yourself out from them all, in some country village! My consent, indeed! No, Bertha, in this instance I can not grant it."

But our heroine did not seem the least alarmed for the safety of her scheme, and half smiled, as she arose and walked slowly up and down: she knew too well her own powers of persuasion, and her own self-will—spoiled child as she was, and had always been. So she calmly awaited the storm of outraged pride, and false gentility had spent itself in ejaculations of surprise and disfavor, and then she nestled down again by the side of her aunt, taking her hand in her own affectionately.

"Now, aunt Ellen, you *must* give your consent, you know, for I would not think of going without it; and yet I must go, because there are many lessons to be learned only under such circumstances."

"But how it will look," returned her aunt, "for so wealthy a girl to be teaching a district school in the country; and how our aristocratic friends will talk."

Oh! as to that," said Bertha, "they need not know anything about it. They may think that you have concluded to have me accompany you on your tour; though I would not be ashamed to have them know the truth. And about my riches, I wish to rid myself of their burden, and no person, in the place where I am, shall suspect that I am anything else but plain Bertha Holmes, a poor girl, who needs every cent of her earnings. I don't suppose I shall be half as handsome, or half as popular, without the gilding of a fortune," and she turned a half mocking glance at the mirror, that revealed her graceful form.

"Yes, it will be very humiliating," said Mrs. Graham, with a sigh, "and very inconvenient too, I am afraid."

"Oh well," returned her niece, gaily, "I think it will not be unbearable. And when I get tired of being humble and insignificant, I shall know where to turn for homage and flattery," and unconsciously her eye fell upon a collection of buff and pink, gilt-edged and perfumed notes lying before her upon her toilet table. Mrs. Graham's eye followed her glance.

"What a quantity of *billet doux*, my dear! How can you leave such devoted admirers in the lurch?"

"Devoted! Yes they are, to my fortune, I suppose. I believe I dispise every one of them. I never have seen a man that realized my ideal yet."

"Nor need you expect to, my Bertie," said her aunt. "No woman ever does. One reason is, because the ideal of a young girl is very exalted, and often very inconsistent; and another reason is, that habit and education, or natural deficiency, spoil the most of men, though there are some exceptions. I was fortunate enough to secure one of them, when I married your uncle."

"Well," said Bertha, decidedly, "if I shouldn't chance to find a nearer approach to what I conceive to be a true gentleman, by nature and education, than any in my present circle of acquaintances, I shall live and die an old maid, which I don't think would be a very hard fate either. But about my pet scheme. May I carry it out?"

"I am sure I don't know what your uncle will say, but so far as I am concerned, I suppose you know that you are at liberty to follow the bent of any reasonable inclination. I am sadly disappointed though, I must confess, for I had made calculations on seeing my Bertie the reigning belle of every watering place."

"Many thanks for your permission, aunt Ellen," said Bertha, kissing her. "I'll try and not disappoint you so severely again. Now if I can only manage uncle, I shall be happy."

That evening Bertha exerted herself particularly to establish and maintain perfect satisfaction in her uncle's mind, with regard to herself. And after ten, as he sat before the grate in dressing gown and slippers, enjoying the business man's hour of rest; after Bertha had sung his favorite song, and read to him the news of the day; and while she stood at the back of his chair passing her soothing fingers over his care-corrugated brow, and through his thin hair, once black, now intermingled with the silvery tracings of time and thought; then she ventured to broach the subject, which had so entirely taken possession of her romantic imagination.

After the first start and glance of surprise, Mr. Graham heard her through, without comment or interruption of any kind, and with a half smile playing beneath his moustache, much in the same manner that he would have listened to an amusing story, which somewhat taxed his credulity. But when Bertha ended in her appeal for his permission, then followed a spicy debate, in which much more was said, pro and con, than had passed between our heroine and her aunt in the morning; but when argument failed persuasion was used, and finally Mr. Graham said:

"Well, Bertie, though this is a most unprecedented channel for romance to seek, yet, if you are really in earnest"—Bertha's eyes sought his with grave confirmation—"I think I will let you learn this lesson; but I attribute your desire to enter upon such a life, to sheer ignorance of the many trials, to pride, patience, and independence, attendant upon it; aside from taxing severely the physical constitution, for there will be disagreeable weather, noisy children, and on your part weariness, headaches, and a longing for the cares and attentions to which you have always been accustomed."

"I have considered all that uncle, long ago, and think I am equal to the self-assumed task. I will try and remember, that there are thousands of young girls, not half as strong naturally, upon whom rests the obligation of labor."

Mr. Graham mused awhile, and Bertha watched his face in quiet expectation. At length he looked up with a teasing smile.

Written for the PRAIRIE FARMER

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY; OR WHAT A CITY LASSIE DID

BY MARIE ESTELLE

Bertha Holmes sat at her window, overlooking one of the principle streets in the city of C—, apparently watching the gay tide of human life that ebbed and flowed beneath it: but the dreamy, abstracted look, in her dark eyes; the sad earnestness stamped upon every fair feature, revealed the fact, that something *more* than idle curiosity was engrossing her thoughts.

The door opened, and a middle aged lady entered the room, who, upon perceiving the deep reverie, of its occupant—stole softly to the back of her chair, evidently meditating a surprise; but, at that moment, the young girl looked up, and the lady noticed the traces of tears, beneath the drooping lashes.

"Now, Bertha, what is the matter? What has given you the blues on such a bright morning as this?"

"Nothing, dear aunt, I am not sad. Here, sit down in my chair if you have nothing else requiring your attentions for a few moments, and I will tell you what I was thinking about when you came in," and Bertha drew an ottoman to the side of her companion, and seating herself upon it, rested her head upon the lady's knee.

"Aunt Ellen," she began, "You know something of Miss Evans, and how peculiar she is, in her views on various matters, particularly the best methods of being truly useful, and securing real happiness: and, since I have been under her teachings at Rocky Falls Seminary, I must confess, that her eloquence has changed radically, my own ideas on the same subjects."

"Well, Bertha, what is coming now?" interrupted her aunt, in a tone of slight dissatisfaction. "You surely do not find anything, wanting to your happiness? How can you, in such circumstances as those which surround you. Beautiful and talented, wealthy enough now, and prospective heiress of an uncle—who loves with all a parent's fondness, the orphan child of his only sister—with never a reasonable wish or taste, ungratified, how can you consistently complain? I am not enumerating all this to flatter you, but

"Bertie, I have one idea that haunts me persistently, and is very unwelcome. I am afraid you will see perfection in some country clod hopper, and in return for the privilege, dispose of that silly little heart of yours."

Bertha laughed at first over the idea, then suddenly grew very grave.

"Do not fear dear uncle. I love the country, and I do think its denizens have more in their surroundings, that would tend to cultivate the finer emotions of the soul, than any other class of people, but, those I have met with, never seemed to appreciate their lot, and were always repining and longing for what was beyond their reach. They walk among the beauties of nature, blind and deaf, with none but the coarser attributes of their natures developed. I intend to be a kind of missionary to such folks, if I am permitted," added Bertha, with a blush at her egotism. Her uncle called her "presuming" and "ambitious," but told her finally, that her scheme was honorable, and gave an unqualified assent to it.

Bertha was in ecstasies, and lavished thanks and caresses in great profusion upon him.

"Never mind the thanks, dear, I consider it a very equivocal favor indeed. Now good night, Bertie, darling."

"Good night, uncle; what delightful dreams I shall have to-night;" and Bertha retired to her chamber, and to waking dreams, which in their bright confusion banished sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SUSAN LESLIE.

BY REV. H. P. ANDREWS.

SKETCH NUMBER I.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

ABOUT three miles from the village of C. was another village, consisting of a small collection of miserable-looking houses, which told all too plainly their own sad tale of poverty and sorrow. Formerly there had been a small factory here, and it was at this time that the village grew up. But the factory had long since been burned down, and the industrious inhabitants who then occupied the dwellings had moved away, making room for the poor, degraded, indolent class now found here.

A small, low one-story store, which had once been painted red, stood near the center of the village. One-half was scantily filled with third-rate English goods; the other with a more generous supply of West India goods and groceries, among which were conspicuously placed barrels of rum, gin, and brandy. Around this store, at almost all hours of the day, were gathered ragged, miserable-looking men and boys; and on Saturday evenings an extra hand was employed by the store-keeper, whose special business it was to fill the many jugs and smaller bottles of the poor wretches who came for their Sunday's supply of the destructive poison.

Little potato-patches were scattered here and there with their contents still unharvested, though the chilly winds of autumn had begun to blow; stunted fields of yet more stunted corn were still standing; half-starved cows were picking around old logs and under old fences; and old, dilapidated barns shook in the wind with their scanty contents of miserable hay, hourly disappearing through their shattered sides.

Upon the extreme outskirts of the village stood a little, old building, surrounded with bushes. The two lower panels were gone from the battered door and most of the glass from the win-

down. It was a kind of nondescript structure, the use of which few could guess. This was the village school-house, and the education and moral training of the children in the neighborhood had suffered even more than the house itself.

Such was "Valley Village," the home of the poor drunkard, Herbert Leslie. He had once been a smart, intelligent man. In his earlier years he was a teacher, successful in his calling, and looked upon as a young man of promise. He had married a beautiful girl, the daughter of a Christian mother, and she entered upon her duties as a wife with bright hopes of happiness. But, alas! the demon, Intemperance, came, and Herbert Leslie, the gifted, noble youth fell beneath his power. Through ten long, weary years the devoted wife followed her drunken husband down the dark road of degradation till she saw him reeling upon the verge of eternal ruin.

Yet the home of these wretched parents was cheered by one pure spirit. They had one child, a daughter, who seemed to inherit all her father's inherent powers of intellect and her mother's native goodness. The constant companion of wickedness and shame, she had remained pure and unsullied—a rose in the midst of a desert. She loved her father ardently, and many a time she went to the store late on Saturday night to lead him across the bridge to his miserable home.

At a little distance from the village lived a farmer, a devoted Christian. He had a little girl about the size of Susan Leslie. They were very intimate, and with this girl Susan had regularly, of late, been to the Sabbath school in C. Both had been convicted of sin and led to Christ in the late revival in the school. They were truly converted, and Susan returned to her desolate home more "like an angel" than before. Glad indeed was her mother when she learned of her daughter's conversion, and a dim, shadowy hope came struggling in upon the darkness of her heart, cheering it a moment with its brightness—a hope that better days were dawning.

Susan and Hannah, the farmer's little daughter, immediately went to work for the Lord. They were young, it is true—Hannah was fourteen and Susan one year younger; but they resolved to do what they could.

The superintendent had distributed among the scholars on Sunday some revival tracts, remarking at the same time that if any one wished for more of them to give to their friends at home he would supply them. Susan thought she should like to give some to the people in the Valley Village. She mentioned the subject to Hannah, and they concluded to ask Mr. Stevens, the superintendent,

what he thought of their plan. The tracts were obtained, and each of the girls, with a bundle in her hand, started off early on Monday morning to dispose of them.

When they returned at noon a tract had been left in every dwelling. They had also talked with many of the children; had told them about the Sabbath school, and of their own happiness in trying to serve the Lord. Some with whom they conversed were rude and wicked, and ridiculed the two pious children. Others were serious, and said they wished they could go to the Sabbath school and learn to be good. Little Anna Brown, a blue-eyed, barefooted girl of ten, with tears in her large, beautiful eyes, said:

"Can't you and Hannah teach us to be good? I never heard any one pray in my life, except the minister when little baby brother was buried. Why can't we go out into the pasture under the 'great rock,' where the sun shines so warm and bright, and have a little meeting? You and Hannah shall teach us just as they do in the Sunday school, and we will be real good and learn—won't we, Sophia?" she continued, turning to a little girl about her own age.

Why not, indeed! The thought was a new one, but they liked it. And so it was concluded to meet after dinner under the "great rock."

When Susan and Hannah reached the place they found quite a company of girls awaiting them, and, peering around the rocks and stumps a short distance off, some of the village boys also.

When all was ready Susan and Hannah commenced singing that beautiful hymn, commencing,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

Most of the girls could sing this, having learned it in the day-school during the summer, and their music floated away on the passing breeze and was heard in the village below.

The hymn having been sung, they all knelt down upon the grass while Hannah prayed. As she breathed her simple prayer to her Father in heaven, the tears started to the eyes of some who never before in their lives had listened to the voice of supplication. The boys, too, who, during the singing, had left their hiding-places and drawn nearer to the company of girls, began to lose their wondering look and appeared serious and thoughtful.

Susan then took out her little pocket-Bible, given her in the Sabbath school, and read the fourth chapter of Proverbs. Then they knelt down again and Susan prayed. She prayed for her little mates who were kneeling around her;

she prayed for the boys who were looking on, and for the wicked men and women of that wretched village. But when she came to pray for the parents of that little company—for *her* parents—tears choked her utterance and she sobbed aloud. Others wept with her. The Holy Spirit was touching their young hearts and new feelings were springing up—new aspirations were arising. All, indeed, was new—the Bible, the praying, and all the hallowed influences of that precious hour.

After they arose from their knees Hannah and Susan began to ask the other girls questions, just as their teachers did of the members of their classes in the Sabbath school. Then in turn the others began to question them. Some of these questions were rude and strange; but the two pious girls answered them as well as they were able, though they soon found that their own knowledge of spiritual things was very limited, and they resolved to study more diligently the word of God, that they might know more about the way of life. Thus an hour was passed, and after singing another hymn, which Hannah and Susan had learned in the Sabbath school, they parted, resolving to meet there again in a few days if the weather should remain pleasant.

But little Anna Brown would not leave Susan. She clung to her as a child to a mother. There had long been more than a common attachment between the two children, but now it was touching to see the pure love of the little girl as she held Susan by the hand, frequently clasping it in both of hers. A new light was shining in her large blue eyes as she looked up into the face of her companion and said, "I want to love the Savior, and I think I do some." Yes, precious child, and the Savior loves you. Angels doubtless were hovering over that scene by the "great rock," and up to heaven they carried the news that young hearts were turning to Christ!

There was one witness to that scene who was deeply moved by what he saw and heard. No one knew he was near, but he heard and saw all that was said and done. Herbert Leslie had been out with his gun hunting, and was just returning as the girls commenced their meeting. They were singing their first hymn as he took his seat on a log just within a clump of evergreens, which screened him from sight. At first he did not know what it meant; and not till they kneeled down did he fully understand the object of the gathering. He was deeply moved; and when Susan came to pray for the parents of that young group—to pray for *him*—he bowed his head and wept like a child. The past came rushing upon him with overpowering force. All its early joys, its rich promise, and its sad blight

passed rapidly in review. He looked upon himself, his bloated limbs and tattered, dirty garments, and asked, "Why am I thus?" Alas! the cause was but too apparent. Sin was ruining him. What might he not do if he would but break the cruel chain that bound him! With his noble mind, his fine education, his commanding powers, what might he not aspire to! It was the first moment of really serious thought that he had experienced for months. Indeed, he had scarcely thought for years. He would not think. But now he could not help it. It seemed as though his heart was bursting and his brain on fire, and he *must* think!

The children left, and Herbert Leslie took up his gun and sauntered down to the village. It was near tea time, and he had passed the store without calling when some one hailed him. Turning he saw a man standing in the door beckoning him back. As he approached him he perceived that he had a small tract in his hand, which he held out, exclaiming,

"Look here, sir, if you do n't teach your children better manners than this, sir, we shall have to do it for you."

"My children!" replied Leslie, "why, I have n't but one, and she's an angel. What harm has *she* been doing, pray tell?"

"Harm! why, sir, she has been *insulting* me, sir, and not only me but the whole village!"

"Well, that is bad, surely; but you have n't yet told me precisely what Susan has done that is so very insulting. I should like to hear."

"Just look at this, sir," answered the excited man, handing Mr. Leslie the tract. "The little jade had the impudence to leave this at my house this forenoon, and she or Hannah Perkins has left one similar to it at every house in the village. What do you think of that, sir? Do you think we shall bear it?"

"What do I think of it?" answered Leslie, taking the tract and glancing at the title. "Why, sir, I think it is about time for such poor, drunken fellows as you and me to be glad to get such books as these to read, and to pay good heed to their teachings, too, unless we wish soon to fill a drunkard's grave. '*A Warning to the Intemperate.*' Don't that mean us? Have n't we been drunk more than half the time for these years? Is n't this a poor, drunken, rum-cursed village? And you are *angry* because God has put it into the hearts of two little girls to scatter these 'warnings' around in our wretched, poverty-stricken homes, where *rum* has been more plenty than food for long years. Sam Houghton, I am proud to call that child my own. *God bless her!*' and tears sprung to the eyes of the father

A dozen or more had gathered around while Leslie and Houghton were talking. Each had received a tract, some like the one left for Mr. Houghton, and others on a different subject. All, however, were appropriate. A few like him had been highly offended at what they were pleased to term the "insult," while others appeared serious and thoughtful. One thing was sure, the books had been read, and, what was still better, *they had produced feeling.*

"It's a shame," spoke up Mr. Wilder, the store-keeper, or "Nat Wilder," as he was usually called, "it's a downright shame, gentlemen, to have such an excitement caused in our peaceful village. I suppose the next thing we shall know they'll go to having *temperance meetings* and the next a *Sabbath school!* Why, gentlemen, what are we coming to?"

"Coming to our senses, Nat Wilder, I hope," resumed Leslie. "You cry shame upon two little girls who, with their tiny hands, are trying to plant a single rose in those desert homes where you have been planting briars for years. You talk of two children producing *excitement* when you have been murdering us fathers day by day ever since those children were in their cradles. Nat Wilder, what caused the death of young Witney? What made Frank Evans shoot his old, gray-headed father? What sent Ned Wilkins home to his miserable hut to murder his young wife and sleeping infant? *Rum, sir, and you sold it!* Talk of *shame!* Who has made Herbert Leslie what he is to-day, a poor, ragged, dirty, miserable, drunken wretch, the mere wreck of his former manhood? But, thank God! I am not yet dead. I have seen to-day that which has roused me. I should be worse than a beast to remain unmoved longer. I'll be a man again, or die in the attempt. *Not another drop of liquor shall ever pass my lips, God helping me!* And, what is more, sir, I'm going to *preach temperance*, too, and I'll begin next Sabbath evening out there under the 'old elm,' where we have drank so many drams together. Yes, sir, just pass it round that Herbert Leslie, the poor, drunken schoolmaster, will *preach temperance* next Sunday afternoon under the 'old elm,' and if I was a Christian I'd start a Sabbath school also."

After delivering this short speech and making the above novel appointment, Leslie left the store and proceeded toward his home. Never had he been so thoroughly roused before. The scene in the pasture had stirred up the deep, slumbering embers of his soul, and the attack upon his little girl, and especially the remark of the scoundrel Wilder, had roused all his latent energies.

But it was well for him that convictions for sin came before the trial of his parental feelings; well that he had listened to the voice of prayer, and wept beneath the power of an awakened conscience, before this severe probing of his paternal heart. He well knew that two ways lay before him. Either he must go forward and seek God and become a pious as well as a sober man, or, refusing to do this, he did not doubt he should relapse into his former habits and go down to ruin. The struggle was severe, for his habit was strong, and to break its cords seemed like tearing out the fibers of his own heart. But he resolved—resolved to go forward and seek God from that moment, and not to rest till he was a Christian; and firmly was that resolve kept. He listened to the voice of God speaking in his soul, and at once turned his face toward the way of life.

Never were wife and child more astonished than were Mrs. Leslie and Susan when the father entered and told his feelings and his purposes. The poor woman sobbed upon his shoulder, but Susan kneeled down by his side and thanked God.

That night the family altar was erected in that humble dwelling. And was it strange that prayer was heard? Strange that Herbert Leslie and his long-desponding wife should find the pool where sins are washed away? Strange, when God has said, "Seek and ye shall find!" Herbert Leslie and his sorrowing wife sought the way of life, and they sought not in vain. They were saved.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FIRST RECOLLECTION.

CHILDHOOD has its mysteries and its wonders ; but who can tell and who can explain them? We have all wandered in this dark, wondrous forest ; we have all, at some period, opened our eyes in happy astonishment, while the fair reality of life overflowed our spirits. Then we knew not where we were nor who we were,—then the whole world was ours, and we belonged to the whole world. That was an eternal life,—without beginning and without end,—without repose,—without pain. Our hearts were serene as the

spring sky, fresh as the breath of violets, — still and holy as a Sunday morning.

And what disturbs this God's peace of the child? How can this innocent and unconscious state of being come to an end? What drives us out of this blessedness of isolation and universality, and plunges us at once alone and solitary into a darkened life?

Do not say, with solemn aspect, that it was sin! Can a child sin? Say, rather, we do not know, and must submit ourselves.

Is it sin which makes the bud a flower, and the flower fruit, and the fruit turn to dust?

Is it sin which makes the caterpillar a chrysalis, and the chrysalis a butterfly, and the butterfly dust?

And is it sin which makes the child a man, and the man old, and the old man — dust? And what is dust?

Say, rather, we do not know, and must resign ourselves.

But yet it is so charming to look back on the spring of life, to penetrate its mysteries, — to remember one's self. Yes, even in the sultry summer, the stormy autumn, the cold winter of life, there comes now and then a spring day, and the heart says, "It is spring with me now." This is such a day, and I stretch myself down on the soft moss in the dewy grove, extend my weary limbs, and look up through the green leaves into the infinite blue, and think, How was it with me in childhood?

Then everything seems obliterated, and the first pages of memory are like an old family Bible. We find the first leaves wholly faded out, something scrawled upon them, and not quite clean. Not till we look further, and come to the chapters which tell of Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise, does all begin to be clear and legible. Ah, but if we could only find the title-page, with the place where it was printed, and the date! But that is wholly lost, and instead of it we find only a simple inscription, — merely a record of baptism, — and there is written when we were born, and the

names of our parents and sponsors; and so we need not consider *ourselves* as editions without name or place.

Yes, but the beginning, — if there were only no beginning, for at the beginning all thought and memory ceases at once. And when we thus look into childhood, and back from childhood into the infinite past, it is as if this mysterious beginning receded more and more, and the mind goes back in vain, and yet can never get away, just as a child tries to find the place where the blue sky touches the earth, and runs and runs, and the sky keeps running before him, and still always rests upon the earth, — but the child is tired and never gets up with it.

But now as we were once there — there — here, — as after all we did once begin, — what then do we know about it? Yes, memory shapes itself like a poodle emerging from the water which half blinds him, and makes him look very oddly.

But yet I think I can remember still the first time that I saw the stars. I may have often seen them before, but one evening it seems to me as if it were cold, although I was lying in my mother's lap, and I trembled, and was either chilled or frightened, — in short, something was passing within me which made my little self more than commonly observant of myself. Then my mother pointed out to me the shining stars, and I admired them, and thought they had made my mother look pretty. And then I felt warm again, and fell asleep pleasantly.

And I remember too how I was once lying on the grass, and everything around was shaking and nodding, humming and buzzing. And then came a whole swarm of little many-footed winged beings, who placed themselves on my forehead and eyes, and bade me good morning. Then my eyes ached, and I called out to my mother, and she said, "Poor child, how the mosquitos have stung him!" Then I could not open my eyes, and look any more at the blue sky. But my mother had a bunch of fresh violets in her hand, and then it

seemed to me as if a deep blue, fresh, aromatic fragrance went through my head, and even now when I see the first violets I recollect this, and it seems to me as if I must shut my eyes in order that the old dark-blue sky of that day may again arise in my soul.

Yes, and I remember also how a new world again opened upon me, and one which was more beautiful than the starry firmament and the violet fragrance. It was on an Easter morning. My mother awaked me early, and our old church was before my window. It was not beautiful, but it had, nevertheless, a high roof and a high tower, and on the tower a golden cross, and it looked also much older and more gray than the other houses. Once I wanted to know who lived in it, and looked in through the iron-grating of the door. But it was quite empty within, and cold and cheerless, — not a soul in the whole house, — and after that I always shuddered when I went by the door. Now, on this Easter morning, when there had been an early rain, and afterwards the sun had risen in full splendor, and then shone the old church with the gray slate roof, and the high windows, and the tower with the golden cross in quite wonderful brilliancy. All at once the light which streamed through the high windows began to live and move. But that was much too bright to permit one to see within; and as I shut my eyes, the light came as it were into my mind, and everything within seemed to beam light and breathe fragrance, to sing and resound. Then it seemed as if a new life were beginning within me, as if I should become another man; — and when I asked my mother what it was, she said it was an Easter hymn they were singing in the church. What pure, sacred song it was that penetrated my soul at that time, I have never been able to find out. It must surely have been an old church melody, such as sometimes burst upon the earnest soul of our Luther. I have never heard it since. But even now when I listen to an adagio of Beethoven, or a psalm from Marcello, or a chorus of Handel, or sometimes

when I hear in the Scotch Highlands or in the Tyrol a simple song, it seems to me as if the high church windows were shining again, and organ-tones passed into the wind, and a new world were opening itself, — more beautiful than the starry heavens and the violet fragrance.

This is what I remember from my earliest childhood, — and then comes between the dear face of my mother, as well as the mild, serious glance of my father, — and gardens, and vineyard, and green, soft turf, and an old, venerable book of prints, — and that is all I can make out from the first faded leaves of memory.

After that it becomes clearer and plainer. Names and forms are deciphered. Not only father and mother, but brothers and sisters, and friends and teachers, and a host of *strange people*. Ah yes! of *strange people*, — so many of these are written in the memory!

SECOND RECOLLECTION.

Not far from our house, and opposite to the old church with the golden cross, there stood a large building, even larger than the church, and with many towers. These towers looked gray and old, but they had no golden cross; stone eagles were seated on their summits, and a large blue and white flag fluttered from the highest tower over the high entrance-door, which was ascended by steps, and where on both sides two soldiers on horseback kept guard. The house had a great many windows, and behind the windows one could see red-silk curtains with golden tassels, and in the court-yard the old linden-trees stood around strewing the turf with their white, fragrant blossoms, and overshadowing the gray walls with their verdant foliage. Often had I gazed on all this, and in the evening, when the lindens gave out their fragrance, and the windows were lighted, I saw many figures like shadows gliding hither and thither, and music was heard from above, and carriages drove up, from which men and women alighted and hastened up the steps. They

all looked so good and beautiful, — and the men had stars on their breasts, and the women had fresh flowers in their hair, — and I often thought to myself, Why dost not thou go in also?

At last one day my father took me by the hand and said: “We will go up to the castle. Thou must behave very gently, if the Princess speaks to thee, and must kiss her hand.”

I was about six years old, and was greatly delighted, as one can only be at six years. I had already had so many silent thoughts about the shadows which I had seen passing before the lighted windows of evenings, and had heard so many good things said of the Prince and Princess, how gracious they were, and how they helped and comforted the poor and the sick, and how they were chosen by the grace of God to protect the good and to punish the bad. I had for a long time pictured to myself how everything must go on in the castle, and the Prince and the Princess were already old acquaintances in imagination, whom I knew as familiarly as my nut-crackers and my tin soldiers.

My heart beat when I was going up the high steps with my father, and whilst he was still telling me that I must call the Princess “Your Highness,” and the Prince “Your Excellency,” the doors flew open, and I saw before me a tall figure with brilliant, penetrating eyes. She was coming towards me and holding out her hand. There was an expression in her face, — which I had long known, — and a familiar smile passed over her features. Seeing all this, I could restrain myself no longer; and while my father was still standing, and bowing very low, I could not tell why, my heart sprang to my lips, and I ran up to the beautiful lady, fell on her neck, and kissed her as if she had been my mother. The beautiful tall lady did not seem displeased; she smiled and stroked my hair. But my father seized my hand, and drew me away, saying I was very naughty, and he would never bring me here again. This perplexed me

greatly; the blood rushed to my cheeks, for I felt that my father was unjust to me. And I looked at the Princess, expecting that she would defend me; but there was an expression of mild seriousness in her face. And then I looked round to the ladies and gentlemen who were in the room, thinking that they would stand by me. But when I looked, I saw that they were all laughing. Then the tears came into my eyes, and I ran out to the door, down the steps, passed the linden-trees in the court-yard, and ran homewards till I got to my mother, when I threw myself into her arms, sobbing and crying.

"And what has happened to thee?" said she.

"Ah, mother!" cried I, "I was near the Princess; and she was a beautiful and kind lady, just like thee, my dear mother, and so I fell upon her neck and kissed her."

"Ah," said my mother, "but thou shouldst not have done that, for they are strangers and high dignitaries."

"And what then are strangers?" said I. "May I not love everybody who looks upon me with kind, loving eyes?"

"Thou mayst love them, my son," answered the mother; "but thou must not show it."

"And is it then anything wrong," I asked, "that I love people? And why then should I not show it?"

"Well, thou art quite right," said she; "but thou must do as thy father tells thee; and when thou art older, thou wilt understand why thou must not embrace all the beautiful ladies who look at thee with kind, friendly eyes."

That was a dark day. My father came home, and insisted on it that I had behaved ill. In the evening my mother put me to bed, and I said my prayers; but I could not sleep, and I kept thinking what these *strangers* could be, whom one dared not love.

Alas the poor human heart! thus were thy leaves torn off even in the spring, and the feathers pulled out of thy wings! When the spring dawn of life opens the folded-up bud of thy

soul, all within is breathing out love. We learn to stand and walk, to speak and to read ; but no one teaches us to love. That belongs to us as life does ; indeed, we might say it is the inmost foundation of our existence. As the heavenly bodies attract and revolve about each other, and are held together by the eternal law of gravitation, so do heavenly souls attract and revolve around each other, and are held together by the eternal law of love. A flower cannot blossom without sunshine, and a man cannot live without love. Would not the heart of the child break with anguish, when the first cold breath of this strange world comes to it, did not the warm sunlight of love meet it from the eyes of mother and father, — as a mild reflection of divine light and divine love ? And the longing which arises then in the child is the purest and the deepest love. It is love which encloses the whole world ; which kindles when two kind human eyes shine upon it ; which shouts again when it hears the voices of men. This is the old, inexhaustible love, — a deep well which no plummet has sounded, — a source of immeasurable riches. He who knows it knows also that there is no measure in love, no more and no less, but that only he who loves with the whole heart, the whole soul, with all his powers, and from his whole mind, can love at all.

But O how little remains of this love, before we have accomplished half our life-journey ! The child learns that there are *strangers*, and ceases to be a child. The well of love is uncovered, and in the course of years it is wholly filled up. Our eyes kindle no more, but we pass each other soberly and quietly on the miry streets. We scarcely greet each other, for we know how sharply it cuts into the soul when a greeting is not returned, and how much pain it gives to separate from those whom we have once greeted, and whose hand we have pressed. The wings of the soul soon lose all their feathers ; the petals of the flowers are almost all torn and faded ; and from the inexhaustible fountain of love there remain to us only a few drops, which

cool our tongues to keep us from quite fainting away. And then we call these drops love. But it is no more the pure, full, fresh child's love. It is love with care and anxiety, — a burning glow, a raging passion, — love which consumes itself like rain-drops on the hot sand, — love which desires, not love which bestows itself, — love which asks, Wilt thou be mine? not love which says, I must be thine, — selfish, doubting love it is! And that is the love which poets sing, and which youths and maidens believe in, — a flame which flashes up and vanishes, but does not warm, and leaves nothing behind but smoke and ashes. We have all believed, at one time or another, that these rockets are sunbeams of eternal love. But the clearer the brightness, the darker the night which follows.

And then when all around is dark, when we feel ourselves truly alone, when all men, right and left, pass us by, and know us not, then a forgotten feeling sometimes arises in the breast, and we know not what it is, for it is really neither love nor friendship. "Dost thou not know me?" one might call out to each one who passes us by coldly and strangely. Then we feel that man is nearer to man than brother to brother, father to son, friend to friend. And it resounds through our spirits like an old, sacred tradition, that *strangers* are our nearest neighbors. And why should we pass by them silently? We do not know why, and we must acquiesce in our ignorance. Try it when two railroad trains are passing each other, and thou seest the eye of a friend who would fain greet thee, — try to stretch out thy hand and press the hand of thy friend, who is flying past thee, — try it, and thou wilt perhaps understand why man here below passes silently by his fellow-man.

An old sage has said: "I saw the fragments of a shattered bark floating on the sea. A few encountered each other, and kept together a little while. Then comes a storm, and drives them eastward and westward, and here below they never come together again. So is it with men. But no one has seen the great shipwreck."

The clouds in the sky of childhood do not last long, and they vanish away with a soft, warm shower of tears. I was soon at the castle again, and the Princess gave me her hand, which I ventured to kiss, and then she brought her children, the young prince and princesses, and we played together like old acquaintances. Those were happy days, when after school-time — for I had now begun to go to school — I was allowed to go to the castle for my play. There we had everything which heart could wish. Playthings, which my mother had shown me in shop-windows, and which she had told me were so dear that poor people could live a whole week on the money they would cost, I found at the castle; and if I asked leave of the Princess, she would let me take them home and show them to mother, or even keep them for myself. Beautiful picture-books, which I had seen at the bookstores with my father, but which were only for very good children, these too I found at the castle, and might turn over the leaves by the whole hour. And everything that belonged to the young princes belonged also to me. At least it seemed so to me. For I not only took away whatever I fancied, but often gave away the toys to other children; in short, I was a young communist in the full sense of the words. Once only, I remember, when the Princess had a golden serpent twined around her arm, as if it were alive, and she gave it to me to play with. Now when I was going home, the serpent was around my arm, and I thought I could frighten my mother with it. But as I was on the way home I met a woman who spied out my golden serpent, and begged me to show it to her; and then she said that, if she might keep the golden serpent, she could free her husband from jail. On this of course I did not hesitate a moment, but ran on and left the woman behind with the golden bracelet. The next day, however, there was a great uproar; and the poor woman was brought up to the

castle, and the people said she had stolen the bracelet from me. I was greatly troubled at this, and told with great vehemence how I had given her the bracelet, and that I would not take it back again. I do not know what was the end of it, but I remember that after that I was told to show everything to the Princess that I wanted to carry home.

It was a long time, however, before my conceptions of meum and tuum were fully developed, and even quite lately they have been much confused, so that for a very long time I could not distinctly distinguish between the red and blue colors. The last time I remember my friends laughing about it was when my mother had given me some money to buy apples with. She gave me a groschen. Now the apples cost only a zechser, and as I was giving the woman the groschen, she said, and it seemed to me as if she were quite sorry, that she had sold nothing the livelong day, and had not a penny to give in change. She wanted that I should exchange the sixpence. Then I recollected I had another penny in my pocket, and, much delighted that I had solved the difficult problem, I gave it to the woman, saying, "Now you can give me back a penny." She understood me, however, so little, that she gave me back the sixpence and kept the penny.

About this time, when I used to go almost every day to play with the young princes at the castle, as well as to learn French with them, there comes to my memory another figure, — this was the daughter of the Prince, the Countess Maria. Her mother had died soon after the birth of the child, and the Prince had afterwards married again. When I first saw her I do not know. She comes slowly and by degrees from the darkness of memory, — first as an aerial shadow, which gains more and more in expression, presses nearer and nearer to me, and at last comes before my spirit like the moon on a stormy night, when she throws from her all at once the cloudy screen with which she has been enveloped. She was always ill and suffering and silent,

and I have never seen her otherwise than stretched on a couch, on which she was brought into our room by two bearers ; and when she was tired, she was taken out in the same manner. Thus she lay in her ample white robe, her hands generally folded, and her face was so pale and yet so gentle and beautiful, and her eyes were so deep and impenetrable, that I often stood before her lost in thought, gazed upon her, and asked myself whether she too belonged to the world of *strangers*. And then sometimes she would lay her hand upon my head, and it seemed to me that some magnetic influence rushed through me, and I could not go away nor say anything, but could only gaze into her deep, impenetrable eyes. She said very little to us, but her eyes followed our sports ; and even when we were very noisy and obstreperous, she never complained, but only held her hands over her white forehead, and closed her eyes as if she were asleep. Some days, however, she said she was better, and then she sat upright on her couch, and then there would be a light glow on her face, and she talked with us and told us fairy stories. I do not know how old she was at that time. She was like a child in her helplessness, and yet she was so serious and thoughtful that she must have been more than a child. If people spoke of her, they involuntarily spoke in a low voice, and gently. Often when I saw her lying so silent and helpless, and thought that she might never be able to walk, and that there was neither labor nor pleasure in store for her, and that she would be carried back and forward on her couch, until she should at last be laid on her last couch of rest, I asked myself why she was sent into this world, when she might have rested so sweetly in the lap of angels : they would have carried her through the air on their soft wings, as I have seen them in many of the images in the churches. And then I felt as if I must share a part of her sufferings, so that she might not suffer alone, but me with her. But I could not say all this to her, for I scarcely knew it myself. I only *felt* something ; it was not as if I

must fall on her neck, — no one could do that, for it might have hurt her. But it seemed to me that I could pray for her from the very depths of my heart, that she might be released from her sufferings.

One warm spring day she was again brought into our room. She looked very pale, but her eyes were brighter and deeper than ever, and she sat on her couch and asked us to come near to her. "This is my birthday," she said, "and I have been confirmed this morning. Now it is quite possible," she continued, looking at her father with a smile on her face, "that God will soon call me to himself, although I would gladly stay much longer with you. But when the time comes that I must leave you, I would not like to be wholly forgotten, and so I have brought a ring for each of you, which you must wear now on your forefinger, and when you grow larger, you can wear it on one of the others, till it comes to fit the little finger; but you must wear it there all your life."

With these words she took the five rings which she wore on her fingers, drawing one off after the other, looking all the time so sad, and at the same time so lovingly, that I shut my eyes to keep from crying. She gave the first ring to her eldest brother, and kissed him, and then the second and the third to the two princesses, and the fourth to the youngest prince, kissing them all as she gave the rings to them. I stood by looking steadily at her white hand, and I saw that she had still a ring on her finger; but she took a reclining posture and seemed exhausted. Then my eye met hers, and as the eyes of a child speak so plainly, she could not but be aware what was passing within me. I would much rather not have had the last ring, for I felt that I was a stranger, that I did not belong to her, that she did not love me so much as her brothers and sisters. At this thought, something gave me a sudden pain in my breast, as if a vein had opened or a nerve been cut, and I knew not which way to look to conceal my distress. But

she raised herself up, laid her hand upon my forehead, and looked so deeply into my eyes that I felt as if there were no thought within me which she could not see. She drew the last ring slowly from her finger and gave it to me, saying: "I meant to take this with me when I leave you all, but it is better that thou shouldst wear it, and think of me when I am no longer with you. Read the words which are written on the ring: 'As God wills.' Thou hast a wild and a tender heart; may life tame, but not harden it." And saying this, she kissed me as she had her brothers, and gave me the ring.

What passed within me on this, I cannot distinctly tell. I had grown up already to be a boy, and the soft beauty of the suffering angel had not been without its attraction to my young heart. I loved her as a boy can love,—and they love with a depth, truth, and purity which but few can retain in adolescence and maturity. But I thought that she belonged to those *strangers* to whom one must not say that they love. The serious words which she said to me I scarcely heard; I only felt that her spirit was as near to mine as those of two human beings can be to each other. All bitterness had vanished from my heart; I felt myself no longer alone, not strange, not excluded, but by her, with her, and in her. Then I thought that it would be a sacrifice for her to give me the ring, and that she would like better to take it with her to the grave. And then a feeling came to my heart, that overpowered all other feelings, and I said, with a hesitating voice: "Thou must keep the ring, if thou wouldst give it to me; for what is thine, that is mine." She looked at me an instant with surprise, and musingly. Then she took the ring, replaced it on her finger, kissed me again on the forehead, and said to me in a low voice, "Thou dost not know what thou sayest. Learn to understand thyself, and thou wilt be happy, and make many others happy."

Every life has its years, during which we go forward as on a dusty, uniform alley of poplars, without knowing where we are, and of which nothing remains in our memory but the melancholy thoughts that we have been going on, and have grown older. As long as the river of life flows on tranquilly, it remains the same river, and only the landscape on both shores seems to change. Then come the waterfalls of life. These remain fixed in the memory, and even when we have got far beyond them, and are approaching nearer and nearer to the silent sea of eternity, it is as if we still heard from afar their rushing and raging; indeed, we even feel that the strength of life which remains and urges us forwards, still derives from those waterfalls its strength and nourishment.

The time of going to school had passed, and the first years of life at the University were over,—and many beautiful life-dreams were passed too,—but one thing had remained: Faith in God and in man. Life had indeed become very different from what had been thought of it in the childish brain; but everything had gained a higher consecration, and exactly the painful and mysterious circumstances of life had become proofs to me of the omnipresence of the Divine in the earthly. “The least thing does not disturb thee, unless God wills it,”—this was the short maxim of life-wisdom which I had adopted.

Now came the summer holidays, and I returned with them to my native place. What a joy is that of reunion! No one has ever explained it, but the seeing again, the finding again, the memory of one's self, is the chief secret of all pleasures and of all enjoyment. What one sees, hears, or tastes for the first time, may be beautiful and good and agreeable; but it is too new, it surprises us, we have not yet enjoyed it tranquilly, and the excitement of the enjoyment is greater than the enjoyment itself. But

to hear a familiar piece of music again after a long interval, when we thought we had forgotten every note of it, and yet, as fast as they came, to greet each one as an old acquaintance,—or to stand again after many years before the Madonna de Son Sisto in Dresden, and then to recall all the feelings which the infinitely spiritual eye of the child have kindled in you from year to year,—or even to smell a flower, or taste something pleasant, of which we have never thought since our school-days,—all this gives one so deep a joy, that we know not whether we rejoice more at the present impression or the old recollection. And so when one returns after long years to his native place, the soul unconsciously swims in a sea of memories, and the dancing waves break mysteriously on the shores of long past times. The church-clock strikes, and we feel as if we should be too late for school, and then recover from the fright, and rejoice that this trouble is past. A dog runs across the street; it is the same dog which years ago we went so far out of the way to avoid. There sits the old apple-woman, whose apples once led us into temptation, and which now, in spite of all the dust with which they are covered, we fancy must taste better than any other apples in the world. There they have torn down a house and built a new one,—that was the house where our old music-teacher lived: he is dead; but how pleasant it used to be to stand here under the window on a summer day and listen to the good soul, when the hours of daylight had passed, pleasing himself with his fantasiren, and like a steam-pipe letting off all the superfluous steam which had been collecting during the day, with rushing and impetuous sound. And here in this narrow path in the grove,—but it seemed then much wider,—here it was that, as I was coming home late one evening, I met our neighbor's pretty daughter. I had never ventured before to look at or speak to her; but we boys in the school often talked about her, and called her the handsome girl; and

when I saw her at a distance coming down the road, I was so delighted I could scarcely believe that I should ever be so near to her. Yes, and here in this wood-walk, which leads to the church-yard, I met her one evening, and she took me by the arm, although we had never before spoken to each other, and said she would go home with me. I believe we neither of us spoke a word the whole way; but I was so happy, that even now, after many years, when I think of it, I could wish the time would come again, and that I could walk home again so silent and so happy with "the handsome girl."

And thus one recollection follows another, until the waves meet over our heads, and a long sigh escapes from our breast, which warns us that by mere thinking we have even forgotten to take breath. Then the whole dream-world vanishes, as risen shadows at the crowing of the cock.

Now when I passed by the old castle and the lindentrees, and saw the body-guards on their horses, and the high steps, what memories rushed into my soul, and how was everything here altered! It was many years since my visits to the castle had ceased. The Princess was dead, the Prince had resigned his place and gone to Italy; the eldest Prince, whose companion I had been, having assumed the government. His train consisted of young noblemen and officers, whose company was agreeable to him, and whose society had wholly estranged him from his former playmates. Other circumstances contributed to dissolve our youthful friendship. Like every young man when he first learns the needs of the German people, and the crimes of the German government, I had acquired readily some phrases of the liberal party, and these would sound, at the least, somewhat as indecent expressions might in a respectable clergyman's family. In short, for many years I had not once gone up the steps. And yet, there lived in the castle one being whose name I pro-

nounced almost daily, and whose memory was almost constantly present with me. I had long accustomed myself to the thought that I should never see her again in this world; indeed, she had attained in my mind a form such as I knew did not and could not exist in reality. She had become my good angel, my other self, to whom I spoke instead of speaking with myself. How this had happened I could not explain even to myself, for I really scarcely knew her, and only as the eye at times transforms the clouds into living figures, so, I felt, had my imagination enchanted before me this shadowy apparition in the sky of my childhood, and from the delicately drawn lines of reality my fancy had constructed a complete picture. My whole course of thought had involuntarily become a dialogue with her, and everything which was good in me, everything for which I strove, everything in which I believed, my better self,—all this belonged to her, I gave it to her, it came from her lips, from the lips of my good angel.

I had been but a few days in my paternal home, when I received one morning a letter. It was written in English, and came from the Countess Maria.

“DEAR FRIEND:—

“I hear you are with us for a short time. We have not met for many years, and if it is agreeable to you, I should like to see an old friend again. You will find me alone this afternoon in the Swiss cottage.

“Yours sincerely,

“MARIA.”

I wrote back immediately, also in English, that I would wait upon her in the afternoon.

The Swiss house formed a wing of the castle, which was towards the garden, and which could be entered without going through the court-yard. It was five o'clock when I went through the garden and approached the house. I struggled to repress all emotion, and prepared myself for

a formal interview. I endeavored to quiet my good angel within me, and to prove to her that this lady had absolutely nothing to do with her. And yet I felt myself very uneasy, and my good angel herself would not inspire me with any courage. At last I took heart, murmured something to myself about the masquerade of life, and knocked at the door which stood half open.

There was no one in the room but a lady whom I did not know, and who immediately addressed me in English, and told me the Countess would be here directly. Then she went away, and I was left alone, and had time to look about me.

The walls of the room were of oak-wood, and there was a twisted lattice-work all around, on which a full, broad-leaved ivy was entwined, which went round the whole apartment. The tables and chairs were all of carved oak. The floor was of tessellated wood-work. It made a singular impression to find in this room so much that was familiar to me. Many objects were known to me, being from our old play-room at the castle; but others, namely, the pictures, were new, and yet they were the same pictures which I myself had in my room at the University. On the walls were hanging the portraits of Beethoven, of Handel, and of Mendelssohn,—the very same which I had myself chosen. In one corner I saw the Venus of Milo, which I had always regarded as the finest statue from antiquity. There on the table lay volumes of Dante, of Shakespeare, Tauler's Sermons, the "Germania Theologia," Rückert's Poems, Tennyson and Burns, Carlyle's "Past and Present,"—the very books which lay in my study, and which I had just before had in my hands. I began to be perplexed in mind, but I shook off my strange thoughts, and was just standing before the picture of the deceased Princess, when the doors opened, and two bearers, the same whom I had so often seen when a child, brought the Countess into the room reclining on her couch.

What a vision! She did not speak, and her face was calm as a lake, until the bearers had left the room. Then she turned her eyes on me, — those same deep, impenetrable eyes, — her face became every moment more animated, until her whole countenance wore a smile, and she said: "We are old friends; I think we have not changed for each other, — I cannot say *Sie*, — and if I may not say *Du*, we must talk in English. Do you understand me?"

I was not prepared for this reception, yet I saw there was here no masked ball; here was a soul seeking for a soul; here was a greeting, as when two friends, in spite of their disguise, in spite of their black masks, recognize each other by the mere glance of the eye, — I seized her hand which she held out to me, and said, "When one speaks to an angel, he cannot say *Sie*."

And yet how peculiar is the force of the forms and customs of life, how difficult is it, even with souls the most closely allied, to speak the language of nature! The intercourse was constrained, and we both felt the embarrassment of the moment. I broke the silence by saying just what came into my head: "Men are accustomed from their infancy to live in a cage, and even when they are in free air they do not venture to move their wings, and are afraid every moment of striking against something should they attempt to fly."

"Yes," said she, "and that is all just right, and cannot be otherwise. We often wish, to be sure, that we could live like the birds, who fly about in the woods, and meet each other on the boughs, and sing together without waiting to be introduced. But, my friend, there are among birds owls and sparrows, and it is well that we may go by these in life as if we did not know them. Yes, it is perhaps in life as in poetry; and as the true poet knows how to say the truest and most beautiful things in a prescribed form, so should men also know how to preserve the freedom of thought and feeling, in spite of the fetters of society."

I could not help reminding her of Plato's lines:—

“For what, where'er we find it,
Shows an eternal life,
Is when our bounded language
With boundless thought is rife.”

“Yes,” said she, with a friendly and almost a roguish smile; “but I have a privilege from my sufferings and my isolation; and I often pity the young girls and the young men, that they cannot have any confidence and any familiarity with each other, without either themselves, or their friends for them, being forced to think of love, or of what is called love. By this means they lose a great deal. The girl does not know what slumbers in her soul, and what might be awakened there by the earnest words of a noble friend, and the young man would regain so many knightly virtues, if women ventured to be the distant spectators of the inward struggles of their spirits. But this does not answer, for love must always come into the game, or what is called love,—that quick beating of the heart, that stormy movement of hope, the pleasure in a pretty face, the sweet emotion, perhaps even the prudential calculation,—in short, just everything which disturbs that ocean calmness, which is, after all, the true image of pure human love.”

With this she stopped suddenly, and an expression of pain passed over her face. “I must not talk any more to-day,” said she; “my physician would not allow it. I should like to hear a song of Mendelssohn,—the duet,—my young friend used to play that years ago. Did he not?”

I could not answer, for just as she left off speaking, and folded her hands as before, I saw on her hand a ring,—she wore it on her little finger;—it was the ring which she had given me, and which I had given back to her. The thoughts were too many to be clothed in words, and I placed myself at the harpsichord and played.

When I had done, I turned round, looked at her, and said, “If one could only speak so in tones without words!”

“And that may be,” said she. “I understand all. But to-day I cannot speak any more, for I grow weaker every day. But we must get used to one another, and a poor, sick *solitaire* may count upon indulgence. We will meet to-morrow evening at the same hour. Shall we not?”

I took her hand, I would have kissed it. But she held my hand firmly, pressing it, and saying, “That is best. Good by!”

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Not many years ago, a little girl eleven years old, named Mary Atchison, might have been seen, on a cold, stormy winter's evening, walking through the streets of New York, with a small bundle under her arm, apparently seeking for shelter. Many a weary step she took, not knowing where to go, nor what to do. No door would open at her ring, to admit her to the cheerful warmth and comforts of a home. At length, she turned into a newly erected building, and sat down upon the floor of the hall. She wept bitterly, both from cold and hunger. This was the second day and night she had passed homeless and unfriended, in the streets. She sat and wept, until at length she fell asleep. What Christian father would choose to have his daughter sleep in such wretchedness?

"It seemed," she afterwards declared, "as if an angel told me where to go in the morning," and as soon as she awoke, she inquired the way to Pease's Mission at the Five Points.

Very early in the morning," the poor child stood at the door of the office, with a sad face, and her little bundle under her arm, and modestly said :

"I have no home, sir. My father and mother are dead, and I have nowhere to go, because the lady with whom I lived has gone to the country. I have had very little to eat for two days, sir. I can read and write. My mother was a Christian woman."

Dear little friends! did you ever feel homesick or lonesome? Were you ever really hungry, or cold? Then you can tell something about these feelings; but they were all united in the experience of little Mary.

Mary, however, found kind friends at last,

because God says, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive." She was clothed, sent to school, taught the truths of the Bible, and made acquainted with the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. She was a kind, modest, obedient child, and everybody loved her, and wished her well.

After a few months, it chanced that a gentleman saw her, and became so much interested in her history, that he offered to adopt her as his own child. He had no children of his own. The proposition pleased Mary and her friends very much, and the arrangements were soon completed. A few days afterwards, the gentleman went to his home, and Mary went with him.

"Go, Mary, my child," said her friend. "Be a good child, fear God, and keep his commandments. May God bless you!"

"I will try and be a good girl, sir," she answered, as the tears and sobs told her love for those who had cared for her. One after another, she kissed the little ones, and went away to try the uncertainties of a new home, and new friends. Poor girl! she had not friends enough to lightly part with those she was leaving.

She was lovingly received by the lady whose adopted daughter she had become. All was strange at first, and occasionally she would long for her lost home, but the lady was kind, and Mary soon won a place in her affections, and became a loving daughter.

Years have passed since, and you would scarce recognize in the beautiful girl that meets you in the parlor, the poor little child who wandered cold, hungry, and miserable, through the streets of New York city. She is now heir, to not only all the property of her adopted parents, but also to all their love and sympathies.

But, better than all, she has since given her heart's best love to Jesus, is an accepted servant of her divine Master, and is faithfully laboring to do good to the poor, and glorify the precious Saviour, who found her in her distress, and brought her out of all her troubles. She has recently established a Sunday School, and is toiling earnestly there for the good of souls.

Now, dear children, is not *Reality* stranger and more encouraging than *Fiction*? May you not do what Mary Atchison has done? She was kind, modest, obedient, and everybody loved her. May you not be *kind, modest, and obedient*? She gave her heart to the Saviour—will you not do the same? You will thus secure the happiness of a peaceful conscience here, and the bliss prepared for those who love God, hereafter.

[ORIGINAL.]

TWICE WOODED:

— OR, —

FRED LYNDE'S FLIRTATION.

~~~~~  
BY MARY A. KEABLES.  
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SHE was a pretty girl; I might have said beautiful, and not gone astray from the truth. Her eyes were of a deep, dark blue, fringed with long brown lashes; her complexion was a blending of the rose and the lily; her features were faultlessly regular, and well defined, while her abundant brown hair—black in the shadow, golden in the sunshine, but a dark beautiful brown seen in a medium light—was parted smoothly from a low, girlish forehead, and half drooping upon the swan-like neck, looped back and fastened in rich braids around her well-shaped head.

Gertie Eldridge was beautiful, her mirror told her so, as well as the weak, foolish woman who loved the bright, fair girl better than her life, and

who lavished upon her praises and compliments that were enough to turn the poor child's brain. Mrs. Eldridge worshipped her daughter, and her ill-timed, ill-directed flattery proved her to be entirely unfit to guide the young and sensitive spirit looking to her for direction.

Mrs. Eldridge was a widow, supporting herself and daughter with her needle. They lived in a little brown house in the outskirts of a pleasant country village, Glenvale—brown and low to be sure, as seen from the street, but within, neat and cosy, and furnished with a simple elegance. There were three rooms in the cottage, a kitchen, parlor and bedroom; but all three were clean and cheerful, and, although the little front room boasted but a home-made rag carpet, ten-cent muslin curtains, and the lounge was covered with the cheapest chintz, still there was no lack of visitors to make it resound with merry laughter, for Gertie was the attraction.

Now although she had attained the respectable age of seventeen, and was the prettiest of all the Glenvale lasses, strange to say, Gertie Eldridge had never had a real lover. There was a pretty, scornful way about her that I do believe made the young men afraid of her; for, although they admired at a distance, they blushed and stammered like bashful girls when they tried to address her upon the most trivial subjects, and when one or two, more daring than the rest, offered themselves, at different times, of course, to escort her to some party or picnic, they immediately received a "No, I thank you," for their pains. Some called her coquetish, but we are sure, whatever her faults were, this was not one that could be rightly laid to her charge.

The Academy of Glenvale was an institution noted for miles around for the excellence of its discipline, the capability of its teachers, and the rapid advancement of its pupils. This school Gertie was attending at the time of which we write, endeavoring to fit herself for the capacity of a teacher, and she hoped in a short time to relieve her mother of a burden that had been weighing heavily upon her hands, and to be able, not only to maintain herself, but to render it unnecessary for her mother to work constantly at her needle, an employment that was evidently destroying her health.

This was the state of affairs when Fred Lynde entered the Glenvale Academy as a pupil. He was a handsome young man, with strange, fascinating eyes, the color of which it would be impossible to determine; a fine figure, and manners bespeaking the thorough-bred gentleman.

It was soon rumored that this new comer was wealthy, heir to a large estate that would come

into his possession upon his twenty-first birthday, as he had not quite attained his majority. He was from a neighboring State; more than this was not known of him. He was a thorough student, so the teachers said, and altogether he was declared quite an addition to this flourishing and popular school. Among the young men he was considered a first-rate fellow, the girls thought him a charming young gentleman, but old ladies and old gentlemen shook their heads and muttered "too wild, too wild."

Now, to make a long story short, when Fred Lynde's eyes first rested upon the beautiful face of Gertrude Eldridge, he made up his mind she would be a charming lassie to flirt with for a season; and the assurance he received from his classmates that he would waste his time while thus engaged, only strengthened him in his determination.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," he laughed; "if that pretty ring my lady wears upon her finger isn't upon mine in less than two months, expel me from Glenvale Academy, mark that! And mind ye, the first one who tells Miss Scorn of what I have said, shall receive his reward, remember that, boys!" And those bewildering eyes fairly shot glances of fire.

Of course the said boys did not care after this to inform the young lady of the young gentleman's boast, and waited for future developments impatiently.

They came soon enough, too soon. The second week after young Lynde's entrance into school found him at the Widow Eldridge's cottage. He wished a little sewing done, some handkerchiefs hemmed, he had heard she was a beautiful seamstress, and therefore he had troubled her.

Mrs. Eldridge's vanity was aroused; she assured Mr. Lynde his handkerchiefs should be hemmed in the neatest manner, that her daughter Gertrude was a much prettier seamstress than herself, and that she should hem them and mark them for him also if he desired.

Mr. Lynde observed that nothing would give him greater pleasure, that he had lost a great many handkerchiefs in his short lifetime, because they were not marked, and then asked if the charming and talented Miss Eldridge who attended the Glenvale Academy was her daughter? The vain mother answered in the affirmative.

"I should be delighted to make her acquaintance, my dear madam," said young Lynde, in his most condescending manner; "the rules of the academy are so strict I have not been fortunate enough to secure even an introduction."

"Then I beg you will stay and take tea with

us, Mr. Lynde," replied Mrs. Eldridge, with a low and deferential bow, and a smirk of self-complacency upon her faded but no doubt once pretty face.

Mr. Lynde regretted he could not accept the invitation as he was engaged very busily at that hour with his studies; but if Mrs. Eldridge would permit him, he would call around in the evening; there would be a lecture at the academy, and perhaps Miss Eldridge would like to be present, as it was upon the very interesting and profitable subject of metaphysics. Did Mrs. Eldridge think her daughter would like to go?

Mrs. Eldridge was very sure she would, and Mr. Lynde took his leave, taking good care to display to view a costly jewelled watch, a massive gold chain, and an ornamental seal, which impressed Mrs. Eldridge so much with the young man's importance that she made up her mind he would be the most eligible match in the world for her daughter, and when Gertie returned from school, informed her of the good fortune that no doubt awaited her.

Now any one at all acquainted with human nature will understand Mrs. Eldridge took entirely the wrong way to impress her daughter with an idea of this "good fortune." Girls are contrary, of course they are, and if the manœuvring mama had only informed her pretty daughter she should not associate with Mr. Fred Lynde, ten chances to one she would have eloped with him in a month; as it was immediately after tea, Gertie tied on her pretty sun bonnet, and ran over to spend the evening with her dearest friend, Lucy Dwight, leaving Mr. Lynde to be entertained by her mother, who had taken so great a fancy to him.

Now Lucy Dwight had a brother, Harry, a fine fellow, by the way, and he loved pretty Gertie Eldridge with all his heart; but, alas, Harry was neither handsome, learned nor wealthy, awkward as he was good hearted, and as shy and bashful as Gertie was scornful and distant. She never imagined the great overgrown, ungainly lad loved her, and so treated him as she would any other shy and awkward fellow, that is to say, she didn't treat him at all; and this particular evening, as she ran up the little grassy, rose-bordered path, and met Harry upon the steps, she failed to notice him in the least, pushed past him, opened the door, and ran lightly up stairs to her friend Lucy's room.

Now we might describe Lucy, and after saying that she was exactly the opposite of Gertie, say also that she was possessed of as warm and generous a heart as ever throbbed in a human breast;

but our story is not of Lucy this time, although her's was no tame, common place life, "and thereon hangs a tale."

Gertie found Lucy busy arranging a bouquet of flowers upon her toilet table, and ere she was aware of an intruder, a pair of white arms were around her neck and a pair of rosy lips were pressed upon her cheek. Lucy gave a little start of surprise, but regained her composure when she saw it was only Gertie, and then the two sat down, school-girl fashion, to chat, and Harry Dwight, his heart thumping loudly against his home-made jacket, looked up to the window from whence he could hear her voice, listened for a moment, and then walked away to the orchard to find the largest and reddest apples to send to her mother; for he wouldn't give them to Gertie for the world, and he knew if he sent them to Mrs. Eldridge, Gertie would be very likely to appropriate as many to her own use as she desired.

So the apples were gathered, and placed in a little basket on the steps where Gertie would find them; then upon second thoughts, he concluded he would run down to Mrs. Eldridge's with them himself, and have a little chat with her to while away the time. But sad to relate, as Harry approached the cottage he espied the accomplished Mr. Eldridge sitting by the window in the little parlor, so he passed, and turning a corner, returned home again.

Then he left the basket of apples upon the steps where he first intended, and hearing the academy bell ring, decided he would go to the lecture, just to pass away the time, which he did, and yet he never thought of inviting pretty Gertie Eldridge to accompany him. As he was returning home that evening in the darkness, he heard Fred Lynde's voice behind him.

"Never mind, never mind, boys, not foiled yet! But Gertie Eldridge shall pay dearly for this!"

"Perhaps," suggested another voice.

"No 'perhaps' about it," returned Lynde, "if I don't walk to school with Miss Scorn tomorrow morning, call me a fool for my pains, that's all."

And Fred Lynde did as he had boasted he would do, for apparently very accidentally he fell into her company the next morning, introduced himself, spoke of the beauty of the weather, the loveliness of the scenery, and parted with her in the hall.

All this looked very presuming, very audacious to Gertie Eldridge, but then what could she do? Stop in the street to rid herself of his company? He possibly would stop too. Walk faster? She tried that, but Mr. Lynde was her equal there.

She answered his questions haughtily, and in monosyllables, and turned her pretty head scornfully, but Fred Lynde would not take the hint that his presence was disagreeable, he did not care to. And this was Fred Lynde's first victory over Gertie Eldridge, the prettiest girl in Glenvale Academy.

The old saying is, "we first endure, then pity, then embrace." At first Gertrude merely tolerated Fred Lynde's society, next she thought it really pleasant, and finally fully agreed with her mother that Mr. Lynde was charming company. We do not mean that Gertie was guilty of saying this, even to her dearest friend, Lucy, but we do maintain she admitted it to her own proud and sensitive heart. And this was Fred Lynde's second triumph.

Two months had nearly elapsed since the young man's rash assertion in regard to gaining possession of Gertrude's ring; but he accomplished it in due time in this wise.

He asked her for it to look at one day, and accidentally (?) broke it. Of course he was profuse in his apologies, begged her to wear one of his until he had hers mended, which he would have done shortly; took a pretty, jewelled ring from his own finger, and placed it upon her's so gallantly she could not refuse.

Two days afterwards the students of the Glenvale Academy beheld upon the young man's finger the fair Gertie's ring. And thus it was Fred Lynde gained his third victory.

Poor Gertrude Eldridge, if she had only known the net that this young and unprincipled man was weaving about her, she might have broken the meshes ere they had grown too strong for her feeble strength. She judged others by herself; because her own heart was pure and innocent, she imagined all others to be so likewise. Fred Lynde flattered her vanity by his preference, by his skilful flattery, by his carefully worded compliments. She had not the benefit of a prudent mother's counsel but believed all the young man told her. Her love became infatuation, she was blind to everything except the fact, as she believed, that she loved, and that she was beloved. And this was Fred Lynde's fourth victory.

Gradually an estrangement grew up between Gertie Eldridge and Lucy Dwight. How it began it would be hard to determine; perhaps it was when Lucy said that she did not think Fred Lynde unexceptionable; her strong, penetrating mind had read well the young man's character, and from the first she believed he was but trifling with Gertie's affection; we say perhaps it was then the estrangement commenced.

Be that as it may, but a few weeks elapsed

before Gertie's visits to Lucy became very rare, and when together the young girls appeared constrained and embarrassed in each other's society. About this time Lucy left the village on a visit to a distant relative, and Gertrude's calls at the Dwight mansion were discontinued entirely.

The reason we mention this is because we do believe, had the friendship existing once between these young girls remained unbroken, the sad circumstances about to follow had never taken place.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys," said Fred Lynde to his classmates, one day, "she's a ver-dant little puss. I think of calling her 'my ever-green,' for she will be one, I'm very sure! Ha, ha! ha, ha!" And the young man laughed lightly.

"You're a magician, Lynde," laughed one. "Now that same Gertrude Eldridge would have mitteden you as quick as any of us three months ago, and now—"

"She thinks more of me than her life! Ha, ha, boys, nothing like understanding the business! Now I've made flirting a study, as much as I ever did the sciences. I shall keep Miss Gertie at my feet as long as I please, and then—"

"What?"

"Go home and marry the beautiful and wealthy Miss— Ahem, I don't care to mention her name just now and here."

"And Gertie Eldridge?"

"Ha, ha, don't mention her; what do you suppose I care for the future of a cast-off sweetheart?"

"You shall not mention Gertrude Eldridge in that manner," said a slow, deliberate voice, and Harry Dwight laid his powerful hand upon Fred Lynde's shoulder. "If Miss Eldridge knew the manner you abuse her confidence, I am very sure she would treat you with the scorn and contempt you deserve."

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to take up the gauntlet in defence of a girl who despises you as she does the worm beneath her feet? Ha, ha!" And Fred Lynde twisted himself from Harry Dwight's grasp, and laughed sneeringly.

The hot blood rushed to the young man's honest face, and his brown eyes flashed.

"If she despised me in a tenfold manner, I should take up the gauntlet in her defence," he said. "She is fatherless, and brotherless, and I have not forgotten that I have a mother, and a sister, Fred Lynde, whose good name I value more than my life. For their sakes I will not hear a defenceless woman spoken evil or lightly of, and the man who speaks of a young and in-

nocent girl, whose only fault is that she has too much faith in a lover's truth, as you have done of Gertrude Eldridge, is a coward and a villain!"

"Do you mean to apply these epithets to me?" inquired Fred Lynde, pale with rage.

"As you please to understand me; but speak lightly of Gertrude Eldridge in my presence again at your peril!"

It would have been hard to recognize in the resolute, fearless youth, whose eyes seemed to blaze with indignation, and whose lips curved proudly with feeling, the bashful youth who blushed at the sound of Gertie Eldridge's voice, and whose heart went pit-a-pat at hearing the sound of her footsteps as she passed by his father's on her way to school.

Fred Lynde's companions were astonished, and fearing a serious quarrel would ensue, and knowing their favorite Fred was no match for the strong and vigorous young farmer, they interposed, and taking him by the arms, almost dragged him away.

As for Harry Dwight, after the young man had left him alone, he stood as if rivetted to the spot, his eyes resting upon the ground, his arms folded tightly across his bosom, his high, full forehead now flushing, and then paling, stood there, while, like the ocean waves in a tempest, tumultuous thoughts surged wildly through his brain, and his heart heaved and throbbed painfully, as if it longed to burst from its confinement. Harry Dwight was not easily excited, but when once aroused his strong nature felt it to the utmost; a variety of emotions contended in his bosom for mastery now—love, jealousy, hate, anger—yes, we will say—pity.

Pity for the poor dove being drawn into the destroyer's net. Harry Dwight crushed back with a mighty effort all other passions, and pity gained the mastery.

"There is but one way," he murmured to himself, "but one way to save her; some one must go to her and tell her of her danger. But who? Yes, who?"

For a long time he pondered, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion.

"She is becoming the talk of the town, even now many avoid her as evil; soon her character will be entirely lost in the eyes of the pure and good; but what shall be done? Who will go to her and tell her—tell her all?"

Harry Dwight sought his mother, and after informing her of the state of affairs, besought her to go to Mrs. Eldridge, and tell her of the danger her daughter was in; but Mrs. Dwight was one of those rarely-found individuals who

strictly mind their own affairs, and declined to have anything to do in the matter. She thought herself able to attend to her own children, she said, and no doubt Mrs. Eldridge had a like confidence in herself. No, if Gertrude's mother could not see her daughter's danger without having it pointed out to her, all the people in the village could not make her see it. Mrs. Dwigl was a kind-hearted woman, and really pitied Gertie; but as for stepping out of her own sphere, and meddling with the affairs of others, she would not do it.

Harry Dwight left his mother's room with a look of determination upon his countenance, and a resolute expression in his fine brown eyes. Mechanically he attended to "doing up the chores," and then going up to his small room, he made his toilet in a neat and simple manner, and then went down stairs, down the narrow, rose-bordered path, strewn over with the yellow autumn leaves, out of the little wicker gate that he closed thoughtfully behind him, and then down the road leading to the Widow Eldridge's cottage.

He paused a moment as he reached the little brown house, half irresolute as to the course he should pursue, weighing all over in his mind, and again pity and love gained the mastery.

The stars were beginning to come out in the September sky, as Harry Dwight opened the gate in front of the little cottage, and walked resolutely up to the door; it was open, so he walked in and sat down on the chintz-covered lounge to await the coming of Mrs. Eldridge or her daughter.

The latter came in at length with a lamp, which she shaded from the evening air with her hand. Harry saw Fred Lynde's ring glittering upon her finger in the light. It unnerved him, for a moment, and only for a moment he regretted that he had come.

Gertrude set the lamp upon the table, and then began to roll up some sewing which lay scattered around. Harry arose and approached; his steps startled her, she turned, expecting it was Fred, who visited her nearly every evening, turned with a smile that darkened into a frown as she observed her mistake.

"You, here, Harry Dwight?"

"Yes."

For an instant she stood irresolute, without speaking, then she said, inquiringly:

"Mother will be in, shortly."

"But I don't want to see her; but you, Gertrude."

"Me?" questioned the girl, scornfully, "and what, pray, do you wish with me?"

"I want to talk to you a few minutes, may I?"

She did not say 'no,' so he proceeded. "I have come to talk to you about Fred Lynde."

"And what of him?" asked Gertrude, haughtily.

"You will pardon me for what I say, I hope you will, Miss Eldridge, but I am sadly afraid—" The youth paused.

"Of what, Harry Dwight?"

"That Fred Lynde, handsome, pleasing as he is, is trifling with you."

"Thank you for minding my business, Harry Dwight!" cried the girl, contempt and scorn depicted upon her countenance. "Is that all, and if so, may I ask you the facts upon which you found your suppositions?"

"Certainly," he replied, "I have no hesitation in telling you; first, I am quite sure he is engaged to be married to a young lady in his native State; secondly he makes your name a by-word in company, and has even gone so far as to boast of the power he has over you."

For a moment the young man paused, and waited to see what Gertrude would say, but overcome with a variety of emotions, the poor girl remained silent.

At length she said, looking up into Harry Dwight's face, her own crimson with wounded feeling and mortification.

"Are you sure, sure of what you are telling me, Harry Dwight?"

"If I had not been very sure, I should not have troubled you with this information," he said.

For a moment she stood still, her hands pressed tightly over her face; when she removed them her cheeks and brow were white with very rage.

"I do not believe you, Harry Dwight!" she said. "This is a base plan to injure Fred Lynde in my estimation. I thank you for nothing, Mr. Dwight. Go! I hate you!"

The hot blood mounted to the high brow of the young man, then receded and left it marble pale.

"If you hated me ten times as much as you do," he said, "I should again pray of you as you value your good name, to beware of Fred Lynde; he does not love you; he is a base traitor to you—he is only seeking your destruction!"

It was a beautiful faith Gertie Eldridge had in the man she loved. Beautiful, we say, and yet, alas, misplaced. Had Fred Lynde been worthy such devoted, such absorbing, such faithful love, it had been well; but he was not. And that faith in his truth, his constancy, caused Gertrude Eldridge to answer:

"I do not believe you, Harry Dwight! For

some cause you hate him, and misrepresent him to me. Go, I will not listen to you, for you speak falsely!"

"Gertrude Eldridge," again said the young man, with a strange, wavering tenderness in his tone, "next week I leave Glenvale, perhaps forever. I have no reason to wish to misrepresent Fred Lynde to you, and I have not. You will know at some future time that I have spoken truthfully, and at the sacrifice of my own feelings. I say you will remember this all at some future day, and perhaps then, even if too late, you will in your heart thank Harry Dwight that he tried his utmost to save you."

Gertrude gave her pretty head a toss and said, scornfully:

"You are quite sentimental, Mr. Dwight; allow me to bid you a good evening."

"Be it so," said the young man, bitterly; "we may never meet again, Gertie Eldridge; but sometimes think kindly of the unrepenting lad who would have given his life willingly to save you from ruin. Good-by! Heaven protect you, Gertrude!"

A moment more and the young girl was alone. The little brown gate slammed as Harry Dwight closed it behind him, then she listened to his footsteps until the sound died away in the distance, then she threw herself upon the little chintz covered lounge, buried her face in her hands, and cried bitterly.

How long she lay there sobbing she could not tell, but the sound of advancing footsteps along the road, and then the click of the gate, warned her that a visitor was approaching. It was Fred Lynde, handsome, smiling, bewitching as ever.

"In tears, my darling?" he said, tenderly. "In tears! And who, pray, could be heartless enough to provoke them?"

Then Gertrude Eldridge, weak and trusting girl as she was, laid her tearful face upon his shoulder, and told him all.

"The villain!" hissed the young man.

"I knew it was all false, dear Fred," said Gertrude, raising her beautiful eyes to his face; "only tell me, assure me once that there is nothing to found such stories upon."

"Do you doubt me, then?" asked Fred Lynde, his brow darkening.

"No, O, no, not doubt you, Fred, but then—but then—"

"What, my daisy?"

"I—I—"

"You did not know but what I really deserved all that you heard ill of me? Forget it all, dear Gertrude—my own Gertie—believe me to be true until you know me to be false."

"I will," said the trusting, deceived girl, "I will always trust you until then, Fred Lynde." And Gertrude Eldridge fulfilled her promise.

The next week Harry Dwight left Glenvale for a distant State. Leaving him to Dame Fortune's frowns and smiles, let us follow Gertie Eldridge even down into the dark valley of adversity and sorest trial, the valley her tender feet trod painfully and alone.

Gradually the young people of the village left Gertrude to herself; old peopleshook their heads, and said they never thought Gertie Eldridge would come to that, so pretty—what a pity! Young men laughed when her name was mentioned, and even little boys and girls did not care to be seen going with her to school. Gertrude wondered concerning the cause of this change, but as no one cared to deal as honestly by her as Harry Dwight had done, the mystery to her remained unsolved.

The school term was drawing to a close, and all was bustle and excitement, preparing for a grand exhibition, which came off in due time and in fine style.

Fred Lynde delivered the valedictory, and was enthusiastically applauded by the delighted audience, while Gertrude, who took no part in the exercises, sat with the assembled multitude, her eyes filled with happy tears, her true woman's heart overflowing with joy at his success.

That evening Fred Lynde walked home with Gertie Eldridge beneath the quiet stars, the pale, winter moon casting her silver rays over the frosted fields, and the quiet, snow-wreathed village. Very little was spoken by either until they reached the brown wicket gate in front of the cottage, when Gertie said:

"Wont you come in, Fred?"

"Yes," he said, abruptly, "and I want to talk to you, Gertrude."

Mrs. Eldridge had retired, but the lamp was burning brightly upon the table, and a warm fire was blazing cheerily in the grate. Gertrude wheeled the two large arm-chairs close to the crackling fire, took one herself, and motioned Fred to take the other. For a time neither spoke, finally Fred Lynde said, hurriedly:

"I'm going away to-morrow, you know, Gertie."

"Yes."

There were tears in the girl's eyes. Fred Lynde saw them, and his own lit up with a strange, wicked, cruel light.

"Do you care, Gertie?"

"I am sure I shall be very lonely," she said, ovasively.

"Will you care, Gertie?"

He asked the question again, looking straight into his face with his strange, bewildering eyes, watching her every expression as the tiger does the motions of his helpless prey.

"Yes, certainly I shall care, Fred," she replied, a vivid flush mantling cheek and brow.

"Then you do care for me a little, Gertie?" he continued, with a soft, bewitching smile.

"Certainly I do," she said.

"Is it only a little you care for me, Gertie?" he questioned again. "Am I asking too much when I say I want your love, your whole love, Gertrude Eldridge?"

"And supposing I cannot give it to you? Supposing you have it now already, Fred?" she asked, timidly, while her whole face flushed crimson.

She was not looking into the young man's countenance, or she could not have mistaken its expression—so perfectly heartless and mocking, that it would have startled her.

"Then you do love me, Gertie?" he questioned. "You will always love me, Gertrude?"

And her answer was just what any other innocent, trusting girl would have given to the object of her heart's first, best and purest affections—"Yes!"

He drew his chair to the other side of the fireplace, leaned his head back, and half closed his eyes. Then he said in a tone very hard for the poor girl to understand:

"Did I ever tell you that I loved you, Gertrude?"

He never had in that set phrase, though a thousand words and actions had implied it.

"So you see I have the advantage of you there. To tell the truth, I generally gain the affections of the fair portion of community without any trouble, and now what I want to tell you is this—that I am to be married to a young and beautiful girl immediately upon my return home."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the poor girl, she could not have been more astonished.

"Married?" she whispered, at length. "You are surely jesting, Fred Lynde?"

"No, I am not jesting!" he replied. "True as gospel, every word. Did you imagine I would ever marry you, my little puss? I have enjoyed my flirtation immensely. Allow me to thank you for the amusement it has afforded me, for without it, I am sure I should have died of ennui!"

O the tone—the bitter, sneering, contemptuous tone! It was more the tone, than the words, that sent that thrill of hopeless anguish through the young girl's frame. She had dreamed, and the awakening was like death.

She started from the great rocking-chair—her face whiter than the snow that lay drifted upon the house-tops—her blue eyes dark with pent-up, agonizing, hopeless distress—her hands clasping each other so tightly that the pink nails wounded the tender flesh—started from her chair, and going up to Fred Lynde, she said with a strange, forced calmness:

"Then you have never loved me? You have trifled with me all this summer? Tell me this is so, Fred Lynde!"

He laughed scornfully; her beautiful despair pleased him.

"Yes," he answered; "only trifled."

She pressed her hands over her heart. The action was involuntary—she thought it was breaking. Poor child! she did not know how much the human heart can bear and not break. She did not know then.

What she might have said, we do not know; but at that moment a shriek from her mother's bedroom drew her attention in that direction. The poor, weak mother had been listening to the conversation, and heard all. The shock was too great for her, and that scream of agony was the last sound that ever passed the poor woman's lips. The first part of the night she lingered in a dreadful stupor, and the skill of the village physician, and the care and solicitude of the almost distracted daughter, were without avail; for a little after midnight she breathed her last, and Gertrude Eldridge was motherless.

"A stroke of apoplexy," so the physician said. Only Fred Lynde and the miserable daughter knew the real cause.

The young man left Glenvale the next day. It would be strange if his conscience did not upbraid him; we do not doubt it did. As for Gertrude, after the funeral she gathered together what little money was left to her from her mother's hard earnings, and after parting with various articles of household furniture to pay debts that had been contracted, she packed up her trunk and, three days after her mother's burial, took the stage-coach for the station of B—, some twelve miles distant, intending to there go by rail to the city of S—, where a relative of her mother's resided, hoping that there she might find a home at least for a time. But how little we poor mortals know of the future! "Man proposes, but God disposes."

As for Fred Lynde, he arrived home in due time without any particular adventure. Had it not been for the brilliant hopes before him, his glowing anticipations, it is possible his conscience might have troubled him more. As it was, he pictured to himself the warm reception

he would meet with from his affianced bride, the wealthy and beautiful Miss Louise Allen, to whom he had been betrothed from his childhood—imagined, we say; but, sad to relate, it never met with a realization.

Fred Lynde had carelessly, thoughtlessly, in a letter to Louise's brother, related the story of his country flirtings—a letter that Louise had the pleasure of perusing. So Mr. Lynde was informed by his affianced that a gentleman who made a boast of winning a young and beautiful girl's affections merely to cast them aside as worthless, could never be her husband. Miss Allen was firm and decided, and so Fred was compelled to submit. Ah, Fred Lynde, Fred Lynde! you did not guess then what the future had in store for you, and what more would come of your country flirtation!

As we said, three days after her mother's burial Gertrude Eldridge took passage in the lumbering stage-coach for a railroad station some twelve or fourteen miles distant. The driver assisted her into the old coach and then busied himself with strapping on the small trunk containing her scant wardrobe.

Gertrude Eldridge sat back in the coach, her veil drawn tightly over her face—for there were tears in her eyes that she did not care that the peering, prying world should see. We say she sat back in the old yellow stage-coach weeping silently and bitterly, for there was no loved voice to say "God speed you, Gertie!" She was an orphan—ay, and more, it was a great sorrow that crushed her—a great grief such as a young and innocent girl can know but once in her whole life. She had loved too blindly—she had dreamed, and her dream had had its awakening.

"All aboard! all aboard!" shouted the stentorian voice of the driver.

There was a slamming of the coach doors, a "ready! all's right!" from the stage-agent, a sudden starting of the lumbering vehicle, and a few minutes sufficed to leave the pretty village of Glenvale far in the distance.

The day was cloudy and cold, and before long, a heavy snow-storm set in. The wind whistled in at the broken coach windows, laden with a burden of sleet, and poor Gertrude, weak and exhausted, felt every blast to her very heart. Her shawl was very thin for the season and for travelling, and before she had proceeded half a dozen miles, she found herself nearly frozen.

There were four occupants of the miserable conveyance, besides Gertie Eldridge; of three of them it is unnecessary to speak—they were gentlemen well wrapped in shawls and great

coats—while the fourth was an old lady attired in a warm and heavy travelling costume, rich furs, and a heavy veil that bade defiance to King Frost in whatever guise he should choose to appear.

"Snowing to kill!" exclaimed one of the three gentlemen, drawing his muffler closer around his ears.

"Probably'll take runners before long," remarked a second; while the third merely gave vent to an expressive "ugh!"

The old lady drew aside her veil to look out, but the frosty air caused her to replace it in haste. Then the coach rumbled along slowly over the frozen road, the wind blew colder and colder, a numbing sensation stole over poor Gertrude Eldridge, the tears froze upon her cheeks, and leaning her head back upon the side of the old coach, she fell into a strange lethargic slumber. And still the old coach rumbled on, in its snowy way.

"Jerden's a hard road to travel, I believe," sang the driver, clapping his hands against his sides to prevent them from freezing.

By-and-by he became less musical, and exercised his hands more industriously; while the three gentlemen inside the old yellow coach pondered over the rise and fall of stocks, the depression of the money market and the mercury, the rise of provisions and the increasing storm. The old lady was wondering quietly to herself why such public conveyances were allowed to impose upon travellers, and how much further it could be to the next station; and Gertie, poor Gertie Eldridge, was dreaming of her mother and Fred Lynde—and the sad, reproachful brown eyes of Harry Dwight would intrude themselves. Poor Gertrude! in the numbing lethargic slumber, she was happy.

By-and-by there was a stopping of the coach wheels, a "whoa, whoa!" in the half frozen articulation of the driver, and a—"Here we are at last, pity save us all!" as the stage doors were thrown open and the steps let down.

The three gentlemen descended the lumbering vehicle first, then the old lady in her costly wrappings, but Gertie Eldridge neither moved nor spoke.

"Come, ma'am, be quick!" cried the driver, impatiently. Then he added, with an exclamation of alight: "Good heavens! the girl is frozen!"

"On your hand that pure altar I vow,
Though I've looked, and have liked, and have felt
That I never have loved till now."

Some seven or eight years after the events last narrated, in a handsomely furnished apartment

in a large "brown stone front" on Broadway, sat a lady and gentleman earnestly engaged in conversation. The former might have been twenty or twenty-five years of age; it would have been impossible to determine exactly. Her manners were faultlessly graceful, and her face and form displayed uncommon beauty and symmetry. Miss Allwin the heiress—the belle of the day—kind reader, and her companion was none other than our friend Harry Dwight, now a rising and popular young lawyer, and a nominee for the legislature at the coming election. Report said that it was very probable he would be elected, for, young as he was, he possessed the confidence of the people, as well as the respect and esteem even of his political opponents.

Energy and perseverance had done much for Harry Dwight, the once awkward and unprepossessing lad of Glenvale Academy. Harry Dwight had changed much in these eight years; and yet the clear, earnest brown eyes were the same—full of deep, kind, truthful feeling, that welled up from a generous and noble heart. Flattery and applause had not spoiled him; he had not grown vain and self-important, as many another might have done. Harry Dwight had a mother and sister, and their advice, their counsel, had proved a safeguard against the follies and fashionable evils of a large city.

The full-lighted chandelier cast a cheerful glow over the magnificently furnished apartment, with its statues and pictures from the studios of the best artists, its mirrors and curiosities all arranged with faultless taste and order. Miss Allwin and her lover, for such was her companion, sat upon a luxurious sofa. The former was toying carelessly with her fan, while the latter was speaking of his ambitious dreams—dreams that he had woven when a boy, and that he fondly trusted would be more than realized, should his life and health be spared.

"And yet," he said, in conclusion, "after all, fame is but a bauble. It is unsatisfying; it fails to answer the cravings of the heart. A man turns wearily from the applause of the multitude, and longs for a quiet, happy, peaceful home, where the woman he loves reigns supreme."

Miss Allwin's eyes were downcast, and her face averted from the speaker.

"Love is mightier than ambition," continued Harry Dwight. "My dear Miss Allwin, I would gladly give up my dearest dreams of fame, could I thus secure for myself the dearer realities of domestic love and peace."

The fair maiden turned her face towards the young man and gazed full into his brown, truthful eyes as he spoke.

"And why do you not?" she asked, blushingly.

"Because," he answered, "I have, until this evening lacked courage sufficient to ask of you this great boon. Will you be my wife?"

The beautiful face of Miss Allwin turned first crimson and then very pale; the proud lips worked convulsively; the white, jewelled fingers clasped each other almost painfully. Finally, raising her eyes, and gazing full into his, she asked:

"Have you given me your heart's first love, Harry Dwight?"

For a moment he paused. Then he said earnestly, truthfully:

"No, Miss Allwin, I will not deceive you. In my boyhood, Gertrude Eldridge was dearer to me than my life—Gertie Eldridge, I used to call her. She was my idol then; but my idol was clay, God forgive me!"

"And now—"

"I offer you such a love as a man may offer a mortal. Will you accept such an one, Miss Allwin?"

"I will never be second in the heart of any man," she said, scornfully. "Go, Harry Dwight! perhaps Gertie Eldridge, the rustic maid of your dreams, may prove the bright star that shall illumine your domestic horizon."

The young man arose and said, sadly:

"I mistook your character, Miss Allwin. I fancied you loved candor and truth, and very few men will you find who have not had their boy loves. I might have asked you if your girlhood had none, but that is nothing to me; your present, and not your past love, was all I asked of you."

"While I ask both of the man I wed," said Miss Allwin, haughtily; then she added, in a softer and more womanly tone: "Favor me with a call to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, Mr. Dwight, if you please. Till then, adieu!"

A moment more, and Harry Dwight found himself alone; another, and he was descending the broad stone steps of the mansion and was soon traversing the great thoroughfare of the metropolis.

A few moments more, and in the privacy of his own room Harry Dwight took up his pen and wrote: "Another dream is over! Heaven help me!"

In another part of the city, in one of the fashionable billiard and drinking-saloons that are the curse of every large city, enticing young men and older ones too, in fact, to destruction, and wasting money that should supply widowed mothers, perhaps, and starving children—in such

a place, at the precise time Harry Dwight wrote "Heaven help me!" two young men sat near a card table, one shuffling a pack of "kingly" and "queenly" pictures carelessly, the other, whose brow was darkened, and whose eyes flashed angrily, in the act of counting out the contents of a nearly emptied purse, which he piled upon the table, muttering:

"There, that's the last I have in the world! One more game!"

Again the cards were shuffled and the game began. Again was the agitated young man the loser, and again the tempter cried out to him—"One more game may retrieve all." But the tempter spoke falsely; when Fred Lynde left the saloon, he was in debt to the amount of several thousand dollars.

Fred Lynde reeled to his boarding-house, maddened with loss and with wine. When he reached his room, he threw himself upon his bed, and, falling into a deep slumber, did not awake until nearly eight o'clock the next morning.

Alarmed at finding the hour so late, he proceeded to make his toilet. The cause of his haste may be inferred from the contents of a note that lay upon the table, which had come in answer to a letter written by himself, a few days before, to the lady whose favor he sought.

"Act to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, Mr. Lynde; then you shall receive your answer."

And this note was in the hand-writing of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Allwin, whose love he had sought. Again Fred Lynde and Harry Dwight were rivals—although each was not aware of the other's feelings.

Fred Lynde made a hasty but careful toilet. This morning, he felt, would decide all. If he received, as he fondly hoped, a "yes" to his important question, Miss Allwin's property would fall into his hands, and after paying all his debts of "honor," he would be a rich man. "Otherwise"—Fred Lynde, handsome, heartless Fred Lynde shuddered; "otherwise"—but the sentence remained unfinished.

Fred Lynde was esteemed a fashionable, elegant young gentleman in society. Young ladies and their manœvering mamas considered him unexceptionable; dear things, they didn't know of his dissipated habits—how should they? and if they had, why "the young men of these days are rather fast, you know—and then he's rich!" That would have been the comment in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Now whether Miss Allwin was that one exceptionable case, remains to be seen. She had treated him, to be sure, with considerable favor,

smiled upon him—and so she had upon Harry Dwight, poor fellow!—but then, in his elegant note, Mr. Fred Lynde had informed Miss Allwin that she was his first and only love; that all the bright faces he had ever seen in his lifetime had failed in winning the heart he humbly laid at her feet. He told her that he did not seek her because of her wealth or station—that it was for the love he bore her on account of her gentleness and beauty, and the purity of her heart. All this Mr. Lynde said in his elegant, perfumed, embossed note. All this Miss Allwin had read, with a quiet smile and a toss of the head.

Just exactly five minutes to nine o'clock, Fred Lynde stood upon the broad marble steps in front of Miss Allwin's mansion, with his hand upon the bell-knob. A servant opened the door and ushered him into an elegant parlor, where he was left to await the coming of the mistress of the mansion.

Just at nine o'clock the bell rang again, and to the astonishment of Fred Lynde, Harry Dwight was shown in by the self-same servant.

"The deuce! you here, Dwight?" muttered Fred Lynde, in astonishment.

"Fred Lynde!" ejaculated the other, in a surprised tone.

"And may I ask for what?" queried Lynde, with a supercilious glance.

"Certainly you may," replied Harry Dwight, composedly taking a seat upon the sofa, "though I shall of course reserve the privilege of answering you or not, as I see fit."

"Then let me say that your presence is unnecessary here, this morning," said Fred Lynde. "I come here, by appointment, to see Miss Allwin," he continued, triumphantly.

Harry Dwight's brow flushed, but he made no reply.

"I have yet the pleasure of thanking you for a service you did me eight or nine years ago—of meddling with my business in my affair with Gertrude Eldridge. I have not yet forgiven you for that, and if duelling was not contrary to law I should most assuredly call you out."

The memory of the olden days came back with an overwhelming rush to Harry Dwight. With a mighty effort, he controlled his feelings.

"I shall consider the source from which such language emanates—but it will be sad for you, if you mention Gertrude Eldridge's name thus in my presence again."

Fred Lynde arose to his feet with a show of courage; but the words he was about to utter were cut short by the entrance of Miss Allwin, who smiled blandly upon the two young men, merely saying: "Mr. Lynde—Mr. Dwight."

Of course Fred Lynde expected she would appear surprised at the intrusion of Harry Dwight, while the latter waited impatiently to see why he had been invited to call upon her at the precise hour as his rival. He waited, we say; but the denouement came full soon.

"I invited you both here this morning, gentlemen," began Miss Allwin, seating herself at a short distance from her rival lovers, "in the first place, to thank you for the preference you have shown me, and secondly, to tell you a little story—a story a part of which may not be unfamiliar to you.

"Nearly nine years ago, in a little quiet village, lived a young girl with a widowed mother. This daughter was the poor woman's all; to her she looked as the staff of her old age—the one who should smooth the rough path of life as she journeyed on towards the grave. The daughter was young and trusting. I need not repeat the story; you both know it. You, Fred Lynde, know who won that love and cast it away as worthless. It was *you, my mother's murderer!* Go! know now I have waited for my hour of triumph. It has come, at length. You know me now! *I am Gertrude Eldridge!*"

Both young men started to their feet in surprise—Fred Lynde, pale, trembling, with an abject, miserable terror that seemed to call down the speaker's disgust and indignation.

"Go!" she said, pointing to the door; "go! and let this be a solace for your disappointment, that Miss Allwin hates, far more than Gertrude Eldridge ever loved you!"

Like a whipped cur, young Lynde sneaked from the apartment, and then it was that Gertrude, for so we may now term her, turned towards the astonished Harry Dwight.

"Harry," she said, sadly, "Harry Dwight, tell me—tell me that you do not despise me!"

"I never could do that," he replied.

"Now that you know me as I am, can you repeat truthfully that which you said to me last night?"

"On one condition," he answered; "that you reconsider your answer."

"I have nothing to reconsider," she replied. "If Miss Allwin does not accept the *second*, Gertie Eldridge will be the *first* love of your heart, Harry Dwight!"

Reader, we need not repeat what followed; lovers dislike a third person, so we will step aside for a few moments.

"And now tell me all about this strange metamorphosis," said Harry, at length.

And then Gertrude told him the whole story of her mother's death and burial—her determi-

nation to leave Glenvale and seek a home in the family of her mother's uncle, who lived in a neighboring State—her narrow escape from freezing in the old coach that bitter cold day—the pity for her expressed by the rich old lady, her travelling companion, who, being a widow and childless, adopted her as her own, with this condition, that she should adopt her name, which she did—of the life of peace and happiness she had led beneath Miss Allwin's roof, up to the present time. All this Gertrude Eldridge told her lover, as they sat side by side upon the sofa; and she did not forget to tell him, too, of her blind, youthful love for Fred Lynde, with a crimson blush of shame, and begged Harry to forgive her for the deception she had practised in keeping him in ignorance of her identity.

Of course all was forgiven—certainly it was; and ere long, an announcement something like the following appeared in one of the city papers:

"**MARRIED.**—On the 15th inst., by the Rev. Dr. —, Mr. Henry L. Dwight to Miss Gertrude Eldridge Allwin, all of this city. We understand that the happy couple are to spend their honeymoon travelling. Our best wishes go with them."

The day after their return home, in looking over the morning's paper, Gertrude Dwight read a paragraph that caused her cheek to blanch, and her hand to tremble. She passed the paper to her husband, and he read aloud:

"**DREADFUL AFFRAY.**—We are sorry to notice, in our columns, the deeds of wickedness daily and nightly committed in our city, which call for some active measures on the part of our police. This morning, at half past two o'clock, an affray between several noted gamblers took place at an infamous drinking and billiard saloon, between — and — Streets, in which two men were mortally wounded, and one killed. The murdered man's name was Fred Lynde, and was, we think, the originator of the difficulty."

"Heaven forgive him!" murmured Harry, letting the paper fall.

"Amen!" responded Gertrude Dwight, fervently. "May Heaven forgive him, even as I do."

Harry Dwight is now a member of Congress—his wife, one of Washington's "bright, particular stars." Only the names we have used are fictitious.

THE TWINS OF THE HÔTEL CORNEILLE.

(From the French.)

CHAP. I.

When I was at the Normal School (it was in the year of grace 1848), I became intimate with two of my fellow-pupils, the brothers Debay. They were Bretons, born at Auray, and although they were of the same age, (lacking a few moments,) they did not in the least resemble each other, and I never saw such ill-matched twins. Matthew Debay was a little man of twenty-three; ugly and stunted. His arms were too long, his shoulders too high, and his legs too short—you would have taken him for a hunchback who had mislaid his hump. His brother, Louis, was a type of aristocratic beauty; tall, well-made, a Greek profile, a splendid eye, a superb moustache, and his hair was so black that it had a bluish tinge. Poor Matthew was not exactly red-haired, but he barely escaped it; and his beard was of every imaginable colour, in spots. The most pleasing thing about him was a pair of small grey eyes, full of shrewdness, simplicity, sweetness, and a thousand other charming expressions. Beauty, banished from every other part of him, had taken refuge in that corner.

When the brothers came to the examinations, Louis sported a dandified little cane which rather excited our jealousy. Matthew lugged, philosophically, under his arm, a great old red umbrella, which prepossessed all the examiners in his favour. However, both he and his brother were rejected; the College

of Vannes where they had previously studied, had not taught them enough Greek. We regretted Matthew in the school; it was his vocation; he wished to learn; he had a rage for teaching; he was born a professor. As for Louis, we all thought that it would be a pity for so fine a figure to be buried in a university cloister; for him to take the gown would have saddened us as much as for him to assume the monk's frock.

They were not without resources. In fact, we thought them rich, when comparing their fortune with ours—they had Uncle Yvon. Uncle Yvon, formerly Captain in the coasting-trade, now pursuing the occupation of Sardine fishing, owned several boats, many nets, some property, and a pretty house near the harbour of Auray. As he had never found time to marry, he was still a bachelor. He was a large-hearted man, very kind to the poor, and especially so to his own family, who stood much in need of him. He had taken M. and M^{me} Debay to live with him, and he saved up two hundred francs every month for the children.

Thanks to this munificence, Matthew and Louis were able to lodge at the Hôtel Corneille, which is the Hôtel des Princes of the Latin Quarter. Their chamber cost fifty francs a month; it was a handsome chamber. There were two mahogany beds with red curtains, and two arm-chairs, and several chairs without arms, and a book-case with

glass doors, and even, Heaven save the mark! a carpet. These gentlemen took their meals at the hotel: board is not bad at seventy-five francs a month a head, so that their lodging and eating absorbed exactly Uncle Yvon's two hundred francs. Matthew provided for the other expenses. His age did not permit him to apply a second time at the Normal School. He said to his brother, "I am going to study medicine, and one of these days Dr. Debay will get a small practice somewhere. As for you, you will take to law or medicine, as you choose."

"And how are we to live?" asked Louis.

"Oh, I'll see to that. I have applied at Sainte Barbe, and they have accepted me as Assistant tutor for the second and third classes; two hours' work every morning and two hundred francs a month. I will have to get up at five o'clock, but we shall be rich."

"And besides," added Louis, "you belong to the lark family, and it will be a pleasure to you to wake up the sun."

Louis chose the law; he spoke like an oracle, and no one doubted but that he would make a capital lawyer. He attended the courts and took copious notes; after which he dressed, ran about Paris, showed himself at the four points of the compass, and spent the evening at some theatre. Matthew, in an old brown coat that I still see before me, listened to all the professors of the Sorbonne and worked in the evening at the library of St. Geneviève. Every one in the Latin Quarter knew Louis; no body was aware of Matthew's existence.

I went to see them every Thursday and Sunday. They lent me books. Matthew worshipped George

Sand, Louis was frantic about Balzac.

The young professor rested himself in the society of *François le Champi*, of *Goodman Patience* and of the *Bessons of La Bessonnère*. His simple, serious soul delighted in dreaming its way beside the deep ruts of the cart-wheels, along the paths bordered with heather, or under the great chestnut trees that shade the *Devil's Pool*. Louis's restless spirit followed very different roads. He was eager to sound the mysteries of Parisian life, as set forth in Balzac's novels, whose heroes he looked upon as living characters. He envied and admired the strange fortunes of *Rubempré*, *Rastignac*, and *Henry de Marsay*. In imagination, he dressed himself in their clothes, lived in their company, assisted in their duels, their loves, their enterprises and their victories; he triumphed with them. Then he would look at himself in the glass. "Are they any better than I? Am I not quite equal to them? What prevents me from succeeding as they did? I have their good looks, their wit, a better education than most of them, and, what they never did have, a sense of duty. Even at College I learnt to distinguish between virtue and vice. I shall be a *Marsay* without his faults, a *Rubempré* without *Vautrin*, a scrupulous *Rastignac*. What a future! all the delights of pleasure and all the pride of virtue!"

Sometimes we walked out together. Louis always carried us on the Boulevard des Italiens, and in the finest parts of Paris. He chose his hôtels, he bought his horses, he decided upon the livery of his servants. Whenever he saw some ugly head lolling back in a pretty carriage, he would cry out, "Everything goes wrong, and this universe

is a badly managed investment. Would not that *coupé* suit us a hundred times better than it does its owner?"

He said "us" through politeness. When Matthew was allowed to decide upon our walk, he always took us to the Bois de Meudon and Clamart. He declared that the country, even in winter, was lovelier than the town, and crows circling over the snow pleased his eyes more than citizens trotting in the mud. A paradoxical opinion against which I have always protested.

Louis followed us grumbling and halting. When we reached the thickest part of the wood, he would entertain us with mysterious proposals concerning associations like "The Thirteen," of de Balzac, and gravely request us to league ourselves with him for the conquest of Paris.

For my part, I took my friends into some curious places. The Normal School has founded a little charitable society, which does some good. A subscription of a few cents weekly, from each member, and the old clothes of the scholars, compose a modest fund, which is daily used, and never gives out. We distribute, in our quarter, some pasteboard tickets, which represent fuel, bread, or soup, some well-worn garments, a little linen, and a great many good words. This institution has one excellent effect—it recalls to young men that misery exists. Matthew often accompanied me up the long crooked stairs of the Twelfth Ward. Louis would say: "Poverty is a problem which I must try to solve. I will arouse my courage, surmount my distaste, and penetrate to the depths of those unhappy houses where bread and light rarely enter. I will examine closely this ulcer which eats into the very vitals of society, and I will find out in what proportion vice and fate

work to the degradation of our species." His sentiments were very fine, but it was Matthew who went along with me.

One day, I took him into the *Rue Traversine*, to see a poor devil, whose name I don't recollect—I only know we called him Little Greybeard, because he was small and white-haired. He had a wife and no children, and was a chairmender. We made him our first visit in July, 1849.

The *Rue Traversine* is a street I do not care to abuse, because it will, no doubt, be demolished in six months; but, meanwhile, I must suggest that it too nearly resembles the streets of Constantinople. Perhaps it is paved or macadamised, but I will not swear to it; the ground is covered with cut straw and trash of every sort, intermixed with children who roll in the mud. On each side are two rows of tall, bare, dirty houses, with small curtainless windows, from which rags float picturesquely, waiting till the wind is good enough to dry them.

Little Greybeard related his misery to us; he made twenty cents a day; his wife plaited straw, and made ten cents. Their lodging was a room in the fifth story, their furniture scanty; their window, a collection of oiled papers. I drew from my pocket some tickets for soup and bread. Little Greybeard received them with a slightly ironical smile.

"Sir," he said, "you will forgive me if I meddle with things which don't concern me, but somehow I don't think that poverty is going to be cured with those little scraps of pasteboard. You might as well put lint on a broken wooden leg. You have taken the trouble to mount up a'l these stairs with your honourable friend, to bring us six pounds of bread and two quarts of soup. That will last us for two days:

but will you come back day after to-morrow? You can't; you have others to look after. So, in two days, I will be just where I was before you came. In fact, I shall be hungrier, because one's stomach hollers louder the day after a good dinner. If I were rich like you two, (here Matthew dug his elbow into my side,) I would manage matters so as to make poor people well off for the rest of their days."

"How? If your receipt is good, we can, perhaps, profit by it."

"There are two ways: buy them the good-will of some shop or business, or procure them places under government."

"Oh, do hush," cried his wife, "I have always told you that your ambition will harm you."

"Where is the harm, if I am equal to it? I acknowledge that I have always wished to ask for an office. If anybody offered me ten francs to set up in the match-business, I would not refuse; but I am certain I should always regret the place I have in my eye."

"And pray what place is that?" asked Mathew.

"Street-sweeper. I should make my twenty cents a day and be free by ten o'clock in the morning. If you can get me such a position as that, my dear young gentlemen, I shall double my income—be able to live—you will not need to come here with your pockets full of tickets, and I will go to find you out and thank you."

We knew nobody at the prefecture, but Louis was intimate with the son of one of the commissaries of police, and he exerted his influence with his friend and procured the nomination of Little Greybeard. We paid him a visit of congratulation, and the first object which struck our attention was a gigantic broom, whose handle was enriched with an iron band. The proprietor

of this broom warmly welcomed us.

"Thanks to you," he said, "I am now above want; already my employers appreciate my services, and I do not despair of some day enrolling my wife in our brigade; that will be wealth. But on our landing, here, there are two ladies who stand in great need of your help; unfortunately, their hands are n't made for sweeping."

"Let us go and see them," said Matthew.

"Let me tell you, first, about them. They are not people like my wife and me; they have had reverses. The old lady is a widow. Her husband was a wholesale jeweler, *Rue d'Orleans*. He went last year to California, with a machine that he had invented—a machine to find gold; but the ship was lost, with the man and the machine, and all the rest. These ladies read in the newspapers, that there wasn't a straw saved. So they sold the little they had, and went to live in the *Rue d'Enfer*; and then the old lady had an illness which eat up everything. They came to stay here. They embroider from morning till night, and don't make fortunes at it. My wife helps them to clean up their room and so on, when she can: a person mayn't be rich, but yet be able to lend a hand sometimes to those who are poorer still. I tell you this, to make you understand that these ladies don't ask charity, and that you will have to go delicately to work. Besides, the young lady is lovely as an angel, and that makes them a little fierce, you know."

Matthew grew quite red at the idea of having been indiscreet.

"We will find out a way," he said. "What is the lady's name?"

"Madame Bourgade."

"Thank you."

Two days afterwards, Matthew, who never before would give pri-

vate lessons, undertook to prepare a youth for a bachelorship. He was so energetic about it, that his pupil, who had already been refused four or five times, was admitted on the 18th of August, at the commencement of the vacation. Immediately after this, the two brothers started for Brittany. Before leaving, Mathew gave me fifty francs. "I shall be absent," said he, "for five weeks. I will not return until October. Every Monday get a cheque for ten francs, payable to M'me Bourgade; you know her address. Put it in the post-office. She thinks that it is a debtor of her husband's, who is paying her by instalments. Don't show yourself in the house: you must not awaken their suspicion. If one of the ladies falls ill, Little Greybeard will let you know, and you must write to me."

I told you that nothing but good and excellent qualities shone in Mathew's small gray eyes. Why did I not keep the letter he wrote me during this vacation? it would have pleased you. He depicted the country with simple enthusiasm; the golden furze, the Druidical stones of Carnac, the downs of Quiberon, the sardine fishing in the gulf, and the fleet of red sails gathering oysters in the River Auray, all seemed new and fresh to him, after a year's absence. His brother pined a little for the delights of Paris; but to him there was nothing but pleasure. His father and mother were looking so well! Uncle Yvon was so stout and hearty! The house was so pretty; the beds so comfortable; the table so abundantly served! "Do you know the only thing which grieves me?" he added in a postscript. "I will tell you, even if you do laugh at me. In my uncle's house, there are two great lazy rooms, doing nothing: large, airy, well-furnished rooms.

I am sure my uncle would rent them for almost nothing, to honest people, who would like to take them; and I know some who pay a hundred francs a-year, in the *Rue Traversine*!"

Matthew came back in October, and carried off his diploma with a high hand. The examiners' notes were so much in his favour, that he was offered a chair at the Chaumont Lyceum; but he could not make up his mind to quit his brother or Paris. From time to time, he gave me the news of the *Rue Traversine*. M'me Bourgade was very ailing. An unforeseen accident had brought him in contact with M'lle Bourgade. He was in Little Greybeard's room, asking about them, when Fanny ran in, crying for help: her mother had fainted. He went with the others. M'me Bourgade had only fainted from exhaustion: she was now getting better. Little Greybeard's wife was installed as nurse, and was sent to buy the medicines and the food for the invalid, and she was such a wonderful bargainer, that she got them for nothing. M'me Bourgade drank capital claret at thirty cents the bottle, and the best chocolate at twenty cents the pound. Mathew performed these miracles, and did not boast of them. They saw in him a kindly neighbour, thought he lodged in the *Rue Saint-Victor*, and the invalid gradually accustomed herself to the presence of the young professor, who showed her the delicate attentions of a daughter. Her maternal prudence never took alarm. From the simplicity of his dress, she judged him to be as poor as herself, and was interested in him, as he was in her.

A certain Monday in the month of December, he made his appearance without an overcoat, and it was very cold. After many cir-

cumlocutions, she told him that she had just received the sum of ten francs, and offered to lend him half of it. Matthew did not know whether to laugh or to cry: he had pawned his overcoat that very morning, for these same ten francs. Thus matters stood between them, after a month's acquaintance.

Fanny was less expansive in her friendship. Matthew—to her eyes—when compared with Little Greybeard and the inhabitants of the *Rue Traversine*, was a distinguished looking man. Moreover, at sixteen, she had had few opportunities of studying the human species, and she did not know that Matthew was ugly, nor that she herself was pretty. As for Matthew, he had never cared for any woman, and had never supposed it possible that any woman could care for him. He thought himself so hideous, that he never lifted his eyes in the street to look at the women whom he passed. From the moment that he became the benefactor of a young and beautiful girl, he simply felt, in the depths of his heart, a humble and tender satisfaction. He inwardly likened himself to the hero of "Beauty and the Beast," who hides his face and only shows his soul; or to the poor Pariah of the "Indian Cottage," who says, "You can eat those fruit; I have not touched them."

M'me Bourgade related to Matthew what he partly knew, thanks to Little Graybeard. Her husband was very badly off, and barely made a living, till he heard of the gold discoveries in California. He then set to work, and constructed a machine for washing the dust of

the mines and the sands of the rivers. It was a very successful invention, and he called it the "Bourgade Separator." To test it, he mixed thirty grains of gold dust with one hundred kilograms of dirt and sand: the Separator reproduced all the gold, except about a third of a grain. Satisfied with this result, M. Bourgade sold all he owned, left his family enough to live upon for six months, and embarked on board the *Belle-Antoinette*, of Bordeaux, at the mercy of Providence. Two months later, the *Belle-Antoinette* foundered in the channel, off Rio Janeiro.

Mathew thought that, without making a voyage to California, the invention of the late M. Bourgade might be turned to some profit for his wife and daughter. He begged M'me Bourgade to trust him with the plans that she had preserved, and I took them to a pupil of the Central School. The consultation was not long. The young engineer, after a moment's examination, exclaimed, "Good! it is the Bourgade-Separator. The public know all about it, and the Brazilians make ten thousand of them yearly, at Rio Janiero. Do you know the inventor?"

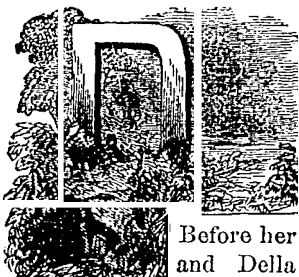
"He was ship-wrecked and drowned."

"The machine floated ashore, then; that is by no means unusual."

I came back sadly to the Hôtel 'Corneille, to give an account of my embassy. I found the twins in tears. Uncle Yvon was dead of apoplexy, and had left them his fortune.

(To be continued.)

ANNA HATHAWAY'S TALES.



EAR Anna, now please tell us a story.

Anna Hathaway laid down her book.

Before her stood Susy and Della Eastman,

the daughters of the estimable lady with whom she boarded. It was Saturday, and Anna was free from her school duties; so she replied, "Yes, my dears;" and taking Della on her lap, she was about to commence repeating one of the stories from her almost inexhaustible treasury. "May I come in, too?" asked John Eastman, at the half-open door. "Yes, dear," "if you wish," replied Anna; and when John was seated, she proceeded to relate the story of

THE TWO HALF-DOLLARS.

"I start for New York to-morrow, girls," said Uncle John Bartlett to his two nieces, Helen and Fanny. "Is there anything in particular you would like to send for? I shall start before you are up in the morning." "Oh, Helen! our half-dollars," cried Fanny, running to a drawer, and, taking out two little red silk purses, "there is yours," cried she, tossing one to Helen. "Now, uncle," said she, placing the other purse in his hand, "if it is convenient, will you be so kind as to get me a little sewing-bird, like the one Aunt Ellen gave to cousin Loo?" "A very discreet choice," said he, smiling; "and does my little Helen say the same?" Helen thought a minute. "No," said she, slowly, "I guess not." "Oh, why, Helen?" asked

Fanny. "Part of it was to be for the poor, you know," she replied, smiling rather doubtfully. "There," added she, taking up one twenty-five cent piece, "do some good with that, uncle, and buy whatever you think will please me with the other." Uncle John smiled and said: "Very good, Helen." They then kissed him, and said, "Good-bye," for fear they should not be up in time in the morning, and ran up stairs to bed, for it was already past their bed-time. Uncle John was mistaken, however, about being off before the girls were up, for just as he was ready to start, they made their appearance, neatly dressed, and with nicely smoothed curls, to bid him "good-bye" again.

We must next behold Uncle John nicely established at the — Hotel. It is his second day in the city, and he has concluded to dispose of the half-dollars. "Now my dear Helen wishes me to do some good with this," said he, holding up one piece. "I will dispose of this first;" so, taking up his hat, he walked out, directing his steps toward the poorer parts of the city. As he walked along, his heart was pained at the poverty and wretchedness around him, and he wished he had a million of two-shilling pieces to bestow upon them. "But," thought he, "I must find some *very* wretched case, that Helen's money may do as much good as possible." As he was passing a row of miserable dwellings, he saw a boy, apparently about twelve years old, enter one of them, and heard him say, "No, mother, I can't get work anywhere. What shall we do? we shall starve! We can't get anything to eat!" "Oh, this is dreadful!" said the poor mother; "if I

was only well—if I could work—I must work. Georgie, you must go to a clothing-store, and get me some sewing." "Oh, mother, it would kill you! you are too sick!" "That would be no worse than starving," said she. Uncle John waited no longer; he entered the open door without knocking, and in a moment said: "When I set out for this city, my little niece sent this to do some good with, and, if I mistake not, it is needed here;" and he placed Helen's money in her hand. "Oh, thank you! and thank the little girl for me; and, Georgie, run quick and buy something to eat. Excuse me," added she, to Uncle John, "we are all so very hungry." "Is your husband living?" he asked. "Oh, I fear not," she replied; "he went on a voyage—there was a storm, and the vessel in which he sailed has not been heard from since." And then she told him that they had been sick, but some of the men with whom her husband had transacted business had got the property away from her; how, she couldn't comprehend, but the lawyers said it was right. Before going, Uncle John said: "Let me add something to little Helen's gift;" and, laying a bank bill on the bed, he went out before she could thank him; and the next day, after purchasing various presents for the girls, he returned home.

"And what did you do with the money, Uncle John?" asked Fanny. Slowly putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a pretty sewing-bird, handed it to Fanny, and then drew out a similar one for Helen. "Oh, uncle, didn't you—?" began Helen. "Yes, I did," interrupted Uncle John, "and took the liberty to add enough to buy for you a bird like Fanny's."

And now, while he is telling how

he disposed of the half-dollar, and bestowing upon them sundry beautiful presents, we must return to the poor, sick, starving woman in the city.

"How very long Georgie is gone!" she was just saying, when he burst excitedly into the room, exclaiming, "Oh, mother! mother!" "Well, what, Georgie?" "Can't you guess, mamma? the best news." "Your father, George? has he come?"

But I must tell what we can not guess from the boy's confused exclamations. As Georgie was passing along the street, a man, who was looking for a boy to do an errand, asked him, "What is your name, bub?" "George Evelin, sir." "George Evelin!" repeated he, strangely moved; and by questioning him, he found that it was indeed his own little boy, and now he stood at the door waiting for Georgie to prepare his mother for the glad news. I can not describe that meeting. I must tell, in a few words, how he was wrecked on a foreign shore, but with no means of returning, but at length gained his passage-money; and when at last a ship came to the out-of-the-way-place, he returned, seeking in vain until now for his family. Their former home was soon recovered from the men who had unlawfully taken it.

I must now pass over a number of years, and introduce to you our friend George—who has now completed his studies—as the Rev. George Evelin.

"Dr. Grey thinks he must have a sea-voyage for his health, girls, and we are to have a young minister from the city," said our old friend, Uncle John Bartlett, to his nieces one day. "Who is he? What is his name?" asked Fanny. "George Evelin," replied her uncle; "a good name, at any rate. I wonder if we shall like him!"

Well, they did like him so well that when Dr. Grey returned, they were perfectly willing that he should accept a call to another church, and leave the new minister with them. Whether Helen Bartlett's dark eyes and clustering ringlets had anything to do with the young minister's part of the arrangement, I can not say, but shortly after there was a wedding, in which George Evelin and Helen Bartlett were united for life; and when, once afterward, he told how all his good fortune came by a silver coin sent by a little girl, she told her share in it, and, smiling, said she

did not expect her two-shilling piece to bring her a husband. He added a verification of the promise, "Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall return to you after many days."

"And is that the end?" asked Susy. "I believe so," said Anna. "But what became of Fanny?" "Oh, Fanny was a nice, industrious little girl; the story isn't to disparage her, but only to tell what became of Helen Bartlett's two-shilling piece. Fanny married, and lived near her sister." Here the tea-bell was heard, and they all went down to supper. ELLIAN.

THE WIDOW HUFF AND HER SON.

PART I.

BY KLUTZ.

The widow and her son, Jesse, sat silently, gazing thoughtfully at the fire. They had been sitting thus exactly thirty-five minutes, emphatically ticked off by the old-fashioned clock upon the mantel-shelf. With sonorous strokes it now signaled the hour of ten, A. M. Mrs. Huff roused and sighed. She turned her eyes on Jesse, looking at him steadily for some moments. Shaking her head impatiently, she spoke to the quiet Jesse.

"What ar you sot thar for, a twiddling of your thumbs for?" she briskly inquired.

"What else should I be a-doing?" asked he, still revolving his big, rough thumbs around each other.

"Jest listen thar!" cried she, appealing to the clock; "as if thar waren't things, lots and gobs o' things, that a dying sinner should be a-doing!"

"If I'm a dying sinner," said Jesse, continuing to gyrate his thumbs, "why can't you let a fellow die in peace? Darned if I haint worked hard every day, and, now it's Sunday, I'm gwine to rest like a Christian."

"As if you ever seed a Christian a-twirling of his fingers, like a heathenish pagan!" sneered Mrs. Huff.

"A many pagan you've seed a-doing of it!" retorted he.

Incontestably it was in the country. It was Sunday morning, too. The Huff-place consisted of a pretentious, two-storied house, with a multitude of various out-houses, surrounded by fields that spread away to the all-encircling forest. Mrs. Huff was in good circumstances; owning a fine farm and several negroes. Jesse was her only child.

"Much encouragement you give your poor mammy," continued the widow, "to be a-toiling and moiling to dress you up. You might's well pull off them good clothes, if you're going nowhar."

"Humph!" snorted Jesse, who was

most preposterously swaddled in an indigo coat and a pair of copperas breeches.

"Well—what do you mean to do to-day?" asked she, very pettishly.

"I'm going to shoot marvels," answered he, curtly. "that's what I mean to do."

"And you a grown man, twenty-four yearsold!" exclaimed his mother. "You'd better go a-courting some o' the girls, like a man o' courage, 'stead o' acting like a almighty baby."

"I'd ruther shoot marvels," affirmed he with emphasis.

"It's shameful for you to be leading this old-maidish life," argued the widow, "when here's a nice, roomy house, and a plenty o' meat and bread, jest a-wasting."

"If you want anybody to git married," suggested her undutiful son, "you'd best do it yourself."

"And mark my words," cried Mrs. Huff, rising in great dudgeon, "I *will* git a husband to purtect me from the disrespectful manners o' my own son! I've stood your sass and grumps and dumps and aggervations till I'm tired and sick of 'em—a poor, lone widder, as I am!"

"Pish!" responded Jesse, scornfully. "I've been a-watching you and old Hop-and-fetch-it"—

"Old Hop-and-fetch-it, indeed!" repeated the indignant mother. "And that's your gratitude to the dear man who larnt you all you know—you ungrateful boy!"

"It don't signify," said he, shaking his head.

"No, it *don't* signify," said she forcibly, "for if I like Mr. Bunger, and Mr. Bunger he likes me, it's none o' *your* business. I married your father 'thout asking o' your consent, and I'll marry agin when I want to!"

"Thar's the old bugger, now," remarked the son, who was looking out the window.

Mrs. Huff hurried to have her visiter's

critter attended to, and then met Mr. Bunger on the front piazza with every rural courtesy. He was a tolerably well preserved personage, of at least two-score years of age, dressed in a faded suit of black. Somewhat pompous, but good-natured withal, was Mr. Bunger. The reigning pedagogue of all that region, a perpetual limp in his gait had gained him the sobriquet so irreverently applied to him by Jesse Huff.

"Quite an invigorating condition of atmosphere, Mrs. Huff," said Mr. B., ascending the steps, "how is your precious health, and that of your family?"

"Very good, sir," replied the smiling widow, "and I hope you are enjoying the same blessing."

"Measurably, ma'am, measurably."

"Walk into the fire," Mrs. Huff requested, as if Mr. B. were a regular salamander.

Mr. Bunger took his seat directly fronting the fire. Jesse sat upon the left—Mrs. H. to the right. The widow was all smiles; her son all sneers and wicked faces.

"Why, Mr. Huff," said the pedagogue, as he smoothed a queer-looking crop of auburn hair with both hands, "why, I declare you are making quite a recluse of yourself; and there so fine a bevy of blooming damsels in the immediate vicinity, too."

"I don't care for blooming damsels, no how," said Jesse.

"That is remarkable," observed the old bachelor.

"My taste," continued the only child of his mother, and she a widow, "is rather for old women, that's easy took in, and 's got a right sharp farm and a lot o' niggers."

"How you do talk, Jesse!" remarked the vexed Mrs. Huff.

"I purfers widders, especially," added her son.

"Your son is very facetious, madam," said Mr. Bunger, endeavoring to array his features in a pleasant smile.

"I don't know what to make o' him!" said she solemnly.

"That's so," agreed Jesse, "else you

wouldn't be a thinking o' making a step-son o' me."

"He don't act like other young fellows," Mrs. Huff said, "and 'stead o' sparking wi' the gals about, he's continually sot over the fire here, a-swingeing of all the hair off his head."

"When I swinge it all off," growled Mr. Huff, "I'll git me a wig like Mr. Bunger."

"I wear a wig!" exclaimed that worthy man indignantly, "you labor under a wrong impression, sir!" and, to enforce his assertion by a demonstration, he plunged his fingers into his hair rather too violently, for he displaced some of his capillary attractions.

The heartless Jesse looked and laughed.

"It is not a wig, you see," said Mr. Bunger in some confusion, "it is merely what is denominated a scratch."

"A continual scratch! Prime arrangement for the heads o' dirty children!" ejaculated the wicked son of the widow.

"Even if you did wear a wig," said she suavely to Mr. Bunger, "I admire wigs; they are so becoming."

Jesse Huff whistled away, with great vigor, at "Uncle Ned," who was famous for his baldness, in musical circles, at that period.

"You good-for-nothing, owdacious critter!" cried the widow, her anger boiling over, "hold your plaguey tongue!"

"O, in course. Age afore beauty," muttered her son. "Childun to be seed, not hearn."

There ensued a silence, during which Mrs. Huff frowned at her "only," and he, the rogue, made up a most solemn phiz.

"A heavy affliction has just befallen me," said the pedagogue at length, having re-adjusted his scratch.

"Don't mind my foolish boy's nonsense," begged the widow.

"I have reference, ma'am," said Mr. Bunger, solemnly, "to the recent loss of a beloved sister."

"O!" interjected Mrs. H. in a tone of deep commiseration.

"I received news by letter yesterday, that she died of consumption a week ago."

"My! tut, tut, tut," said Mrs. Huff tenderly. "But we must expect folks that's addicted to that disease to leave us! Did she die happy?"

"She did."

"May it be so with all of us!" invoked the widow, "for when the time comes the best of us feels a delicacy in dying!"

The schoolmaster quoted Gray:

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign-
ed;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look be-
hind?"

Mr. Jesse Huff was quite awed by this.

"Has your sister left any children?" inquired Mrs. H.

"One daughter," answered the bereft brother, "whom she bequeathed to my care by her expiring breath. I am at loss where to bestow the dear orphan, lone bachelor that I am."

"She should live with you, by all means," said Mrs. H.

"They have no accommodations for her where I am boarding," said the bachelor, "and I am perplexed what I shall do."

"We've got plenty o' room here," heartily suggested Mrs. Huff, "and I'm so lonesome, I'd be mighty glad for her to come."

Jesse stood the suggestion tolerably well.

"Have you conveniency for both of us?" inquired Bunger.

"Oceans of it," replied the widow, energetically.

"Certainly!" cried Jesse, rising suddenly and reaching his hat, "Mr. Bunger can have my room, and the young lady can have yourn, and we'll sleep in the barn-loft—comfortable!"

"Don't be a fool!" said the mother.

"Not if I nose it, as the pig said o' the tater-patch!" and off he strode, rattling his pocketful of "marvels."

When Jesse returned in the afternoon Mr. Bunger was gone, but he was informed by his mother that the pedagogue and

his niece would take up their abode at the Huff-place in the last of the week.

"I'll run away, that's what I'll do!" avowed Jesse.

"Here's the young gal's dogratype," quietly remarked his mother, displaying a miniature of Mr. Bunger's niece.

"Humph! 'taint no great shakes," said he, looking at it; "what's her name?"

"Sarah Smith: but they call her Sally, for short."

"Sally Smith! I thought she looked like a Smith--and a Sally, too, for that matter!"

For all that, Jesse Huff was no little struck by the portrait of Miss Sally. It represented a beautiful girl just verging upon womanhood, with rosy cheeks and golden hair, merry, blue eyes, and a nose the-least-bit-in-the-world turned up. Jesse was curious to see the original, so he postponed his project of running away, for the present. Besides, he said to himself, he wanted to keep an eye upon his mother and old Hop-and-fetch-it.

The schoolmaster and his pretty niece came. Sally was prettier than her daguerreotype had promised: her beauty enhanced by her mourning costume. She was a mischievous, merry creature, whose elastic spirit was but little subdued by the loss of her mother. Indeed, she seemed, at times, to revel in her good-natured wildness for the very purpose of dissipating the loneliness of her orphanhood. Her bounding, cheerful temper could not endure the wet-nursing of grief. Her coming was like the glancing of a sunbeam on the shadowed life of the widow, who was charmed with her. Jesse, having stolen a look at her, agreed that she was a deuced nice-looking gal. But the bashful youth could not summon enough courage to meet her. He flung furtive glances at her through cracks and windows, and around corners. He listened in covert ways to her gleeful voice, every tone of it falling upon his ear like an enchanting melody. Yet he fled from her approach; he trembled at the very idea of being in her company.

Miss Sally had seen him occasionally,

and had also discovered who he was. She noticed that he was not at table when she ate, and that, at all times, he seemed studiously to avoid her. Once when she went towards him, while at work afield, he incontinently betook himself to a dismayed flight, seeking refuge in the nearest woods. A week elapsed, and still the twain were no better acquainted. Two weeks passed—three—and yet they were strangers to each other. One Sabbath afternoon Mrs. Huff, Mr. Bunker and his niece were in the parlor; the young lady was playing with a small dog, a pet of hers, and also bearing a merry share in the social confabulation of her elders. Jesse, longing to see and hear her, without being himself seen or heard, endeavored to creep to one of the piazza-windows of the apartment, and, in his dreadful efforts to do so noiselessly, he succeeded in making every timber of the house tremble in sympathy with him. Miss Sally surmised the cause. The perspiring Jesse at last reached the window, which was closed by Venitian blinds, and, gradually opening the green slats, he gazed in cautiously. Miss Smith, quite conscious that he was there, sat with her bewitching profile turned to the latent youth: but the demure Miss, in common phrase, *didn't let on*; she continued to laugh and talk, and still played with her canine pet. By-and-by, the entranced fellow, almost unconsciously, brought the revolving slats to a direct level, thereby exposing himself fully to the view of any one who should look that way;—and look that way Miss Sally immediately did, exclaiming maliciously,

"Oh! what tall, awkward, ugly gawky is that?"

Jesse fled, muttering as he went, "She aint nigh as gumptious and putty as I thought she was, dog-on her!"

"I'll run away! that's what I'll do, jest!" added he; and at that moment Sally appeared in the piazza.

"Mr. Jesse! O, Mr. Jesse!" she called.

Quickening his pace, he sprang over the gate at one prodigious bound, and hurried down the lane, singing at the tip-top of his voice:

"O, Canaan—bright Canaan—
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O, Canaan! it is my happy, happy home—
I am bound for the land of Canaan!"

Sally sped out the gate after him. Jesse struck up a swift trot.

"Catch him, Sweetheart! catch him! catch him!" cried she to her little dog, clapping her hands and laughing in great glee.

In a moment the fleet little animal was barking and snapping at the heels of the fugitive. Halting in a sudden passion, Jesse turned and gave Sweetheart a savage kick with his heavy boot, sending the diminutive pet twenty feet up in the air, whence it fell to the earth without sound or motion. He was in horror.

"You have killed him! you have killed him! my dear little Sweetheart!" exclaimed Sally, running up.

"He aint dead, a bit," stuttered Jesse, "he's only stunned like."

PART II.

Sally was tenderly rubbing and shaking the senseless body of her pet.

"O, you mean, wicked, cruel fellow!" looking up, as she spoke, with tearful eyes at Jesse, "why did you kill him?"

"Let me take the poor critter to the house," said he.

"You sha'n't touch him!" cried Sally angrily; and raising Sweetheart, she bore him in her arms to the house. Mr. Huff followed with slow steps and a heavy heart. Sweetheart was dead beyond recovery; and Jesse had to bear, as well as he might, the reproaches of the whole family.

"Jest like you, you great brute!" said his mother.

"Love me, love my dog," said Mr. Bunker vaguely.

The negroes allowed that Marse Jess had put his foot in it; and the little darbies followed him about so assiduously, and eyed him so earnestly and wistfully, that he couldn't stand it, and he wouldn't.

"Who you looking at so?" he shouted in a rage, "leave, you little black imps!"

which conduct of his, of course, redoubled their interest in all his movements.

Before day-break, Monday, Jesse was up, sawing, planing and hammering with exceeding energy. At an early hour he sent Miss Sally a coffin for her pet;—enquiring, too, where she would like the grave dug. Sally came in person to answer, that she would show him when all was ready. Everything prepared for the burial, Jesse shouldered the encoffined remains of Sweetheart, and the funeral cortege moved. Sally led, Jesse came next, and the rear was brought up by the little niggers. The spot chosen for the grave was on the summit of a gentle hill, not far from the dwelling; and there, amidst embowering evergreens, Sweetheart was put to eternal rest, and with him Sally and Jesse buried every estranging sentiment.

Immediately after the little ceremony, Jesse Huff disappeared, but towards night he re-appeared, having a tame squirrel, in a tin cage, for Miss Smith. Next day he brought her a mocking bird, in a handsome wire cage. The next, he gave her a pair of young rabbits. Thursday he fetched a pair of beautiful pigeons to her. Sally was overwhelmed by his profuse generosity.

"I declare, Mr. Huff, you are too good to me," said she, smiling. "I am afraid you take too much trouble for me."

"Never in the world, ma'am!" replied he. "I am keeping a lookout for a dog for you, too."

"O don't get another dog for me, please! I couldn't bear to keep it."

"Jest as you say, ma'am; I'll do anything you say."

"Will you?" cried she: "then don't say *ma'am* to me again. I don't like it. Call me Sally, or Miss Sally."

"Very well, Miss," said Mr. Huff.

"Don't say that, either," insisted Sally, "you mustn't add *Miss* in that way."

"Very well, repeated he.

"Now, that is very proper," said she, with an approving smile.

"I say, Miss Sally," said Mr. Huff in a low tone, having glanced cautiously around, "I believe our old folks here've got a notion o' splicing, and, if you will,

you can tell your uncle I don't care—I'd rather like it."

"I'll tell them both," answered she, laughing merrily.

"That'll be all the better," assented he.

That very evening she told her uncle and Mrs. Huff. Mr. Bunker gave a chuckle of deep satisfaction. Mrs. Huff flared up for a moment.

"As if a body'd care for him any way!" said she. "But I know what's the matter," she added to Mr. B., glancing significantly at Sally.

"That is it," nodded he confidently.

"And what is it, pray?" asked Sally Smith.

"Ahem!" coughed her uncle.

"You're mighty innocent!" said Mrs. Huff.

"Pshaw! I know what you mean, now," exclaimed Sally, laughing heartily, "but if he wants to get me, he's got to walk better, talk better, and dress better!" conditions whereof Jesse was early notified by his widowed parent.

Jesse's bashfulness was difficult to overcome. He rarely could bring himself to sit in Miss Smith's presence,—it felt pleasant, to be sure, yet uncomfortable. As to eating at table with her—why, somehow, he never could eat much at those times; and what little he did manage to swallow then, seemed to do him no good. Many visitors, too, were now coming to see Sally; and their presence always increased Mr. Huff's embarrassment. "Plaguey, misy, giggling, jabbering gals," as he called them, were constantly about. There was, however, another class of visitors that still more increased his uneasiness. To his great disgust, the young fellows for miles around, were frequently calling in. But their appearance in the field spurred him to action. He flung aside his indigo coat with scorn; he kicked off his copperas pants with contempt. The store was visited, and likewise the tailor, and soon he flourished in as fine apparel as his purse could buy. Lo, one condition was satisfied; he dressed better.

As, formerly, his gait was slouching, his knees bent and his shoulders bowed—

now, he began to practise a firm, nervous step; to hold his shoulders square, and to brace every muscle of his body. You could never catch him in a drooping attitude: bolt upright he stood and sat. His eyes, now, always pointed to the horizon, he often stumbled over impediments that he disdained to watch for; and more than once he lost his balance by flinging his shoulders too far back.

The third condition—that of talking better—puzzled him worst. He applied for help to Mr. Bunger, who recommended a grammar, a dictionary, and a close observance of the language used by his niece.

Jesse, now, always appeared in the parlor whenever a male visitor was there; silent, but watchful; enjoying hugely the rebuffs and discomfitures that Miss Sally's suitors met, and tortured to an equal degree by what he fancied to be their encouragements and successes. The *Store* clerk was verily an amusing popinjay, and him Miss Sally often laughed with and at; and this favor of hers aroused the deep wrath of Jesse's heart against the fellow. He waylaid the clerk after his last visit.

"I'll tell you what it is, my fine chap," cried Jesse, "you must come sparking no more to our house. I won't stand it!"

"Have I behaved improperly in any way?" asked the clerk.

"Behaved!" said Jesse indignantly, "what do you mean by laughing and talking at such a rate with Miss Sally Smith? It's disgusting!"

"What's wrong in it?" inquired the young man.

"Wrong in it!" shouted Mr. Huff, scorning argument, "I don't go to your house a-making folks sick with my gab, and you shant come to ours, nuther!"

"Just as you please, Mr. Huff," said the intimidated youth.

"I should think so!" said Jesse Huff. "When she first came here she had a little puppy of a Sweetheart, but I soon kicked the life out of it. Let it be a warning to you!"

The clerk, being a peaceable person, kept away.

Mr. Huff suddenly grew sour, and cross,

and snappish, towards every one, except his mother, Miss Sally and her uncle. Male and female, throughout the neighborhood, averred that Jesse Huff was going crazy, or else that some sleeping devil in his nature had at length aroused. Strange to say, the widow seemed to approve of her son's unhappy demeanor; and, at times, she fairly excelled him in his speciality of snarling. Meanwhile, how sweet were both to Sally! Ah, she saw! She understood that a rival was not to be entered against Jesse. It amused, yet touched her, to see these indications of a strong and jealous affection.

Months flew by, and Jesse had fulfilled to a wonderful extent all three of Miss Sally's conditions. He talked, walked and dressed better—much better. What transformations will not love effect! But love does not always teach its votaries how to make a proper avowal of affection; nor does it always furnish courage for the occasion: quite the contrary, more frequently. At all events, Jesse shrank from that which he most desired to do, and knew least how to give expression to that which he felt most deeply. As the emotion is extraordinary, it seeks in vain through common words and forms for a full interpreter.

One evening Jesse sought Mr. Bunger at his room. After a most weary course of circumlocution, he broached the main object of his visit.

"How," said he, looking as foolish as he could, "does a man tell a lady that he loves her, and that he wishes to marry her?"

"Eh!" cried Mr. Bunger, "I really don't know, my dear sir. It's quite beyond me. I never did such a thing. Maybe, the best way is to say what one means in good, plain English,—avoiding," added he with much gravity, "every breach of grammatical propriety as much as possible in the excitement of the affair."

"If anybody would only tell me," insisted the lover, "how to introduce the matter, I think I could get along."

"Search your novels," advised Mr. Bunger, who had himself been recently investigating that branch of literature

with a similar object, "search your novels: they are the proper sources of this kind of lore."

"I haven't got one that exemplifies the subject," said Jesse. "If I could only read an account of the performance, I'd be satisfied."

"Well," said Mr. Bungler, producing a bundle of letters from a drawer, "I once wrote to a married friend for the very information that you are seeking, and I have his version of the dreadful affair here. Shall I read it for you?"

"Oblige me—do," answered Jesse Huff eagerly.

Mr. B. read:

Beau:—"Jemima, O Jemima, I do love thee!" and he, kneeling, splits his pants, while the belle faints. She recovers. Beau somewhat disconcerted by his untoward mishap.

Belle:—"Nehemiah, what was that I heard?" her voice tremulous with emotion.

Beau:—"O, I merely tore my trousers!" he speaks sheepishly, while she blushes prettily.

Belle:—"Methought there was a sound of love upon the air—of love!" and she sighs in the traditionary style.

Beau:—"Dearest, dearest, it was I—I love thee!" and he passionately flings his arms around her neck. She springs away from him, and shrieks. Beau grievously astounded.

Belle:—"Ouch, ouch, I have a sore boil on the back of my neck, and thou, thou cruel man, hast crushed it!" casting a look of reproachful agony upon him.

Beau:—"And have I hurt thee, Angel? than to cause thee pain rather let me suffer at the stake!" referring, covertly, to a prospective beef-steak. She rushes frantically at him.

Belle:—"They shall not burn thee at the stake, my Nehemiah! No, no, no-o-o!" hysterically, as she clasps him about the throat.

Beau:—"They shall not! they dare not!" almost choked, endeavoring to loosen her tight embrace.

Belle:—"A blessed martyr! They shall never part us—never!" he, the

while, devoutly wishing some one would.

Beau:—"Dost thou love me so, Jemima?" There was a kiss, sounding like a horse's hoof when drawn from the mire.

Belle:—"Nehemiah, I do! Canst thou doubt it?" The bogged horse now lifts another hoof.

Beau:—"No, never!" and now the animal trots rapidly through the mire.

Belle:—"What happiness!"

Beau:—" 'Tis bliss!"

Belle:—"And we will always love each other and be happy!" in the superlatively ridiculous degree—fudge!

Beau:—"Yes" (immediately over the left) "my best, my noblest, loveliest, sweetest, kindest, dearest, charmingest, best, sweetest, buzzy, muzzy, cuzy, duzy, fuzzy."

Belle:—"You'd better add *hussy*, sir!" recoiling from him indignantly.

Beau:—"O, Jemima, words fail thy Nehemiah!" and then ensues a scene of pacification, reconciliation, osculation and mutual nauseation. O! Two fools well met.

Exeunt omnes.

"That wont do!" cried the vexed youth impatiently.

"No matter," said Mr. Bungler, "tell your tale in Choctaw or low Dutch, and any woman will comprehend you."

"By thunder!" exclaimed Jesse, "love's blind, and I'll go it blind—hit or miss!"

"Mind!" admonished the schoolmaster, "if you adopt the heroic style, using *thou* and *thee* instead of *you*, observe the rules strictly. Many a one has his truth suspected because he employs false syntax."

Mr. Huff found Sally alone in the piazza, gazing meditatively at the young Spring moon, which now hung its delicate arc in the western sky.

"Miss Sally," said he abruptly, "I wish to say in words, what I hope I have shown a thousand times in acts, that I love you dearly!"

Miss Sally was evidently taken somewhat unawares.

"To tell you the truth frankly," she said directly, "I fully believe what you say, and it makes me perfectly happy."

"Enough, enough!" cried Jesse, half-

beside himself with joy, "you are decidedly the best creature in the world! Give me one dear kiss."

He took the kiss, and then began to laugh "consumedly," winding up his performance by an intricate complication of the old Virginia break-down, double-shuffle, and the hoe-corn-and-dig-potatoes.

The news was not long in spreading over the plantation.

"I'm powerful glad on it," said old Dinah, the cook, with solemn satisfaction, "fur that's the ony way to pervent mischief when you kills a pet—'specially if it's a dorg."

A balmy Sunday evening one month thereafter, Mr. Bungler and Mrs. Huff, and Jesse and Sally, were married. Since,

the domestic bliss of both couples has been full and unruffled. May their happy lot continue, until it please heaven to call them to more abundant joys!

P. S.—I am requested to state that, as Mr. Bungler intends resigning, any young man who *isn't* a graduate of the University, who *isn't* capable of preparing youths for college, and who *isn't* willing to give the very best of references, can get a good school in the Huff neighborhood. A native *not* preferred—being too liable to astonishment. A fine opening is here presented (there being many willing heiresses near) to a bachelor, who, in his matrimonial ventures heretofore, has got all kicks and no half-pence.